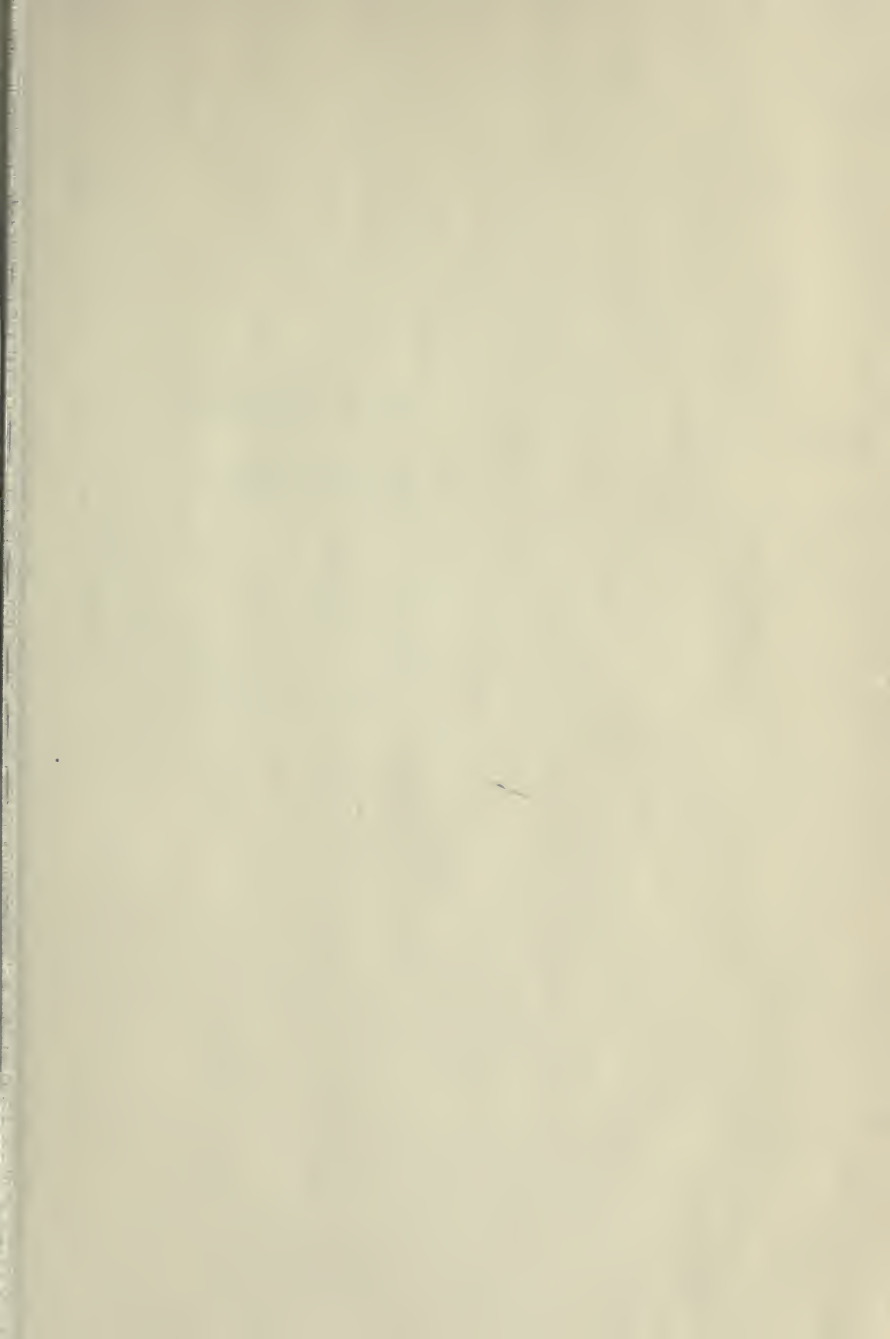




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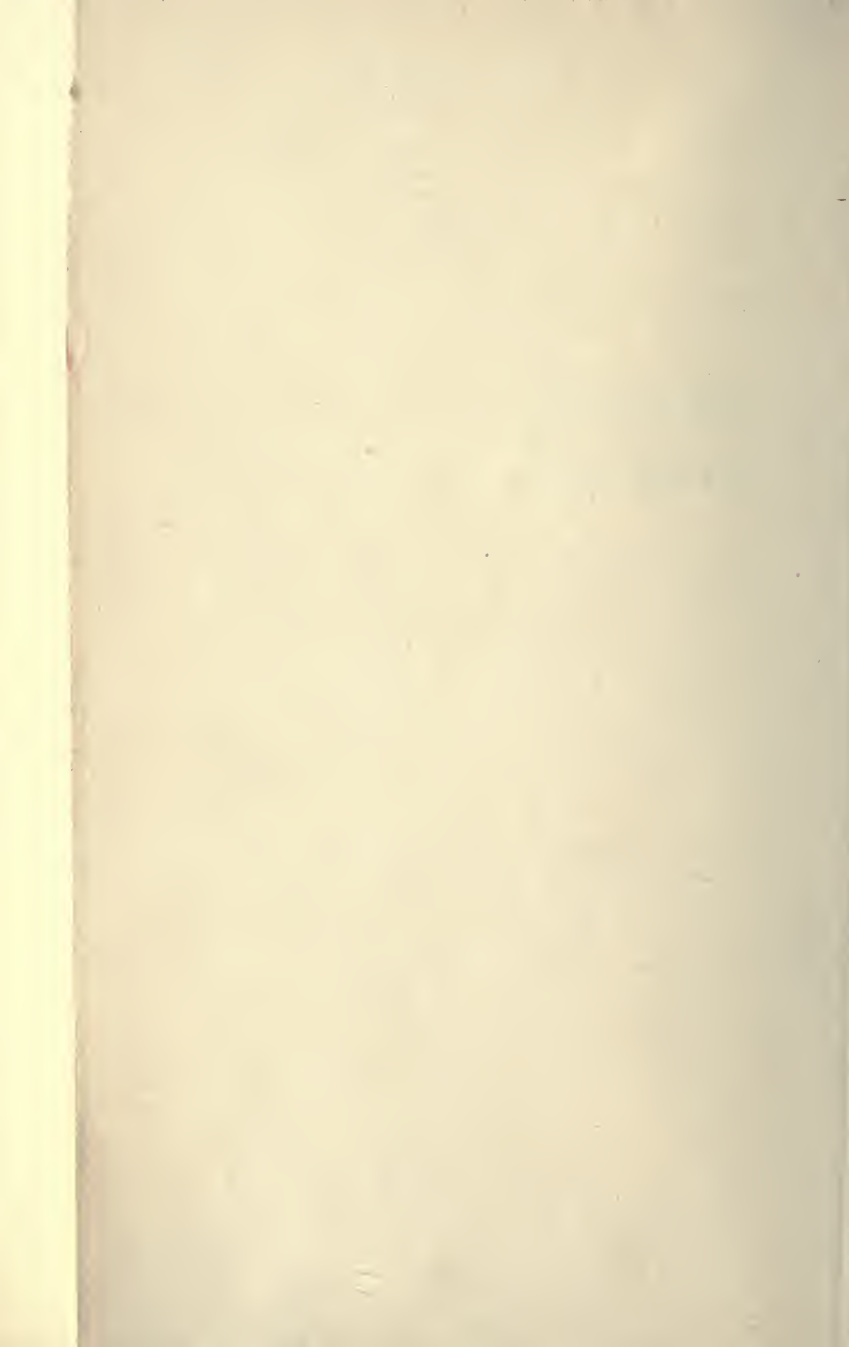
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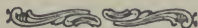


ORPAH



A RELIGIOUS *and* HISTORICAL NOVEL *with the* Principal Scenes *in* Missouri, Immediately Preceding, During *and* Following the Great Civil War.

By RICHARD H. TATLOW *and*
JOHN D. CRISP.



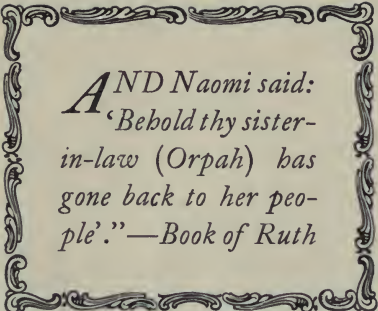
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PS
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*AND Naomi said:
'Behold thy sister-
in-law (Orpah) has
gone back to her peo-
ple'."—Book of Ruth*



ORPAH

I

7



It was one of those delightful days in October, away back in the early forties, when the Indian summer haze filled the air with its calm repose, and the silken, silvery cobwebs bound the two fences of the lane together, that Thomas Martin stood in the door of his grimy smithy in a deep revery. His active mind was far away in the New West, in response to a roving disposition inherited from his father.

The routine of farm work, in which he engaged in summer, had grown dull, and the ring of the hammer and anvil had less music for his ear than formerly; the blood in his father's veins, which had sent him to the four corners of the earth, coursed warmly in his.

The familiar screech of the stage-coach horn, with the daily mail from Wilmington to Dover, came vibrant through the lazy air, waking Mr. Martin from his wandering day-dreams.

"I want a shoe nailed on, and I want it quick," sang out the driver, as the lumbering old vehicle came to a sudden halt. "Thirty minutes late now,

and Uncle Samuel's letters have got to go into Dover on time."

"All right, my boy," sang out the village blacksmith, cheerily, "it shall be done in a jiffy."

In taking the cast-off shoe from the box, the driver pulled out a printed circular that fell to the ground, unnoted by him. Thus, mayhap, the unconscious act of one man changes the whole current of life of another. Away back, countless ages ago, a sower went forth to sow. Every grain did not fall in good soil and germinate into ripened ears of corn, yet every grain had its mission. Every man is a sower, from the cradle to the grave he goes forth to sow.

The shoe was soon set. With a whirl of the long whip that ended like the report of a pistol, the old stage dashed off down the dusty highway to Dover. The arrival and departure of the stage, the event of the day, was past. The smith returned to his pre-occupation and his forge. A gust of wind brought the circular to his feet.

"Here, Tim," said the blacksmith to his young apprentice, as he picked up the scrap of paper, "is a message from—heaven only knows where."

"It's a description of a section of country in northeast Missouri," he went on, after reading awhile, "which has been purchased by some Philadelphia parties, and from what this says it must be as beautiful as was the Garden of Eden. It seems to be an act of Providence," he said, more to himself than to the boy, gazing vacantly out through the smithy door, with the circular in his hand hanging at his side. "My thoughts by day and my dreams by night have been of Missouri, ever since that state was admitted to the Union in 1821. If it is all as I

have pictured it, it must be one of the fairest spots in the world"

Then turning to the boy, his eyes lighted with enthusiasm. "They have bought up immense tracts of the richest lands, abounding in grasses, water and timber, are laying out town sites, building churches, school houses and colleges. These lands they are offering for almost nothing to thrifty settlers, and the first who go in are to have the best locations." He read on with growing enthusiasm. It was pictured as a veritable Eden in the strident language of the real estate man. Fortunes were there for the taking. No thrifty man could fail to become rich in a very short time, and only the thrifty and God-fearing were invited to come. Thomas Martin felt that he was both. The invitation was as indubitably to him as though it had come in a plainly addressed envelope through the mail.

"Wife, the fates are determined to help me, as they always have done, and they indicate, as I have dreamed for years, that Missouri is the place," he said, bursting into the house. "Here is a paper that tells what I have so long wished to know, and it blew into the shop at my feet only a moment ago. It's surely Providence at the bottom of it. I'll go up to Philadelphia the first slack spell and have a talk with these men."

"Well, Thomas, I suppose you will never rest until you go west and see the country," said his wife, with a sigh of resignation. "For my part I can't see why you want to go there, or anywhere else. We've got a good home, doing well, and laying by a little every year."

"That's true, but our boys are growing up, and soon we'll want land enough to give each of them a

farm. We can never hope to do that here in Delaware."

"Perhaps not, but a farm may be the last thing they will want when they grow up to be men. We're well fixed, and I believe in letting well enough alone."

"What a good wife you are, but you have that one serious fault, you argue with me, and combat me at every point whenever I have a good thing in the future."

"That's well said, Thomas,—'a good thing in the future.' Many a man would be better off by taking his wife's advice to cling to the good things of the present, and let those visionary good things of the future severely alone. These men," glancing over the circular which he had handed to her, "have bought the land for almost nothing, and are offering it at an enormous profit. If it's such a good thing they ought to keep it, but they are anxious enough to sell it at a price that will make them all rich, and the poor men who buy it can then struggle for years with the hardships of a new country. For my part I shudder to undertake them."

"Why, my dear, it is not as new and wild a country as you seem to think. There are churches, school houses and colleges everywhere, and the land is advancing in value every day. Of course, these men will make some money by selling what they have bought, but the land, to be made valuable, must be settled on and cultivated. If I can get it for almost nothing, and the rise makes me rich, what need I or you to care if others got rich off of it too? But I won't argue with you." With this he pulled his hat over his eyes and strode back to the shop a little bit vexed, as much so as his good, even-tem-

pered soul ever became, that his wife could not see the great fortunes to be made in Missouri as he saw them. It was all as plain as A B C to him, still she could not be made to see it. She was willing to sit here in this little home and plod along, when by pulling out they could soon be rolling in wealth. They were sure to become the landed aristocracy of the New West, respected and looked up to by all their neighbors, and each of their boys could have a big farm at his day of coming of age. There is nothing to promise them here, but his wife could not see it.

The next day, when the stage came along on the up trip, Mr. Martin mounted to the seat beside the driver, on his way to Philadelphia. The eloquent real estate men were easily found. With maps and drawings of the country, and a glowing panegyric learned by rote and note, these smooth fellows, headed by one Dr. Ely, were able to show the village blacksmith how he could make an independent fortune in a very few years beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"Why, my dear fellow," said Dr. Ely, in his most seductive, matter-of-fact way, that admitted of no question or argument, "that is the richest, most productive land of any on God's footstool, not excepting the periodically watered valley of the Nile. It will sell for one hundred dollars an acre within five years. Men will be falling over each other to get the choicest farms for that money long before that time, and we are selling it, actually giving it away, for twenty dollars an acre. Did you ever see such opportunities? Buy up two or three of these magnificent farms, pay a little at a time, and lay back and feel yourself growing rich. Is it not strange

that men will persist in remaining poor when fortunes like these are within their grasp, actually beckoning them to accept them?"

Mr. Martin thought the same thing. It was plainer than ever to him. No one could look over these drawings and maps, and hear Dr. Ely talk, without being convinced. He was ready to go home, pumped full of northeast Missouri enthusiasm. He was for starting off at once, for fear the whole state would be staked off before he could get there, but winter was so near that he reluctantly decided to wait for spring. As railways were then unknown, it would take at least three months to make the trip, and it would be a hard and perilous one, full of hardships and exposures, but he was bent upon going. Nothing but the daily prospect of making this trip rendered the monotony of every-day life in the shop tolerable. His heart was in Missouri, while his body wrestled with the leaden hours in Delaware. Every one in the neighborhood partook more or less of Mr. Martin's contagious western fever—except Mrs. Martin. She swung her pretty head skeptically.

"I put very little faith in those finely spun stories of the new Eldorado. But," she would add in a practical way, "Thomas believes them, and he will never be satisfied until he goes and investigates for himself. When he gets to the end of the rainbow, and finds the pots of gold are only silly fables, he will be satisfied to let well enough alone."

Spring came with the first of March. The long and hazardous journey was to begin on the following morning on horseback. One of the neighbors had finally made up his mind to accompany the in-

trepid pioneer. The horses, fully accoutred for the trip into the vast unknown, from whose bourne few adventurers had ever been known to return, were brought up to the front gate of the pretty little cottage. Mr. Martin took his three boys, William, Joseph and Henry, in his arms, kissed them, and strained them to his heart. "God bless you, my boys. Be obedient to your mother's every wish while I'm gone." Then he turned to his wife and held her in a long and tender embrace, mounted his horse quickly and rode away. The tears were not stayed when he turned at the bend in the road to wave them a last fond farewell.

The weeping mother and the two older boys turned to the house, while Henry, the youngest, with a gleaming dryness in his eyes and a wad in his little throat, went to the deserted shop alone. There was a feeling of rebellion in his heart at the loss of his father. "He'll never come back—I'll never see my papa again," he said to himself over and over again. The shop was deserted, cold and cheerless, no glowing fire roared up the blackened chimney from the forge. The faithful dog stood in the open door, vaguely conscious of something having gone wrong, with his expressive brown eyes fastened upon the lonely boy in his sorrow. There hung his father's apron on the bellows, the tongs in the slacking-tub, and the hammers on the forge, just as he left them. The iron of the separation was sinking deep into his soul.

"Come, Henry dear," said his mother, who had come in quest of him.

He neither moved nor replied. She hurried to him, stooped before him and kissed his unresponsive lips. There was a strange hardness in his childish

face. Taking him by the hand, she said: "Come to the house, sweetheart, and we will pray God to care for papa."

"He'll not do it if you do."

"Hush, dearest, don't say that, it's naughty. God will always care for us. He will be with papa there the same as here, and will bring him back to us in a very short time."

"The Indians or bad robbers will shoot him in the night when God's not watching. I'll never see my papa any more," and the little fellow broke down and sobbed bitterly.

The mother took him in her arms, deeply affected, mingling her tears with his. The words of the child chilled her to the heart. Perhaps they were prophetic of a bereavement of which she had schooled herself not to think. She held him in her lap, with his face nestled in her bosom, for a long time in silence, then, in a voice thick with emotion, she read the twenty-third Psalm, pausing to repeat the first three lines of the fourth verse. There could be no mistake about that confidence, and in her mind there was none. With unfaltering faith she prayed fervently for the guidance and protection of the absent one, and for the three boys about her, that they might be brought up in the way they should go.

In the afternoon she called them in from play to hear their regular lesson, closing it by admonishing them always to be truthful, manly and unselfish; never to stoop to deception or try to appear in life what they were not, but to be frank, always courageous, meeting whatever befell them with the smile of hope and of conscious rectitude. Taking down a book she read Longfellow's "The Village

Blacksmith," which the boys now heard for the first time. It went all right until she came to those lines,

"He hears his daughter's voice,

Singing in the village choir,"

when Henry sprang up, with disappointment in his face, crying out at the fatal flaw, "But, mama, papa has no daughter!"

"No, darling; he has no daughter, but this is about a blacksmith who had a daughter."

"Oh, I thought it was about papa, and no one else," he said, sinking to the footstool at his mother's feet, more disappointed than ever. In all the wide world, in this child's mind, there was but one village blacksmith, and that one was his father. Yet, in spite of this, and young as he was, from that day the immortal poem became his greatest favorite.

The afternoon's lesson was ended just as the tooting of the stage-horn was heard coming into the lane beyond the meadow. Everything was dropped by the children of the village to run to the fence and see the stage go by. Even the older children flocked to the blacksmith shop, which was the center of town, to gaze at the dusty stage and its dusty passengers, to hear the latest news from the driver, and to come in daily touch with the outer world. The driver swerved his foaming horses gracefully from the road, stopping them suddenly in front of Tim, the apprentice, who stood bare-armed and leather-aproned in the smithy door.

"Well, Tim lad, the boss has left ye."

"Yes, he got away at last, and glad he was to be on the road."

"And glad he'll be to get back again, so I'm guessing. He'll find the west not what he's been

told it is by the slick ones who have it to sell, and right glad he'll be to get settled down again at the old stand."

"Hope so, I'd hate to have him go away."

"How do the mistress take it, Tim lad?"

"Not very well, but she has a close mouth. She's like all them old Scotch-Irish Presbyterians what believe that whatever happens is for the best, and they go right along, saying nothing."

"Yes, I've heard some of the neighbors say she was a 'true blue,' 'a blue hen's chicken,' 'blue stocking,' or whatever it is."

"No matter what the color, or whose chicken she is," said Tim, bristling up at the insinuation of doubtful meaning, "if they was all half as good as she is they'd be better than they are."

"Right ye are, me lad—Claybank! Billy Boy! Mollie! Kate!—hit the high places, me beauties!" The long whip popped and cut the air, and the stage was off to Dover.



N a few hours the two enthusiastic argonauts reached the Delaware river and were ferried across, coming directly into the great International Highway connecting the east with the west. There being no railroads in those days to carry merchandise from the seaboard to the new and growing west, or stock and grain to the eastern markets, this wagon-way became the great artery of commerce. All along this winding highway, at regular and frequently at the most irregular intervals, were dotted the way-side inn, with frugal fare for man and beast, presided over by a character who was known for hundreds of miles. The moral tone of these oases of a long and dusty road, varied from the lowest brothel to a place of fair respectability; from a place where a man could lose both his life and his money, to one where both were perfectly safe.

Stock-growers in the west employed men to drive their herds to Philadelphia, paying them off upon their arrival there, which left the men to get home the best way they could. In order to make a profit out of driving, they walked home, thus, at the time, developing some of the greatest pedestrians ever known in this country.

As the two horsemen were mounted upon good animals they put the miles rapidly behind them. Each night found them at some way-side inn, crowded with professional drovers going east with stock, or returning home on foot, and a noisy, motley crowd they were.

"As you and your friend are going our way we will see you at dinner at the next inn," said two returning drovers to Mr. Martin on the third morning out.

"We shall be glad to meet you again," returned Mr. Martin, "but fear you'll not get there in time for us. Our horses are fresh, and we're traveling as fast as their strength will permit." Thus they parted, the two horsemen passing quickly out of sight, never expecting to see the drovers again. But what was their surprise, upon sitting down to dinner, to see the drovers come up. They were dusty, but did not complain of being fatigued. That night the four men put up at the same inn. The next morning the drovers got about thirty minutes the start, and Mr. Martin and his companion never came up with them again.

On the night of their last stop in Indiana, in the little wagon-yard of the way-side inn, they came up with one of the unique characters of the times, known as Uncle Johnie Appleseed, who came by his amusing sobriquet from the fact that he made a business of collecting all the apple seeds he could find around the cider mills in Pennsylvania, and then boated them off down the river to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. There he gave the seeds to the pioneers to be planted, and planted a great many himself. The next year he would come by and sell or give away to those who were too poor

to buy, the young trees he had collected. Frequently he planted the seeds in openings in the dense wilderness, where the trees flourished and bore fruit long after the name of the eccentric old creature who planted the seeds had been forgotten. The good he did long lived after him. He was exclusive in his ways, very religious, well informed, and as gentle as a child, going out of his way rather than harm an insect or tread on a worm. One of the most striking things about his personal appearance was a stew pan which he wore as a hat. It was a strange contrivance, made of tin, with a place for the head, and compartments for cooking and carrying his food. It was at least two feet long, and served most admirably the many uses to which he put it. He was very proud of his culinary hat, as he called it, boasting of it as being a wonderful invention, and expressing much astonishment that all men who traveled about the country did not at once adopt it. Many strange stories are told of this remarkable man who has been immortalized in song and story.

A rest of several days was taken in St. Louis, a struggling little frontier city, huddled close down on the west bank of the mighty Mississippi river, to learn what they could of the new state upon whose soil they had just landed. They were advised to follow up the Missouri river if they wanted the best and most fertile lands in the state, but they were bent upon going into the northeast part of the state, so they took up the Mississippi instead.

Crossing the Missouri river at St. Charles they were soon out upon the beautiful undulating table lands bordering the west bank of the Mississippi, the way leading occasionally near to the great river,

where they had inspiring views of the abrupt and magnificent bluffs on the Illinois side. To these men, habituated to the flat, sandy wastes of the Atlantic coast country, this new experience was most charming.

Missouri was then, in its primeval beauty, the home of the deer and wild turkey, hundreds of both, almost as gentle as domestic fowls and animals, could be counted in a day's ride. The virgin forests were clothing themselves in their new verdure, the way-sides were lined with sweet-williams, wild roses and May apples, and the crab apple trees were luxuriant with bloom. The air was laden with sweet perfume from nature's laboratories.

"If Jane could see this, drink of these pure waters, smell these flowers, walk through these green carpeted valleys, and linger in these vast and sublime forests, she wouldn't say that what she read was a fairy story," said Mr. Martin in a burst of enthusiasm.

Suddenly they rode out on the top of a high and grassy bluff, overlooking miles of the most beautiful country they had ever seen. The great Father of Waters swept with resistless majesty at their feet, the bluffs across its silvery bosom rose to sublime heights, mirroring their rugged beauty hundreds of feet in its pearly depths. Their hearts beat wildly with that exaltation that comes to those who enjoy sublimity, to those who are permitted to view some of nature's most perfect landscapes fresh from the divine artist's hand. It is one of the keenest pleasures known to the emotions of the human soul, wherein the presence of God becomes an impressive personality.

"I've heard it said of some place," said Mr. Mar-

tin, after a long silence, "that it was a spot 'where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' This beats that, for even man is not here to mar its beauty. My mind's made up—I'm coming to Missouri to live."

The travelers reached Hannibal in the evening, finding it an inferior trading point, backed up against the rocky bluffs like a man prepared to defend himself against a superior foe. The next morning they hurried on to Palmyra, the county seat of Marion county, which was the destination of their long and tiresome journey. To use an expressive word, coined by Editor John McCollough in 1878, the town and surrounding country was "booming."

The new townsites, laid out by the Philadelphia speculators, were visited, where schools and great college buildings were being erected—on paper. The agents of the speculators were on hand to "take care" of the gullible visitors, and to impress upon them the wonderful future before the town. Alas! it is still before it, but not because of any lack of eloquence on the part of the real estate agents.

Returning to Palmyra options were taken upon two beautiful tracts of land by Mr. Martin, lying near the town. The business all closed up to his liking, the two travelers now began to think of home. Standing in front of the postoffice they were regaled with this choice bit of conversation:

"Colonel, how many head of cattle have you in that herd in Shelby county?" familiarly inquired a smooth-looking man of a tall and distinguished individual, full of years and dignity.

"My friend," replied Colonel Billie Muldrow, with cutting indignity, "you do not seem to comprehend the magnitude of this great and boundless west, sir,

or the magnificent scale, sir, upon which we conduct our affairs. By gad, sir, we do not count our cattle by the head in this country, sir, we measure them by the acre. I have just forty solid acres of cattle in Shelby county, sir, when they are all corraled."

The crowd roared with laughter at the discomfiture of the smooth and impertinent tenderfoot, but not the semblance of a smile mellowed the austere lines in the face of the old Colonel.

"The elastic features of that statement, colonel, remind me of a little experience I had soon after moving out here from Kentucky," remarked Uncle Jimmie Campbell, a little weazened old farmer, with every feature of his expressive face a-twinkle. "A few weeks after coming I bought a set of wagon harness. Going home one day after a rain I found the creek near my house bank full. In the middle of the stream I was badly frightened to see the tongue fall, and the horses start to leave the wagon. Quick as thought I sprang on to one of the horse's backs, and we went out of the water and up the bank to the horse-lot, the horses about as much puzzled over the strange affair as I was."

"Well, Uncle Jimmie, what had happened, and what became of the wagon?" inquired the colonel, evincing deep interest.

"That's just what I was coming to, and the strangest part of it all," returned Uncle Jimmie, slyly winking one eye so the colonel did not see it. "I stripped the harnesses from the horses and strapped them over the gate-post, and as the creek went down and the storm passed over the sun came out and dried up the tugs. As the leather shrunk back to its normal condition the wagon came up the hill as nice as you please."

"Uncle Jimmie, I believe you said you came from Kentucky," said the colonel, after the laugh at his expense had somewhat subsided.

"Yes, sir, from dear old chivalrous Kentucky, where they raise matchless women and make the best whisky in the world."

Colonel Muldrow's austere features relaxed, and with a swing of the head he led the way to the nearest grocery where he "set 'em up" to the crowd. Uncle Jimmie smacked his lips, sipped his liquor and smiled over his easy victory. Turning to Col. Thompson, a merchant who had just come in, he remarked:

"By the way, colonel, I was telling you a few weeks ago of the wonderful richness of the soil out on my place. Since then there has been some startling developments out there."

Everybody was expectantly silent.

"It is the richest ground in the world, no mistake. I set out a cabbage near the stack-yard last spring, and the way that thing grew is a wonder. It kept it up right along, never stopped for cool weather or anything else. The first thing it did was to push the fence down, and then it turned the hay stacks over, and by the time cold weather caught that tarnal cabbage it was half way across the feed lot making for the barn."

Uncle Jimmie wiped his mouth and pushed his empty glass over on the counter. Everybody had his eyes on Col. Thompson.

"I have just returned from the east where I was buying goods," said Col. Thompson, not seeming to pay any heed to Uncle Jimmie's big cabbage story, "and while I was there I ran down to my old home in Richmond. The boiler shops there were making

a kettle that was the talk of the whole country. It was actually so big that those who were riveting on one side of it could not hear the riveters on the other. That will give you some idea of its great size, for you all know what a din those boilermakers can make with their hammers."

Uncle Jimmie was caught unawares, Col. Thompson not having noticed the big cabbage story, so he ventured the remark that for the life of him he could not see what use so big a kettle as that could be put to.

Col. Thompson wheeled on his heel facing Uncle Jimmie, "Why, to boil your d—n big cabbage in, of course!"

Such a roar of laughter! Uncle Jimmie hung his head. The glasses were all filled again, this time at Uncle Jimmie's expense, on whose weazened face so full of wrinkles and good humor played the smile of defeat.

The reader may now leave the two tenderfeet, backed up against the wall enjoying the novelty of their first lessons in frontier life in the "wild and woolly west," and return ahead of them to the anxious wife and little ones in the cosy cottage under the spreading chestnut tree.

Time had dragged its weary length along with them. For weeks little Henry had gone to the postoffice as regularly as the mail coach came in, with buoyant hope pictured in his sweet childish face, only to return in sorrow empty handed. The daily disappointments were telling on his faith, the faith built up by his mother's promises and prayers. He had not again said in words that he would never see his papa any more, but she noted that he grew

more silent and evinced less anxiety to go to the postoffice as the days went by.

Playing by himself before the open door, one beautiful day in the beginning of May, Mrs. Martin saw him rise to his knees suddenly and gaze into space for some time in silence. Jumping to his feet he came running into the house, and up to her, saying:

"Read that again you read when papa went away, mama."

She took him in her arms, snuggled his flaxen head against her bosom, and repeated to him, almost in a whisper, those simple words of a great man's abiding faith in his maker, beginning with that burst of confidence that was never shaken in the later life of David, "The Lord is my shepherd."

Turning his face up to hers to be kissed, he slid from her lap and resumed his play in the yard without a word. She sat watching him for some time with a troubled expression in her face. "It is all so strange," she muttered. "Has the greatest bereavement that could befall us been revealed to that child?"

The tooting of the stage horn diverted her morbid thoughts.

"There's the mail, mama," cried Henry, radiant with the new hope that had sprung up in his little heart from the sweet words she had whispered in his ear. "May I go now?"

"Presently," she said, holding out her hands to him. "The stage will drive up in a moment and then you may go. I think the letter will come to-day."

The little fellow forced his way through the crowd of men gathered about the driver, and looked

up into the bronzed face of that august individual with an expression of mute expectancy that it was pitiless to disappoint.

"O, my little man, I know what you want," said the driver, laying his rough hand on Henry's head as he passed with the sack of mail, "and you shall have it this time. I saw it put in the sack, and it's a big fat one right from your dad, too."

"Tell you what it is, men," said the driver, craning his neck to watch the boy dart through the gate and into the house with the treasured letter in his grasp, "it's nearly broke my heart the last ten days to tell that boy I hadn't any letter from his dad. The way he looked up at me, and then turned away when I shook my head, was enough to wring water outen the eyes of a tobacker sign. Fact, couldn't a stood it much longer, an' I'm no tobacker sign either."

"O mama, it's come, it's come—I knew he had it soon as I looked at him," shouted little Henry, bursting into the house and dancing around his mother like a wild Indian.

"How did you know, darling?" asked his mother, with tears of joy in her eyes.

"I don't know, but I could tell he had it. Read it quick—it's from my papa!—it's from my papa!"

With the three boys at her knees she read the long letter, page after page, explaining to them as she went along the many things they could not understand. Before she was half through, Tim, with his grimy face and hands, slouched down on the doorstep to drink in the glowing descriptions of the wonderland in the far and mysterious west. "If nothing happens to delay us," the letter concluded. "we will reach home about Saturday the 18th."

"When is that, mama?" asked Henry.

"This is the 9th, only nine days more, and papa will be home with us again."

Henry clapped his hands with joy, after which he exclaimed in the most matter-of-fact way: "Yes, sir, mama, we'll go right out to Missouri soon as papa comes home. Only nine days more and then he'll be here, but,"—he stopped,—“nine days is a long time to wait.”

"Nine days will soon pass away, sweetheart. We will not have only time to get everything ready for him when he comes. But will you go to Missouri and leave Fido, and the horses, and Perry and Tim, and all the nice things here?"

"Take 'em all, and Tim too, won't we, Tim?"

Tim only grinned. The extravagant descriptions in the letter he had just heard read had sent the western fever, of which he had alarming symptoms, up several degrees. He was as anxious to go as was little Henry.

After supper the letter was read again, this time for the benefit of several near neighbors who had come in to hear it, as well as for the boys who wanted to hear it again, especially that part of it which told of the squirrels in the big trees in the bottoms as tame as chickens in the door-yard, and of the deer grazing on the prairies.


The feverishly awaited Saturday came at last. During the day the boys scarcely took their eyes from the top of the hill over which their father had disappeared nearly three months before. Henry posted himself on the very top of the big gate-post, from which point of vantage he declared he would be the first to see his papa come. At noon Mrs. Martin called the boys to dinner.

"You go eat first," ordered Henry with a wave of the hand from his elevated position. "I'll watch. But nobody's to get my post while I eat."

If a general had given the order to his men it would not have been more implicitly obeyed.

But night came without bringing the expected one. The boys were at last forced by darkness to give up their vigil, Mrs. Martin being compelled to drag Henry from the post and carry him kicking and screaming to the house. The bulldog tenacity that was developing in his nature planted him on the post at sun up Sunday morning, and kept him there all day, but still his father did not come. Monday and Tuesday went by. The weary watchers were pictures of despair. The good mother, always trustful, wore a doubtful look, but she was careful not to betray it to the children, explaining to them with a smile of confidence which she could not wholly feel, that the rains had swollen the streams and delayed them.

Wednesday they were all worn out watching. Even Henry had left his post many times during the forenoon, but neither of the other boys dared to take it while he was away. Just as the old familiar stage horn sounded from the eastward there could be seen the outlines of two dusty horsemen in the west. Henry's keen eyes were the first to discern them. With a scream that brought his mother to the door in terror, he tumbled from the high post and darted up the road. In a few minutes the two horsemen stopped, and from the house they could see the child lifted into the arms of its father.

 **W**HEN'LL we go to Missouri, papa?" asked Henry, the next morning, taking a position astride his father's knee, and looking earnestly up into his face. "As soon as we sell the farm, and get mama in the notion."

"Mama don't want to go very much, but she'll go, won't you, mama?" But Mrs. Martin did not reply. "Tim'll take the shop, he says he will, so you sell the farm and away we'll go. Won't it be fun, though?"

"But there's Fido, you couldn't go away and leave him, could you?"

"O, Fido says he'll go."

"Why, Henry, did Fido say that?"

"Yes, sir, he did," affirmed the lad, nodding his little flaxen head with serious emphasis. "He said he would go."

"How's that, my son, I never heard a dog talk."

"Well, Fido does all right. When I ask him to speak for meat, he speaks, and when I ask him if he wants to go to Missouri he speaks the same way, and wags his tail as fast as ever he can. That means yes, don't it, mama?"

"Perhaps, darling; but if you were to ask him if

he wanted to stay here, don't you think he would wag his tail just the same?"

"Never tried that," returned Henry, a little doubtful of his position. Then he added, triumphantly, "But I know he don't want to stay, so I never asked him."

There was much work in the shop and on the farm, so Mr. Martin was a very busy man. The fruit was to be seen after, the hay and grain to be cut and cared for. He had no time to look up a buyer for his property, yet the farm and smithy were for sale as was evidenced by a big sign nailed on the shop door where everybody could see it. Mrs. Martin had at last withdrawn all open opposition, still she secretly hoped that no favorable offer would be made for the home until the fever should be on the wane in her husband's brain.

"What is to be must come to pass, according to the way God has mapped it out, and that which comes to pass is always for the best," she would frequently say. "We may not always see that it is for the best, but I am sure it is. I would much rather remain here among those whom I know and have learned to love, in the dear old home with its thousand and one tender and sacred associations, than to go among strangers in a far distant land, but God's will be done. Here we have the advantages of good schools and churches, and an older civilization, but the Father will be with us and care for us there the same as here. If it prove to be my lot to go there I will make the best of it."

A little more opposition would have increased Mr. Martin's desire to go, but he hung his head. Then putting his arm around her he kissed her with great affection. "There are schools and churches

there, wife, as good as these here, and a flourishing community of as good people as can be found anywhere. Perhaps not so settled as here, but that will all pass away in a few years with the tide of immigration that is setting that way. Homes are being built, churches and schools erected, farms fenced and put under the plow, towns growing up like mushrooms in a night. There is a push and bustle in the air that is captivating. And then you must remember, that for every one of these sandy, worn out acres I can get three of virgin soil there. And that is soil sure enough. The climate is perfect. Of course it seems far away to you, and in the wilderness, but it is the fairest spot I ever laid my eyes upon."

They had many of these conversations together, but Mr. Martin's enthusiasm could never win her over to more than a passive consent to the momentous change.

Threshing time came. The boys were in ecstasies of delight. The ponderous machine was driven into the stack-yard, and the men, as busy as bees, were here, there and everywhere, driving stakes and placing the power and separator. Presently the eight spans of horses were hitched to the long levers that radiated from the big cog wheels that drove the machine like spokes from some great wheel, and the driver, in the minds of the boys the most important personage of them all, took his stand on the revolving platform with long whip in hand. The hum of the flying cylinder began, and the horses were on their endless circuit. In those days such machines were new, and their visit to the farm was an event to be looked forward to and long remembered. Such a scene, in these days of steam,

would be almost as great a novelty as it was then.

"When we get to Missouri, and grow to be big men, we'll have a thresher," said Henry to his brothers. "And I'll be the driver," he added quickly, before either of the other boys should have time to preempt the place of greatest honor in his boyish eyes.

"You can have a threshing machine if you want to," said Joseph, with a toss of his head, "but I'm going to be a circus rider."

Henry was silent for a moment, having for the time forgotten how his ambition to be a circus rider had been fired at witnessing in Dover the first and only exhibition of the kind his father had ever taken him to. Then he nipped that fond ambition of his brother's in the bud by exclaiming—

"But they don't have any circuses in Missouri."

"Well if they don't I can have one of my own," doggedly persisted Joseph.

A few weeks later a buyer came, a price was agreed upon, and the home was sold. Possession was to be given in the spring. Tim bought the tools and rented the shop, proudly going from an apprentice boy to the proprietor of the shop in one bound. This sudden advancement was ample compensation for Tim, who had no more desire to go west.

With a full heart Mrs. Martin signed the deed, and then withdrew to her room to have a cry all alone. The last silken cord that bound them to the dear old home was severed. With streaming eyes she looked out over the rolling meadow, and the clear purling brook that cut it in twain, mute associates of the happiest years of her life.

The next great event in their simple lives was

the public sale. The day was long treasured up by the children as the most eventful in their lives. The crowds of people, the big dinner on the lawn where three hundred men were gathered around the long table of boards on stilts, and the jolly fat auctioneer with little, snappy eyes and a deep ingrowing voice. His joke for this one and jibe for that one kept the crowd in roars of laughter. Such a day as it was, replete with the most perfect joy and excitement the boys had ever experienced. Henry forgot his purpose to buy a thresher and be the driver of the horses that go round and round, and Joseph was not so sure that his sole ambition was to be a circus rider.

"You can be a circus rider if you want to," said Henry to Joseph that evening, with royal graciousness, "for I'm going to be an auctioneer."

"So am I," returned Joseph.

"But there can't be but one, can there, mama? There's only one here, and there can be only one there, and I'll be it."

"I think Missouri is big enough for two auctioneers," returned the mother, sweetly.

"All right, then—Joseph can have half of it, and I'll have the other half. 'Last call—going—going—gone!' O, won't that be fun!"

Everything that was not to be taken across the country on the long journey was sold. The packing and arranging for the trip were now begun in earnest. The two wagons were converted into prairie schooners, and the old lumbering family carriage was put in good repair. But now a serious problem arose. What was to be done with Perry, the negro man? Perry, though a slave, was a faithful man of good intelligence, and greatly attached

to the family. Under the laws of Delaware he would be free at a certain age, a humane idea, probably based upon the Mosaic law that freed all slaves in the year of Jubilee, and he had only eight years more to serve. He had been told that in Missouri once a slave always a slave, so Perry had grown morose and silent. Nothing had been said to him about it, but Mr. Martin saw that Perry was not anxious to go.

"Perry, have you thought much about this new home we're going to?" asked Mr. Martin that afternoon.

"Lord a massa, yas, 'bout all de time, Massa Tom."

"You know the slaves out there are not freed as they are here, but are slaves as long as they live?"

"Yas, sah, so I hearn it said."

"Well, it's true, so of course, if no agreement is had you would not want to go there and be a slave all your life. I have been thinking a good deal about it since I came home. You have been a faithful man. Your time will soon be out. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I don't want to sell you here, but want you to go with us, and stay with us as long as you can. So if you'll go with us to Missouri, work out your eight years the same as you would do here, at the end of that time I'll buy you a new suit of clothes and pay your way back to Delaware, if you want to come back, or pay you wages to stay with me."

A broad grin overspread Perry's genial face at this. "I'se ready, Massa Tom, fer when yo' an' Missus Jane don't treat me right I hab no faith in de white fokes no mo'."

"Be faithful, Perry, and cheerful, as you have

always been, and I will do the right thing by you. I have always done right by you, treated you right, as one of the family I might say, as I have always treated every man right, white or black, and so I shall continue as long as I live. You have always deserved the best treatment and you got it, and I am inclined to believe that all men in this life, whether in or out of slavery, get about what they deserve."

The day set for the start and the final good-bys to the neighbors dawned warm and bright. It was a propitious omen, so said some of the older people, who predicted a safe and pleasant journey, and prosperity and happiness in the new home so far away. More than a hundred of the neighbors were present to bid them farewell and God-speed.

The family in the carriage took the lead, with Mr. Martin driving. Little Henry sat with his father, his face radiant with excitement. The hand-shaking and tears were very tiresome to him, so eager was he to be on the road. At last they tore themselves away, and Mr. Martin set his face to the west, his heart throbbing with buoyant hope. On the back seat sat the wife and mother, the two boys beside her, sad and silent. As the carriage neared the crest of the hill she pulled back the curtains and swept her streaming eyes over the vanishing scene for a last look at the little cottage, the nestling shop and the spreading chestnut tree. Its boughs spread out over the two as though pronouncing a benediction. Surely her life there had been the happiest she had ever known or would know. In the little cottage her three boys had been born, and through the vista of years she could see herself the day she entered its portals a bride on

the arm of her stalwart husband. The tears came hot and fast, scalding her cheeks. The little hillock rose between her and the dear old spot, shutting it out forever.

Reaching the Ohio river they had but two days to wait for a down-river boat. Perry and the boys could, with difficulty, be restrained from taking to the woods when the boat turned its prow to the bank where they stood. The steam hissed and the big paddles slapped the water in a most terrifying way. It was one of the most wonderful steamboats of those primitive days of stern-wheel packets that plied the Ohio, and soon the wagons, horses and all the goods were stored away in its cavernous maw. They drifted down the beautiful Ohio to Cairo, Illinois, where a big Mississippi steamer took them up that river to St. Louis, landing them in the metropolis of the vast west without a mishap of any sort.

Several days were spent in the thrifty young city while Perry was getting the horses and wagons in shape for the continuance of the journey. Everything was new and wonderful to these simple-minded country folk of the provincial east. They had come from a slave state into a slave state, but the western people were so different from those in the east. Even the many southern people whom they met were not the same as the southern people near them in Delaware. Everything was big, and fairly bursting with its bigness. The mighty river even was on its annual spree, spreading its turbid waters over the low bottoms on the Illinois side.

Mr. Martin had seen all these things before, they were not so new or wonderful to him as to Mrs. Martin and the boys, so he became impatient to go

on. A real estate agent came to him one day and tried to induce him to invest in St. Louis property and forego putting his money into land in Marion county. Mr. Martin listened reluctantly to the man's idea of what St. Louis was going to be, but when he named the price per acre of the bargain he had to offer, Mr. Martin laughed in his face. It was a plot of acreage property the agent had to offer, within five hundred yards of the then courthouse square, which he could sell for one thousand dollars an acre. In a very few years it was worth a hundred times that sum. The agent urged him to buy, telling him that it would advance much faster in value than the farming land he was going to buy, but Mr. Martin could not be made to see it. The agent did not see it either, he was working for a few dollars commission, but it was a tide in the affairs of Mr. Martin which he did not and could not take at its flood. Fate sent him on to Marion county, where he made the first payment on the two farms at twenty dollars per acre. By the time they were worth thirty dollars an acre the land he was offered in St. Louis was worth twenty times what he could have bought it for. There was wealth on one hand, poverty and a life of drudgery on the other. Mr. Martin took the latter. So it is, some men are born to riches, others to poverty; some to happiness, others to sorrow, as the world measures these things, yet all to the glory and perfection of the Allwise Purpose.

There were many unlooked-for contingencies and inconveniences to be met with and overcome in the new home, but the weather was all that could be asked for, and the new house was soon under way. The river was near and lumber was not dear. In

an incredibly short space of time the house was ready for occupancy. It was not large, but cosy and convenient, and placed in a lovely situation. Mrs. Martin, in her new home, with the many warm friends she had made around her, began to think the new life was not devoid of its compensations. Matches were a recent invention, not then having supplanted in remote localities the flint and tinder-box, and cooking stoves could be found only in the homes of the very rich in the older communities. All writing was done with the quill and home-made ink, as all cooking was done with the griddle and crane that swung in and out of the smutty old fire-place that took up the greater part of one side of the room. In the new home was the big fire-place with its iron dogs and steaming back-log.

"We long not for the things we know not of," said a wise old philosopher who had witnessed the phenomenal strides of inventive genius for sixty of the most eventful years of the last eighteen centuries. The growth of demand is so ravenous that the labor-saving devices of one day are overtaxed the next, the luxuries becoming conveniences and conveniences becoming necessities. So the world is going along at a gallop, but fortunately the crane and the griddle filled the stomachs of as happy a people as the sun ever shone upon.

The Martins were happy, contented and reasonably prosperous, to all outward appearances, yet Mr. Martin was slowly convinced that the virgin soil, upon which he had set such store, did not roll out the gold dollars any faster than did the little sandy farm in Delaware. The neighbors were generous and helpful, the schools and churches were little, if any, inferior to those they left behind, and the cli-

mate was all he had expected it to be, yet the fortune he had so surely counted upon did not come. He had the reward of effort as richly here as there, but no more. The years were going swiftly by, his head was whitening under the strain. The hopeful heart bounded less buoyantly, and the cold conservatism of age was creeping upon him. Many were the evenings he stretched his tired legs in the warmth of the fire-place and gazed into the fire abstractedly. The restless ambition that had inspired him to climb to the heights was abating. Though his strong face was still turned by habit to the golden path that leads up to wealth, he was perforce plodding the dead level in the valley.

"Jane," he said, without taking his eyes from the pictures he had conjured in the fire, "we've been here nearly eight years, and we're not rich——"

"Yes, Thomas, I think we are," she broke in, softly.

"I've striven as hard as any man could," he went on, not heeding the interruption, "practiced the most rigid economy and self-denial, met the hardships of life without a murmur, yet we don't seem to get on."

"Those are the thankless words of a rebellious soul, Thomas," she said, sympathetically, moving her chair nearer to his. "Think of the blessings we have enjoyed, and are enjoying—blessings from the Father's hand that gold could not buy. We have our home, our health, our boys, growing into proud manhood. Death, nor sickness, nor the heavy hand of calamity has been laid at our door. Think of the homes that have not been so spared, of the sorrows of debt, of sickness, of death. We are spared to each other, and owe no man a dollar. When I think

of all these things, and then of what might have been, I tremble with the fullness of gratitude. Our happiness should be unmeasured." She laid her hand on his, and her head on his shoulder. He felt his sordid worldiness and was silent. Although he had thought of these things many times, they had never impressed him as they did at this moment.

"I read to-day the new commandment," continued Mrs. Martin, as they both gazed into the fire, "the eleventh one, that Christ gave to his disciples just before the ending of his ministry. It made me almost shout for joy. I had read it many times before without it having touched the responsive cord in my heart that vibrated to it to-day."

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

"There can be no selfishness, Thomas, no rebellion, no vain striving for wealth, no foolish regrets, where such love as is here commanded fills the heart, but sweet contentment, and hourly thanksgiving of joy that we know our Redeemer liveth because we love the brethren. It is a wider, a deeper love than any we have yet known—'as I have loved you.'"

Mr. Martin's eyes were filled with tears when he turned his face to hers. He fell on his knees before her, buried his face in her lap, and prayed as he had never prayed before.

had lived a pure and upright life, harming no man, yet his heart had been out on the farm and in the markets. His thoughts had been of money, cattle, lands.

A change had come. Mr. Martin was looking at himself. His eyes had been turned from the golden heights to a personal retrospection by a word, the tone of a loved voice, as Irwatto was turned from his death by the frightened chirp of a nestling. The seed of the sower had taken deep and lasting root. For twenty years he had gone on blindly, as the world for eighteen hundred years has drifted away from Christ and the Christ-life, to be recalled by those precious words of his wife's. They had exerted a powerful influence upon him, faced him about, as it were, and there before him day after day was the eleventh commandment whose words went ringing through his mind,—“Even as I have loved you!” All of the other ten were epitomized in that one, the great moral commandment of the Golden Rule was swallowed up, too. It was the Christ-life,—“Love one another,” not only as thyself, not only as you would have others love you, but “Even as I have loved you!”

The time for the change in Mr. Martin's life had come, and it came none too soon to fortify him for the trials he had to meet. The wind was not tempered before the lamb was shorn, nor the armor forged after the battle was fought, but in the fullness of time, thus absolutely eliminating that thing called chance, which we are frequently told occurs in human affairs where the stable is locked after the horse is stolen.

“Have you kept close enough count of the time. Perry,” asked Mr. Martin of the negro man in the

field one day, "to know that next Saturday, the first, ends your days as a slave?"

"Lor', yas, Massa Tom, I knows it to er minit. I don't know how I'se gwyne to feel that day, but I think I'll be so full ob freedom dat I'll bust."

"No, Perry, you will not feel that way. The change will not be such a great one as you imagine. You will be a free man that day, as free to do as you please as any man, and you will be as good a man as ever enjoyed freedom, but you'll not swell up tight enough to burst."

"Maybe not, Massa Tom, but—but—I'se gwyne to caper a little jist like a colt turned out fer de fust time."

"We'll go to town and get the new suit of clothes, and then you can start back to your old home as soon as you get ready. I'll hate to see you go, Perry, as much as one of the family," he added, regretfully.

Perry stood leaning on his fork, gazing at the ground. "I'll hab to pull loose little by little," he said, slowly. "But I'se not gwyne to go 'till ebber head o' wheat an' ebber straw ob de hay is in de stack, Massa Tom."

"I'd like to have you stay with me always, Perry," said Mr. Martin, deeply touched by this black man's faithfulness, "and will pay you wages if you will stay, but I know you want to go back, so it shall be as you wish. The older boys are now almost grown, and Henry is in his sixteenth year. As long as they stay with me I'll have no trouble carrying on the farms."

A few days after the stacking was done Mr. Martin accompanied Perry to the steamboat landing and saw him off for his old home in Delaware.

The parting between this man and his former slave was not of that kind which was being portrayed in abolitionist books and pamphlets of the day, to fire the northern heart, but one full of sadness and regret. It was the severing of happy relations that had been cemented by many years of kindness and faithful service.

Hardly had Perry gone before the California gold fever swept over the country like an epidemic. The two older boys, William and Joseph, were among the first to take it, but news of the marvelous discoveries traveled so slowly in those days that it was over a year before the boys made up their minds to go and acquainted their parents with their decision.

"Why, boys, you ought not to think of going away and leave us with these two farms on our hands and no one but Henry and your father to work them," remonstrated the mother. "We came out here and undertook all these hardships to get each of you a farm when you were old enough to take charge of it. You are now grown, and your father is getting old. He needs you now more than ever."

"Makes no difference," said William, the older, "we're going just the same. You needn't think we're going to stay here and plod our lives away on an old Missouri farm, when we can go to California and make a fortune in a year. Why, they're just picking up gold there by chunks. Some of the luckier men get rich in a week. One man said in town last night that he had a letter from his brother, who had washed out over fifty thousand dollars from one little hole in the sand."

The mother, who had supposed that a few words

from her would quiet the matter down, now turned to Joseph in real alarm. She supposed, as the father did, that the boys had been talking it over among themselves, as boys of their age will, and was wholly unprepared for such a declaration as this. She had not taken into account the strong disposition to rove that these boys had inherited from their father.

"Yes, we're going," affirmed Joseph, looking his mother frankly in the eyes. "We've been talking about it for over a year, and we've decided to go."

"But how, my sons?—it's a long trip, and will take considerable money. Then think of the danger," she added as an afterthought.

"The danger will be just to our liking. I always did want to take a shot at an Indian, and I guess on this trip we'll have lots of chances to do it, if half the reports are true."

"There's too much sameness here," added the other brother. "We want to get out and see the world, bump up against it and do something for ourselves, make a fortune, and we can do it out there. If we stay here we'll just plod along all our lives as father has done, and have nothing to show for it. As to the money to go on, we'll manage it some how. We've staid at home and worked hard, and now if we can't have a little money to go away on, then we'll have to get there some other way."

"Have you said anything to Henry about it?" asked the mother in despair.

"Yes, talked with him lots, but he don't want to go."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the mother. "I wish

it were so with you, my sons. I fear I will never see you again, if you go away out there among the Indians, ruffians and robbers."

"Ah, tut, tut, mama, men are the same everywhere; it's no worse there than here. We'll come out all right, if we go right along and attend to our own business," said William, consolingly.

"Yes, but it is worse. It's a new and lawless country, with every vice known to the extreme frontier, being filled up with the worst elements, and cruel temptations will meet you upon every hand."

"Why, mama, you forget that we are now men grown, fully able to take care of ourselves."

She had not forgotten it, for she had never realized it. She turned away with tears in her eyes. Mothers never see their boys only as boys, who, they feel, must always require a mother's sleepless care. It was a sad awakening to her. The thought of losing her boys had never presented itself seriously to her mind before. It was a contingency to be met, if ever, far in the misty future. Now that vague future day had come and she was wholly unprepared, the bitter parting was at hand. Her two boys were men, with minds of their own. They no longer came to her with their hopes and fears and boyish troubles. They were going out from under the roof-tree, going thousands of miles away, into a wild and unknown country, and they had matured their plans day after day without taking her into their confidence. Though she was a woman of great strength of character and will-power, she gave way to her feelings as a woman and a mother will.

"It's true," said the father that night, as they dis-

cussed together what the boys had said. "They have worked hard and faithfully. They have been good and dutiful boys. A good part of what we have belongs by right of production to them, so if they are determined to go we can't say them nay. We'll sell the farms and start them off right, then we'll move to town, let Henry finish his education, and I'll go into some sort of business. I'm getting too old to work as I have been doing on the farm, and have been thinking for some time, as you know we've talked it over, to sell the farms and go to town. Perry's gone, and he was our main stay, and now the boys are going. Henry never means to be a farmer any way. Ever since, as a little shaver, he hung around the old tread-mill, riding up to the very jaws of death under the horses' feet, he's talked mill. He's bent upon being a miller."

"How much better it would have been if the other two boys had taken some fancy of this kind, than to go away where we may never see them again," said the mother, despondently.

"Oh, they'll get enough of it and come back," said the father, cheerily. "They'll not find gold nuggets lying around for the picking up, as they imagine, but on the contrary will find thousands of men before them planted on every square foot of mineral land worth having. The golden bauble will burst, after which they'll be glad enough to come home."

"And we will be glad enough to have them come."

"To be sure we will. It's in them to rove—they got it from me, and I got it from my father."

"Most assuredly they did," said Mrs. Martin,

with a gleam of triumph in her eyes at having the responsibility fixed where she knew it belonged. "‘And a rolling stone gathers no moss.’ I am glad Henry’s got none of it."

"No, Henry is not much of a Martin, but more like some of those sturdy Scotch ancestors of yours. A studious lad, quiet and observing, with a mind for machinery and intricate things. I’m glad to see it, for the time is coming when the successful man will be the man who knows one thing, knows it thoroughly well, and sticks to it. That’s Henry. His heavy jaw and deep-set eyes tell of great coolness and intelligent determination."

Mrs. Martin was proud of the compliment, taking it largely to herself. Many things rose in her mind that she wanted to say, but she held the words back behind closely closed lips. It would do no good to bring them up now.

"It will all come out right," said Mr. Martin, after a period of silence. "What is to be will be, and whatever is is right. The Father who says he maketh good and evil, darkness and light, says also that he doeth all things well. I believe it more strongly every day I live. The stumbling-block of today is the stepping-stone of tomorrow, and the failures of one time are the harbingers of success at another. We’ll sell the farms, fit the boys out as they deserve, and bid them God-speed in their search for a fortune."

The following day the father called the boys to him and told them what he and their mother had decided to do. They were greatly elated. The whole face of the project was changed. From what their mother had said they had made up their minds to meet parental opposition, but that diffi-

culty had not abated one whit their determination to go, rather whetted their desire to be off the keener. Now all was smooth sailing. With light hearts and smiling faces they set about their work until the farms could be sold.

At the opening of fall a buyer was found, and in the spring the two impatient boys started off for the land of golden promise. The father took his horse and rode with them for some miles, finding it far harder to part with them than he had anticipated. At last the wagon was stopped and he took each one of them to his breast in a long and tender farewell. Then brushing the tears from his eyes he mounted his horse and rode away. He never saw them again.

In the spring the farm-home was turned over to the new owner and the little family moved to Palmyra, where almost a year elapsed before an eligible opportunity offered for Mr. Martin to go into business to his liking. He became half owner with a much younger man in a prosperous general merchandising business that gave the most flattering promise of success. By this time Henry was almost grown, and was in his last school year. He resembled his mother and his mother's sturdy people, of a quiet yet genial temperament, virile, determined and self-reliant. That restless disposition, so fatal to the prosperity and success of many men, and in the Martin family bequeathed from father to son, had fortunately passed him by. He was studious, stood well in his classes and with his fellow students. In fact there was no more popular young man in Palmyra than young Henry Martin. Though he made few intimate friends, he became

greatly attached to George Williams, whose family have a conspicuous part in this history.

Many delightful hours were spent by these young men in the evenings, fishing in the stream that ran by the mill. Just below the mill was a long bench, with one end resting on the bank and the other supported by two long legs that extended into the water, which was the favorite resort of an old blind negro, who was a character of the town. Though he lived in the most abject poverty and perpetual darkness, his soul was full of sunshine. His faithful dog sat on the bank, or out near him on the bench, watching every movement of the old blind fisherman. George, who was of a more serious turn of mind than Henry, saw much in the lesson taught by the picture before them.

"Damon's out on the bench and Pythias is at his old stand on the bank, sitting expectantly on his tail," remarked Henry as he and George came up one Saturday evening with rod and line. "That's what we'd call, in our political economy, a reciprocity of interests."

"Yes, the dog can't catch fish, but he can see; the negro can't see but he can catch fish; so they combine their talents and both get a living out of it. Each would be helpless without the other, and thus we are taught by this patient negro and his faithful dog that every man is his brother's keeper."

"There you go again, George," said Henry, smiling up at his friend, as he took a position on the bank and baited his hook. "That same old line of moralizing that always lands you in the shivers." Then more banteringly—"But what are you going to do with the fellow who can't keep himself, much less a brother tacked on? We have plenty of them,

the natives as they are called down here in the river bottoms, full of malaria and yellow blood, who carry a long rifle, wear a coon-skin cap, and own two or three yellow dogs. Do you think a boarder or two would help them any?"

"Perhaps they might profit in such a combination by that 'reciprocity of interests' you spoke of in the pair before us," said George, lightly. "But in any event it will not do to underrate the outcome of some of those people who carry long rifles, wear coon-skin caps and run largely to yellow dogs. Some of the greatest men in the nation have come from those localities, senators, governors, and especially some good fighters.

"Probably," admitted Henry, with his eyes set on his bobbing cork. "But I'll warrant you they were not made out of the same material that those long yellow fellows are who lounge on the sunny side of a log cabin, and are satisfied with branch water and corn pone."

"Of course I can't say about that, but what is one to do who has no word in the selection of the material out of which he is to be made, and the environment into which he is to be thrust?"

"Like pulling out a hang-nail, the thing gets deeper and deeper. I'll not pretend to say, still I cling to the idea that a man is just what he makes himself. If the environment is not to his liking, all he has to do is to get up and get out of it."

"Ah, Henry, that's the argument of the strong and fortunate. I sincerely hope you may never be forced by sorrow and adversity to take the other view."

"Yea, yea, George, but you're getting to the shivers. Come, mind your line, I've already got two

beauties, and you haven't had a bite yet. Let's catch fish and get back to that more entertaining subject of a man being his brother's keeper. It's a good thing to fall back on if a fellow can't keep himself, and then it has such charming possibilities. For, you know, George, the obligation to keep a brother may be stretched later on in this reform movement to include the fellow's sister. These bottomites all take that view of it. They may quibble a little about taking the brother, but they never do when the sister is in question. No matter how poor or shiftless they may be they hustle around until they find some woman willing to share their unenviable lot. That is putting at least half your ideas into practice."

"You're inclined to be facetious today, Henry. The strong and prosperous man builds about himself a flimsy net-work of fallacies, in which he gives himself credit for everything. To this selfish man the day of adversity is a rude awakening. But see the luck Uncle Harry's having."

The blind negro, unconscious of his surroundings, with an occasional kind word to his dog, was walking out to the end of the bench and casting his net with clock-like regularity. The white-capped water, rushing madly from the great mill wheel, swept the unwary fish into the net, and the negro lifted them out with a chuckle of satisfaction. "We's a gitting' 'em sho' dis time," he would boast to the dog, who would look into the basket and wag his tail in evident delight.



OLD age was creeping rapidly upon Mr. Martin, and with it troubles came thick and fast, but he met them with a stout and resolute heart.

"It's the common lot of man," he said despondently, to his wife one day.

"Age brings its train of evils and perplexities, and at a time when we are least able to bear them. Dulled eye sight, aches and pains, and stiffened joints—that ought to be enough, but the teeth fall out and so does the hair, and now it's other things besides physical decay."

"Years should bring patience and a philosophy equal to the ills of age," said Mrs. Martin, sweetly, "and I'm sure they do. I'm perfectly serene now over ills and annoyances that would have been unendurable in my youth."

"That is simply toleration of what can't be cured. I'm more anxious to have a cure for these things than to grow in a philosophy that sits down to grin and bear them. That sort of thing will do, perhaps, when everything else has failed."

"Why not try the remedy, then, which I read of a few days ago. An old man, far beyond your years, went to the bible for a cure for the very things you are complaining of, and found it. The

fact that there was a tree of life in the Garden of Eden satisfied him that there was in existence an elixir of life. He read that the Jews anointed themselves with olive oil, so he concluded that the olive tree was the tree of life. At the age of seventy he began to rub himself night and morning with olive oil. When winter came he daily sprinkled sulphur in his shoes. Perfect health was his reward, and now at the age of one hundred and three, he is stronger and more vigorous than he was at seventy. He states in the article I read that he has not had a cold in over thirty years."

"Do you believe half you read in the papers?" asked Mr. Martin, looking at his wife, quizzically, unable to decide if she were in real earnest.

"I believe what seems reasonable, whatever I read it in," she returned, seriously. "The story seems to me to be a reasonable one, and I believe it. Besides, this is not the first time I have heard that the rubbing of olive oil on the joints and spine has been of vast benefit to those in whom the power to build up was exceeded by the waste of years. People in these modern days are going daft over pouring all sorts of drugs into the stomach for every ill of life, and I am one that believes in going back to the good old remedies. It would not hurt you to try it, Thomas, and while you are rubbing on the oil pray for patience to bear those ills for which there is no cure."

Mr. Martin looked at his wife, whose head was whitening under its burden of years, and whose health was surely breaking, with the eye of an ardent lover. That sweet, serene face, ever the same through storm and calm, had not grown old to him.

"Perry left us," continued Mr. Martin, after a long silence, going back again to the troubles that beset him. "We knew that was coming, but we didn't know how much we would miss him. That was the beginning. Then the two boys went away. They have done no good, but we rather expected that. Then the farms were sold, and from a farmer who knew nothing but the farm I became a merchant. The partner I bought in with has proved to be a spendthrift and a worthless fellow. If I had been a business man instead of a guileless farmer I'd have known that before I went in with him. But all the country people look upon these townspeople as being shrewd, up to snuff and money-makers, and thinking them such superior critters are apt to take everything they say for granted without prying into it with their own reason."

"And a great many farmers imagine they can conduct any sort of business as successfully as those who have made it a life study," said Mrs. Martin, who had plead with her husband to be cautious in his business ventures.

"Precisely," he returned, wincing a little bit. "I've had that idea myself, but I've found that it's not true. One has to learn the hooks and crooks in all these things the same as he has to do to be a good farmer, before he can hold his own with these sharks who are laying for him. The brain of every man you meet seems to be busy trying to devise some scheme to do up his fellow man. This is the brotherhood of man that has come from eighteen hundred years of Christ's teachings. It is said that the man who designed the temple of Thebes was the son of architects for thirty-two generations. My partner is the son of men who have been grow-

ing in selfishness for fifty generations. For two years he has been fleecing me right and left, and I have been so blind as not to see it until recently."

"How much better it is to learn these things inexpensively and be on your guard than to learn them by bitter experience. You remember we talked it over, and I plead with you not to be in too big a hurry to go in with him, but to be sure he was an honest man before you put your money into the business."

"An honest man!" Mr. Martin blurted out, contemptuously. "When I look over my experiences of the last two years I am reminded of what the good old Baptist minister said in his sing-song way, after sixty years of buffeting with his fellow men—'There's not an honest man on earth, and sca'celey one in heaven.' But what is done is done. What's to be done is of vastly more importance. I'll have to buy him out to get rid of him. He's away in my debt now and getting worse every day."

"You will have to borrow money, Thomas, to buy him out. That means a mortgage on everything we have in our old age, and you know that ten per cent interest is a moth that gnaws at the vitals day and night. The man or business that beats it is fortunate indeed, even where he is young and vigorous. In our old age I dread to borrow money."

"But it will all work out right, as you so often say," returned Mr. Martin, with that inborn hopefulness that was so characteristic of the man. "In a few weeks Henry will be through school and I'll take him in as partner. He's careful, and has a good business head on him. And then times are growing better every year. We'll have an immense

trade next summer. The country is settling up fast, more people coming in every year, so you see the debt can be wiped out in a short time."

He was always hopeful, the good times were always coming right along in the near future. Mrs. Martin remembered sadly how the virgin soil in Missouri was to make them roll in wealth in a year or two, but she said no more. There was something else he wanted to say, and from his restlessness she knew it was not of a pleasant nature. She did not urge him, it would come out soon enough; bad news always does. He got up, went across the room to the window, and then came back and sat down, clearing his throat a time or two. She waited patiently.

"The boys going away and having to sell the farms was bad enough," he said, slowly, and with great effort, "but now the titles are found to be defective—"

"The ones we made to them?" broke in Mrs. Martin, for whom the words defective titles had an appalling sound.

"No, that would be a small matter," he went on, trying to treat it as though it was not such a serious matter after all. "We could remedy that without any difficulty whatever; it would be nothing only the making of new deeds, and we may even have no more trouble over this matter. You see the defect is in the deeds the company made to me, and now the men who bought from us have got into a great stew and brought suit."

"What! brought suit against you, Thomas?"

"Yes. And now I'll have to bring suit against the company that made me the deeds."

"And that company has long since gone out of existence," said Mrs. Martin, hopelessly.

"No, not long since; but I think it doesn't exist now; still there were some rich men in it who will have to be responsible for what the company warranted. They may be ready to fix it up without much trouble."

"I may not know much about the law, but I can't see how a deed made by a company that is dead can be made good by any of those who were in the company. The titles were not in the individuals, but in the company."

"True enough, but when these men see how it is they will not see me lose anything. I'm sure of that."

"You have more confidence in them than I have," said Mrs. Martin, to whom clouded titles, courts and lawyers were a veritable nightmare. And in the end she was right. The few living members of the old speculative company were wholly indifferent to Mr. Martin's plea to have the mistakes corrected, and the titles were not made good until three years of costly litigation had been gone through with. Mr. Martin had purchased the lands and paid for them without giving the matter of clearness of title a thought, and in the end he paid dearly for his negligence.

The further discussion of the suit, that had made the very air about them chilly and dismal, was interrupted by Henry coming into the room whistling boisterously, with George close behind him.

"I'm going out to stay all night with George," he said, tossing over on the lounge the books he had brought home to study.

"Why, Henry, you were out there only three

nights since," protested his mother, gently. "I fear your studies will suffer from too much visiting."

"George has his books," casting a sly and meaning glance at his companion. "We can study them—they're the same."

"But will you ever think of looking into a book after you get there?"

"O we may think of it—"

"And that will be all," broke in his mother, smiling, in spite of her effort to be serious.

"Yes, to be honest, that will be all, even if we do that much, because we couldn't study out there if we wanted to. But it doesn't matter. The lessons are easy, and we're ahead of the class in every one of them. It's only review work now, stuff we've been over three or four times, so it's no use to do more than glance over them."

With this they were gone. Out of the house arm in arm, frisking like the boys they were, they jumped into the buggy and drove away.

"I never saw such inseparable companions," observed Mrs. Martin, watching them from the window until they turned the corner. "So different in every way, yet completely wrapped up in each other. George is a frail, pensive boy, religiously inclined and effeminate in his tastes, while Henry is the very opposite."

Mr. Martin had no comments to make, his mind being taken up with the suit that had been instituted against him, and with the problem of raising money to purchase his partner's interest in the store.

The boys drove on beyond the suburbs of the straggling little village into the country, just awakening from the long lethargy of winter into balmy spring, to the beautiful old southern home of Col-

onel Williams. It was a large two story house, with a broad hall extending from the front entrance to the long ell in the rear, and a broad colonaded porch the full length of the front and side—a typical old Virginia home, presided over by a gentleman of wealth and dignity. While the farm surrounding this proud old mansion was one of the finest in Missouri, the wealth of the master was largely in slaves, and the storm that was to break over the country to free these human chattels, then brewing in the north and east with ominous portent, was only a few short years away.

A likely half-grown negro boy ran to open the gate, smiling a welcome to his young master, to whom all the negroes were greatly attached. As the boys alighted from the buggy Edward Baker the nephew of Mrs. Williams and overseer of the negroes, rode up on a proud and prancing horse, reigning it in close to the boys. He was a strikingly handsome young man, a horseman from his earliest youth, and sat his saddle like a born cavalier, but there was a repellant something in the alert and lowering cast of his black eyes, in the sensuous mouth, that told of the devil-may care recklessness of his latent nature. He ruled the negroes with an iron hand, yet Colonel Williams, a very humane man, would never permit him to treat them cruelly if he knew it. His associates were not always of the best, and when away from home indulged his wicked propensities in cards and liquor to excess. But these were the things that were said of Edward Baker by those who did not enjoy his friendship, but in spite of all that was said he was very popular, and was admittedly the handsomest man in the neighborhood.

He nodded coldly to Henry, ordered the negro boy to take charge of the horse and buggy, and then turned to his cousin with a smile and pleasant word as the boys turned up the walk to the house. At the porch they were met by George's sister Fanny, a beautiful girl of seventeen, who was the idol of the family. She came tripping along on the porch to meet them, extending a hand warmly to each.

"I was sure you were coming out with George tonight," she said, flashing her charming black eyes on Henry, "for it is so much easier for you to get your lessons together, I presume."

Henry's guilty eyes sought the ground at his feet bashfully.

Baker's impatient horse must have aroused his anger suddenly, as he drove his spurs cruelly into its sides and dashed away up the road, turning to glance at the three over his shoulder. Under the sinister smile that curled his handsome mouth, sensuous though it was, his teeth were set. "The pretentious upstart," he sneered; "Fanny smiled on him and he's in love. Little good it will do him."

"Come in, the evenings are chilly," she said, leading the way. "Mama's not so well today. The winter has been so trying for her. Now that spring has come I am so in hopes she will grow strong again."

Mrs. Williams, the invalid, seated in a big arm chair before a cheerful fire that roared in the big fireplace, took her son by the hand, kissed him, then turned to Henry and greeted him in her sweet motherly way. "Your happy school days will soon be over," she said, looking at one and then the other of the two young men as they stood before

her. "You will never appreciate the pleasure of these happy days and companionships until they are numbered with the things of the past. The cares and vexations of life follow close upon the last day of school, and when they come you will dream of the old happy days in the class-room and on the play-grounds."

"I trust, Mrs. Williams," spoke up Henry, with a smile lurking in the corners of his eyes, "that George and I, in our dreams, will be spared those precious two weeks before the recent examinations when we had fifteen test examples every day, and never could work over six of them."

"You're right, Henry, those were not days to be recalled in dreams," laughed George.

Mrs. Williams smiled. "Those are the days, perhaps, that will be set apart for material for nightmares. You know they must come, too."

"They would be admirably suited to the purpose," said Fanny, who stood at the back of the chair, gently stroking her mother's hair, "if one is to judge of the way they effected George. He wrestled with them night after night until they actually threw him into a fever."

"That was before we combined our talents to such good purpose," broke in Henry, exchanging glances with Fanny.

At this moment Colonel Williams, a tall and handsome man of fifty, entered the room. Covering Fanny's eyes with both his hands, he pressed her face to him and kissed her on the forehead, then stooped over and kissed his invalid wife, asking, "How does mama feel by this time? Not so well? I'm sorry to hear that."

"She has been worrying all day about getting

out," said Fanny. "The weather will soon be inviting for long drives and outdoor pleasures, and then I am sure she will be her old self again. Sitting here day after day is enough to wear any one out."

Supper was announced. The family, with the invalid on the arm of the Colonel, repaired to the big old-fashioned dining-room, with its low ceiling and high windows, and its spotless, polished floor and wainscoting of native ash. The sunshine that Colonel Williams carried into his home shone nowhere to better advantage than when he was seated at the head of the long table in this widely-known dining-room of his in which he took so much pardonable pride. The noted men in politics, of which Missouri has always boasted a goodly number, and those in the church, from far and near, with their wives, had feasted at that hospitable board in the years that Colonel Williams had presided over it in his genial southern way, and they all had counted it among their most pleasurable experiences.

"There's great rejoicing in the Hill home, over the creek," said Edward Baker, taking his accustomed chair opposite Fanny. "Zadok dropped in on them this evening as though he'd fallen from the clouds."

"Zadok has come home, and they didn't know he was coming!" cried Fanny, joyfully.

"Well, that is good news, indeed," said the Colonel. "They have all mourned him as dead these many years." Then turning to his wife—"How long has the boy been away, mama?"

"Eight years this coming May," she replied promptly, the exact dates of every neighborhood

happening being treasured in her memory. "He stole out of the field where they were planting corn, and they have never heard a word from him from that day to this. How happy his mother must be, poor soul! How she has treasured up every little thing that belonged to him, and mourned him as dead these many years."

"Of course he came home as rich as a prince, as they have it in the stories," said Fanny.

"On the contrary, in tatters and rags," said Baker. "I met him on the road and didn't know him. He's got beard all over his face now, like a brigand. He stopped me and told me in a shame-faced sort of way who he was, and asked me if all his folks were well. By the looks of him I guess he was glad enough to get home where he can get something to eat and wear."

"And so is the good mother glad her boy has returned, even though he came in tatters and rags. I rejoice with her, and with the father, too."

"I was just going to say a word for the father," broke in Colonel Williams, smiling at his wife. "In all the modern instances of prodigals returning, the sorrowing mother seems to be the only one thought of. When the original prodigal son sought out the paternal roof it was the father, so we are told, who went out to welcome him, and fall on his neck and weep. And from what Edward says this one came home through the same selfish motives that actuated the other one. The pinch of need, the utter failure of his own resources, turned his face to his father's house, where he knew there was plenty and to spare."

"Ah, my dear husband, you ought not to speak

that way of the boy," mildly protested Mrs. Williams.

"I'm not speaking ill of the boy, but illustrating that inbred selfishness of human character that dominates us all. The original prodigal fled to his father's house not so much as from the wretchedness and poverty that surrounded him. Pride and stiff-necked selfishness took him away, nakedness and an empty stomach brought him back, and not a repentance from sin or a sense of wrong-doing as the orthodox lesson is taught. And love of father, mother or home seem to have borne no part in either the going or coming. Had his efforts been rewarded with plenty, and luxury been at his call, the plenty in his father's house would never have entered his mind."

"Calf steaks will taste pretty good to him after eating husks with the swine," observed Fanny, looking up into her father's face coquettishly. He could not resist those bewitching eyes, and smiled back at her drollery.

"If it's a pretty day we will drive over there tomorrow," said Mrs. Williams.

Henry was greatly disappointed at this, as Fanny had just whispered to him, coming into supper, that they would drive up to town in the afternoon. He found himself almost regretting that Zadok Hill had ever taken it into his head to come home. But his disappointment at not getting to see her the next day was not comparable to his feelings when she held her shapely hand over to Baker and said:

"Edward, have you treasured up a very dear wish that you will put to the hazard of the bone?"

"Why didn't she ask me that?" ran through Henry's mind. "I'm as near her as he is," twisting

uncomfortably in his chair as they smiled across the table at each other. The first keen pangs of jealousy that Henry had ever felt darted through him. He had never seemed to realize before how much he thought of Fanny, or what a handsome man Edward Baker was.

"I have so many that I'll have to make a selection," said Baker. "Yes, now I have one, and if you knew it you would be willing to give me the break."

"You think so," returned Fanny, banteringly. "Well, if you knew mine you would not only be surprised, but possibly angry. Anyway, we are not to tell, no matter whether we win or lose."

"If I win I'd as soon tell you mine as not, but if I lose I don't want you to know it."

"But I won't tell mine to anyone, and hope I will win, and I did! O, goody, goody, I hope it will come true," she cried, holding up the bone.

"Of course it was a fortune," spoke up Henry, glad the ordeal was over.

"No, indeed, it was not."

"Or some nice young man to make eyes at you," suggested George, mischievously.

"Perhaps the very contrary," she said, significantly.

"I think I know what it was," said the Colonel, rising from the table and smiling down upon his beautiful daughter. "But she was not to tell, so my tongue is tied."

"What wish could she make that would not only greatly surprise Baker, but make him angry?" was the problem that ran through Henry's mind. He lay awake far into the night trying to get some satisfactory answer to the disturbing question.

HENRY'S school days were over, the summer had come, and he had been installed as a full partner in the store of his father. The firm of Thomas Martin & Son, painted in big black letters above the store door, had a very consequential look to it in the eyes of the young business man. The spring and summer trade had been good, and they had been busy, yet Henry had found time to make frequent visits to see George. It was not enough for George to come in the store almost every day to see him, he must go out to the Williams home every few evenings to see George.

"Henry is greatly wrapped up in that boy," said Mrs. Martin, innocently, one evening as she and Mr. Martin were eating supper by themselves.

"Seems to be," returned Mr. Martin, dryly.

"Every Sunday ought to be enough for them to be together, but it's getting so he's out there two and three evenings in the week."

"I never saw a boy I cared to visit more than once a week," said Mr. Martin, sipping his tea and looking at his wife out of the tops of his

eyes, comically. "But, you know, it was different when I went to see you, Jane."

"But coming to see me was altogether different," said Mrs. Martin, and then her eyes began to open wide. For the first time the truth began to dawn upon her, and she stammered, "But I thought the Colonel and Fanny's mother had long since settled it that Edward Baker was to"——

"The day's past, my dear, when parents settle these things entirely to their own liking. In this latter age the young folk have something to say about whom they will marry. It is a matter that concerns them more than any one else, so I think it is a good thing to let them adjust the whole affair. From what I can pick up with my eyes and ears it's a race between Henry and Baker, with Henry in the lead so far as Fanny is concerned. Just how the Colonel and his wife stand I don't know, but if they leave it to Fanny, and that's what they will eventually have to do, Henry will win easily."

Mrs. Martin sat with the fork in her hand, gazing out of the open window, pensively. The two older boys were gone from them, and now, from what her husband said, the last one would leave them soon, and he was her baby whom she had never counted upon losing.

At that moment Fanny and Henry were strolling under the apple trees in the soft fragrant twilight, arm in arm in the incipency of love's young dream. Not a word had passed between them of love. They plucked wild flowers, walked through the rolling woodland pastures and rested in the cool shade of the giant oaks left

standing here and there; talked, sang and laughed together, as children will do, perfectly content in each other's company, with no thought of the future. If thoughts of the future came into their minds, they did not formulate them into words.

As Henry's visits increased in frequency, and the rambles in the dusk of the evening began in the early summer, Baker grew morose, absented himself from the house in the evening and plunged deeper and more openly into the excesses of vice with his riotous companions. His Sundays were given almost wholly to horse-racing betting and drinking. On several occasions while considerably under the influence of liquor, he had made it a point to be effusively friendly with Henry, but there was an evil gleam in his eyes that put Henry on his guard. Baker's mind was fertile and full of vicious things, and he was a dangerous man had he possessed the courage to carry out his designs, but as it was he was more to be feared in the dark than as an open enemy. Henry feared him as a rival, not as a foe.

Thus the summer wore away. Mrs. William's health declined perceptibly. The excessive heat sapped what little strength she had, and it was decided that she should spend the winter in the south. Of course Fanny would go with her. This news brought Henry to a full realization of his real sentiments, and a determination to cast the die and know his fate. Day after day as he went about his business in the store he resolved that he would tell Fanny all, open his heart to her, and night after night in the presence of the adored one his courage failed him.

"They take the down-river boat Monday," said Henry to himself a hundred times Saturday, as he waited on the customers that thronged the store. "To-morrow is my last chance, and I must know before she goes—I must get it out if it takes my last breath. I'll not tremble tonight," and he went about his work with his teeth set and his brow wrinkled with the aggressiveness of his determination.

Sunday was an ideal fall day, clear and warm. Henry rode over early in the afternoon to the Williams home, "to take dinner with George," so he told his mother. He sat his saddle straight as an Indian, bolstering himself for the crisis of his life, and going over for the thousandth time the little speech he meant to make to Fanny.

When he reached the house Fanny was gone. "She wanted to make a farewell call on the Hill girls," explained George, who met him at the stile, "and Edward has taken her over in his new buggy."

Henry felt his heart stop beating. He had procrastinated fatally. The blood left his face. Fanny and Baker were away together. No telling what would happen, or what promises she would make him. He had taken this opportunity to say the very same thing to her that Henry had put off so many times. And right at that moment they were talking and laughing along the road together, and perhaps Baker's face was bent close to hers—and perhaps—his arm would steal——

But Henry's imagination could be permitted to go no farther. He was gasping for breath, and George was eyeing him curiously. "You're

working too hard lately, Henry," said George, noting the extreme pallor of his face.

"O, I don't think so," returned Henry, controlling himself the best he could, "but yesterday was a deal of a hard day. Saturdays always are, you know." With this they turned up the lot to the barn in silence, leading the horse.

Henry's mind was out on the road with Fanny. And he was not far wrong in his surmises. They were laughing and talking together, and the horses were taking their time. Baker was in high spirits.

"You'll have a delightful trip down the river," he was saying. "I wish I could be with you. The boat you're going on is the finest on the river, a perfect floating palace. To float down the river on a boat like that is just as near heaven as I ever want to be. And then after you get there! The dreamy old southland we all love so well, where the nightingale sings one to sleep"——

"And the mosquitoes sing one awake again."

"That's good," laughed Baker, "but I was just going to make a poetic turn of faultless measure."

"With no fogs, drizzling rains and mosquitoes in it?"

"Not a drizzle or mosquito near it. I was going to bring it in about the sweet jessamines and magnolia blooms"——

"And leave out the malaria?"

"No, that's so, it's hard to leave out the malaria when you go south, but it's not hard to leave it out of the poetry. But you seem to have a spite against the south."

"Not at all, but I would not give my own home for the whole state of Louisiana."

"You will feel differently after you are there and make some acquaintances. It will be the most delightful winter you ever spent, and when you come back you will say so. All I fear is that you will meet some one whom you will like better than—than—than home-folks. I wish I could be with you—I—I—I wish I could be with you all the time."

His voice was low and serious. His eyes were bent upon her averted face. She made no reply. He imagined he saw the blood leave her rosy cheeks.

"I am not going for enjoyment, nor to make acquaintances," she finally said, to break the awkward silence, "but for poor mama's health, and that alone. If she grows stronger I can be happy anywhere, and under almost any circumstances, but if the change does not benefit her greatly I shall be most miserable."

"If she gets better, and I'm sure she will, I'd like to be there to share your happiness, and if you should be unhappy I feel like I ought to be there to cheer you up."

She flashed her eyes upon him inquiringly. So completely had her thoughts been taken up with the trip and her mother's declining health that not a suspicion of his purpose had entered her mind until that moment. But she threw it out instantly. They had been brought up together almost. He was the same as a brother, so he could not mean anything of the kind. "Nothing could cheer me if mama continues to decline," she returned with her face turned away and a suspicion of tears in her voice.

"No one?"

"No one. But let us change the subject."

"That's saying a great deal," he persisted, unheeding her request.

"The truth nevertheless," she said, coldly.

"Fanny, you seem different, and act differently from your old self, lately," after a strained silence.

"In what way, pray?" looking up into his face, innocently.

"Oh, you avoid me, or seem to—and—and—are not so friendly as you used to be—act reserved when I'm round. Since he's been coming, you pass me by like a back number."

He waited for a denial, but it did not come.

"Your eyes brighten when he comes, your cheeks are rosy and you are full of life and laughter when he's around, and you go on long walks with him—you never do that with me. You know, Fanny—I—I—love you more than"—

"Edward Baker! what are you saying!"

"Just what I mean, and what I've wanted to say for months. My heart has been burning up with affection"—

"Stop! You must not say more," she cried, throwing up her hands as if to shut out from her ears his impassioned words. "We are blood cousins, and can't be nearer—in fact the same as brother and sister. It is sinful, shocking. I could not have dreamed of such a thing."

"Fanny, you're the most beautiful woman in the world"—

"Hush! Edward hush! I will not hear you."

"I love you devotedly, passionately, and you must know it—must have known it for a year. I

brought you out today purposely to tell you so I may know what I'm to expect."

"I will hear no more of this, Edward. It is folly, positively sinful. I have given you my answer. We are cousins—our mothers were sisters, and we are as near as we ever can be. That is positive, irrevocable. All this is very painful to me, and you have no right to say to me what you have said. It is the same as a brother making love to his sister. You must never mention the matter again to me, for I will not hear it.

"If it's painful to you, what is my enforced silence to be to me? I can love no other woman but you. If you spurn me in this cold-blooded way, after all these years of devotion on my part, and plans for our future, I'll do something desperate."

"Shame on you, Edward. That is the evil in you speaking."

"No, it's a broken heart crying out for revenge."

"Broken hearts never seek revenge, Edward. Besides there is no reason for either a broken heart or revenge. Close the matter right here for all time. Say no more about it. To strain after the impossible is folly. There's the house. Let us see that no one even knows of this painful scene."

"I'll not suffer alone—I'm not built that way. When any one wounds me I strike back," he said under his breath, sullenly.

She did not fear him, yet this threat, hissed in a menacing voice between his set teeth, alarmed her more than she would have cared to admit.

Seeing them drive up, George and Henry came out to meet them. Edward assisted her from the buggy and turned abruptly away. He was

pale, and made no effort to conceal the bitterness of his thoughts. The young men looked at each other, and then at Fanny for an explanation. She met their inquiring looks with a smile, as though nothing had happened, saying—

"We are later than we intended to be. Has mama been anxious?"

"Yes," returned George. "We've all been wondering why you didn't come," casting a sly glance at Henry as they went up the walk together. Baker gave the horses a cut of the whip and drove off in the direction of town.

"We stayed longer than we expected to, and then we drove home slowly," was all the reply Fanny made.

"This is our last evening together," said Henry, half an hour later, as he and Fanny strolled down the long porch and out into the yard alone. He had his speech ready on his trembling lips.

"For a short time, Henry," she said, smiling up into his rigid face. "Three months will soon pass, and then we will be home again. You will hardly miss the time."

"It will be a long three months to me," he doled out.

"You talk like George was going away, too," she said, exasperatingly.

"George? Why, what's George got to do with it?"

"A great deal. You come out to see George, and you can come to see him just the same."

"Of course he will be a great comfort, but I won't want to come out here as often after you go away."

"Ah, you won't? How ridiculous." She laughed

merrily. "He must not hear that, or he will think you have been dealing doubly with him."

Henry winced. "But I haven't. At first I came to see him. We were school boys then. Later I came to be with you, and to see him, too."

The great big handsome fellow was trembling from head to foot, and the blood was coming and going in Fanny's beautiful cheeks in the ecstasy of her maidenly emotions. It was one of the happiest moments in her life. She knew what was coming, had anticipated it for weeks, and she could have helped the poor fellow out with a word, but she would not think of doing it. The happiness was too exquisite to be hurried to an end. She dared not look at him, but she could hear him breathing hard, and knew that he was having a hard time of it trying not to choke to death. How deliciously keen was her enjoyment of the awkward situation.

They passed over the stile into the orchard, and as they did so Edward Baker drove up to the barn, flushed with drink. Henry was talking, or trying to, but he knew not one word he was saying. He knew well enough what he wanted to say, but not a word of it could he get out. The twilight was deepening under the low spreading boughs of the apple trees as they passed slowly along.

After a desperate effort,—“What was the wish you made with Baker that time, Fanny, which you never would tell me?”

“I made a promise to tell you some time, but that some time has not come,” she said, with a pretty toss of her head which said the some time had almost arrived. “Though I ought not to tell it now, as it did not come true.” She heaved a sigh of regret at the remembrance of the unpleas-

ant buggy ride that afternoon in which was enacted the very scene she had wished she might be spared.

"I've always wanted to know, for I imagined it in some way concerned me."

"Not in the least."

Their hands came together as they walked along, the momentary contact sending a thrill through him. He gathered himself together with a mighty effort, as a man who takes his life in his hands for some desperate plunge, and there in the depths of the orchard, in the gloaming, safe from any prying eyes, he slipped his trembling arm around her waist for the first time. For a moment his heart gave one great plunge, and then ceased to beat, the blood tingled in his ears and he grew blind with a strange delight he had never experienced before. What they said as he bent his mouth close to her crimsoned ear will never be known. But she heard it without a word above a whisper in response. Her bosom rose and fell fitfully, and her blushing face was held steadfastly to the ground. He strained her unresisting form to his breast and kissed her.

There in the gloaming, under the apple trees, they plighted their troth, but not as they supposed, unseen by human eyes. Hid in the trailing hop vines that tangled themselves on the fence, stood Edward Baker, with set teeth and venomous eyes, the picture of a human serpent.

"She spurned me and accepts him. They're having their day now—mine will come later on. Let them beware! Fanny Williams shall never be the wife of Henry Martin!"



OR several weeks after his betrothed's departure, Henry was in a state of dreamy bliss, with a smile on his face like a morphine fiend in the inner courts of the seventh heaven. A stranger to impatience and anger, he even felt kindly towards Baker, and all the balance of mankind he loved. Baker had kept out of the store, and they had not come face to face but once, and then they only bowed coldly to each other, but from George Henry learned that Baker was sullen and silent, never spending a moment in the house when he could avoid it.

"Fanny has never written to him directly," said George, as they were walking over the hallowed ground under the leafless trees one bright afternoon, "though I know he has written to her at least three times. Of course, in her letters to us, she always says something to him, but he will scarcely listen to them being read. Something more than we know of passed between them that Sunday on the road, and he is not satisfied with it. He has never said a word, and Fanny said nothing, but he's a greatly changed man. We all notice it."

They passed under the tree where Henry told Fanny of his love, and where she whispered that

she would be his wife. His mind was filled with the sacred scene, his whole soul vibrant with the exquisite joy of those brief moments. An uncontrollable desire came over him to tell George. They had been as intimate as brothers could be, and George was now doubly dear to him. He caught him by the arm and they stopped under the tree. For a few brief moments they stood facing each other, neither saying a word, and then Henry took him into his confidence, keeping nothing in reserve. The delicate spiritual face of George reflected the pleasure he experienced at the recital.

"I was glad when I first saw the drift of things," said George, grasping Henry's hand in both of his and pressing it enthusiastically. "You and my lovely sister are suited to each other. She could marry no man in the world whom I could love as I love you. I congratulate you both from the depths of my heart. Such a union must bring the most perfect happiness. But I fear there is no such promise of happiness in store for me." Lifting his eyes he saw Henry's were cast to the ground.

"That was a discordant note," he hastened to say. "I shouldn't have uttered it, yet there's an ever present presentiment of darkness in my future. The more I try to drive it away the more persistent it is. Did I sadden you, Henry?"

"Yes, George, you make me sad. I have noticed for some time that something was preying on your mind, and now you have put it into words. You mustn't take such a gloomy view of life. We've been happy together, more so than I ever was even with my brothers, and in our companionship there are many happy years to come."

They walked on to the old well in silence, each absorbed in his own thoughts—Henry, of his sweetheart and his own great happiness, while George's mind was filled with gloom and dark forebodings of some coming calamity. He had always been of a melancholy disposition, but recently he seemed to be giving way to it more than usual.

"Standing here at this well, and drinking of its pure sparkling waters," he said, holding up a dripping gourd full between them, "reminds me of the time David stood at the mouth of the cave Adullam, whither he had fled, and cried out, 'O, that some one would bring be a drink from the well that is beside the gate at Bethlehem.' David's mouth was dry, and he longed for a drink of water from the old well. When we're separated, and far from the old home, we'll think many times of this delightful old well, and long for a drink from its clear depths."

"George, my boy, you're melancholy today, far more than usual. You must cheer up, talk of brighter things. I never felt so good in my life, and I want you to share my feelings and my bubbling happiness."

"All right. To begin with, let me drink to our friendship that has given me more pleasure than any think else on earth," said George, striving to drive off the depression that seemed to weigh him down. "May it last forever. A friendship that reminds me of that which existed between David and Jonathan. It is true that we have not made, or had cause to enter into such a compact as that which bound them together, but it has been a friendship that would have stood any test. To my mind the compact of those two great men at the

stone easel is one of the most touching and soul-strengthening scenes recorded in the whole bible."

"I say amen to that, George, but let's talk of the future, of things that have all the glitter that our minds can attach to them. Let the dead past bury its dead. There is a glamour about what we expect that admits of all the frills we can throw around them, while the past is a fixed reality. We mustn't dwell too much on the past. Its life-sized failures and frequent sorrows stare us morbidly in the face, unrelieved by the few faded pleasures that made them bearable at the time. And back to David is a long ways. Besides, he was a murderous old fellow, judged by present day standards, reckless with his sling, and a little shaky in his affections sometimes.

"You're inclined to be irreverent, Henry," mildly protested George, taking him by the arm and turning towards the house. "I love you for your self-reliance, your independence and aggressiveness, but remember, Henry, that those who breast the waves must be prepared always to meet and overcome the resistance that assails them. The passive man who floats with the current meets with no resistance, therefore his sorrows are few. I pray yours may be few also, that you may always hold your head high, so high even that the waves may not roll over it."

"Come, come, George, you're entirely too serious. You mistake my motives in trying to cheer you up. I'm not wanting in reverence for David, and the old fellows of his stripe, nor flippant with sacred and holy things, only a little jocular for your sake. I appreciate to the depths of my heart your good wishes, but suppose the waves should get a

little rantankerous at times, what am I to do? You wouldn't advise giving up, becoming a floater, to drift along wherever the current had a mind to take me, would you?"

"Men make laws for themselves, and the end of the law is Jesus."

"That's about as clear to a layman of my calibre as that statement which says that even that which he hath not shall be taken away from him. That sort of a process, when invented, will extract blood from a turnip."

"It is prayer, Henry. To all those people who are going to reach heaven by their own moral works Jesus says, 'I am the way.' When Peter sank in the water Jesus lifted him up, so when every man sinks down at the end of his own works in sorrow and failure, Jesus is there to lift him up. But it is a dismal road that ends in tears."

"To be sure it is, but to my mind there is one other still more dismal, and that is the melancholy road. It begins in tears and ends in tears. Prayer is a good thing in its place. It is all right for the weak and vacillating, as begging becomes the blind, but the strong and clear-brained man, who has been fully equipped for every indication of life, would only be asking for that with which he has already been lavishly endowed. He should turn to the rich resources nature has given him, leaving those to pray who need it."

"That day of need comes in every man's life, no matter how strong he may think he is," said George, shaking his head. "It will come in yours, Henry, and I tremble to think of the weight of affliction it takes to crush a strong, self-willed man to his knees. But what a blessed thought it is to

know that Jesus will be there to lift you up. The self-willed man is a law unto himself, as I said a while ago, and at the end of that law, when he reels under the burden of his afflictions—there is the Christ. I pray you may not have to go to the bitter end to find Him.”

“This sermonizing is something new, George,” said Henry, laughing. “I don’t quite understand it, but I know you mean it in all earnestness. I know, also, that you are always praying for me, and I have more faith in one of your prayers than in a hundred of mine. As long as you pray for me, I will have no occasion to pray for myself. I’m more than content to leave it all with you. But I had another purpose in coming out to see you this afternoon besides that of telling you of my great happiness. It is a thing of far more serious moment, and of urgent present importance. Fanny has told me several things in her letters that have caused me to open my eyes. I want to give you a few of my suspicions, some of which are far more than mere suspicions, with the understanding that you are not to breathe them to any one for the present. Edward Baker is an abolitionist!”

“What!” cried George, turning upon Henry with wide open eyes. “You can’t mean it.”

“I can and do, and it is not a suspicion either. He’s right now sowing the seeds of discontent among the negroes. I am sure of what I’m saying, and I know when I say it that I am branding him with the blackest crime that any man can commit in the eyes of every Missourian. He intends to do me great bodily harm, if he can do it without meeting me in the open, but I’m not actuated through fear of him, or by hatred, in saying what I have

said. He's also Fanny's deadly foe, and means no good to any of you."

They stood at the fence for some time in silence. "I know he is not the same as he was before Fanny went away," said George at length, "but that is from pique only. He'll soon get over that. I can't think Edward could be so bad as you say. Why, if father believed him an abolitionist he would go to his room, I verily believe this night, and choke him to death."

"But it will not do to tell your father this now. I'm telling you that you may be on the watch and satisfy yourself that I am right. Then we'll go to the Colonel with it. And I can tell you something more. He is today secretly aiding a gang of horse thieves that infest the country, under the leadership of a man who was with the notorious John A. Murrill."

"Why, Henry, if half this is true he should be given over to the law at once. We must report him at once. He is my blood cousin, and has lived in our family for years, but nothing can protect him if he is an abolitionist."

"It would not do to say anything about it right at this time. All I have told you is true, yet it is not susceptible of absolute proof. To expose him now would be premature. And, besides, I do not want to be the leader in it, as there are those who would say that it was a plan of mine to ruin him. Fanny's name would be dragged into it. A great stir would be made that would end in our defeat. Be not hasty, but watch him, and as I said at the beginning, breathe it to no one."

"I'm dumbfounded, Henry. You surely must be mistaken. Father does not suspect him of any

wrong-doing, but reposes the most perfect confidence in him. I know Edward keeps bad company some times, and does things that he ought not to do, but he's a good fellow at heart, and I think a great deal of him."

"I predict you will change your opinion before many months, but until the convicting evidence is ready we'll keep our eyes open and say nothing."

When Henry reached home that evening his mother met him in tears. She had received a letter from their old home in Delaware, bringing the sad news of her aged father's death and urging her to come back at once to assist in dividing up the estate. Preparations were hastily made to take the next boat to St. Louis, where she could board a train of cars, the like of which she had never seen, for Dover, Delaware. Henry accompanied her to St. Louis and saw her safely aboard the car. In three days she was at the old home.

What wonderful changes a few years had wrought! The old neighbors were either dead or moved away, their places being filled by their children grown out of all recollection, or by strangers. The old shop was closed. Tim, the apprentice boy, had grown to manhood, married and moved to the west, no one seemed to know where, but they thought to Ohio. The little cottage was fallen into bad repair, and strange children played in the yard unmindful of the white haired woman who stood at the gate in tears. But her heart was gladdened. She found Perry, who was known as Uncle Perry now, age having whitened his head as well as hers.

"I'se pow'ful glad to see you, ole Missus," he said, tears of joy coming in his eyes. "I'd liked to stay outen Missouri an' lived wif you an' Massa

Tom, but I didn't like de niggahs out dar. Dey hab no edication an' no mannaahs."

For years Mrs. Martin had secretly longed to go back and visit the dearest spot in all the world to her, but she was sorely disappointed. It was not what she had anticipated. It had lost its charms. At the first the people met her as if the few years she had lived in Missouri had made her at least semi-barbarous. They all looked upon the west as still in a state of savagery. This nettled her Scotch-Irish blood, and she was not slow in telling them that the people in Missouri were as well educated, as well dressed, and had as good schools, churches and preachers as Delaware could boast of, and yet they were not in the habit of making any great fuss about them.

"I will settle up my affairs as soon as possible and return home with no desire ever to visit the east again," she observed to her sister one day as they returned from the church where she had once so loved to worship. "This is not the dear old spot it once was to me. I now love my Missouri home a thousand times more than ever before."

Henry had written her to meet him in St. Louis on a certain day, and they would take the same up-river boat with Mrs. Williams and Fanny. Mrs. Williams had been greatly benefited by the sojourn in the south, and of course Fanny was more beautiful than ever, so Henry had said in his letter. How he came by this last information he did not give out.

As the big New Orleans packet rounded gracefully to her pier Henry and his mother were there to meet the mother and daughter, waiting impatiently until the slow-moving roustabouts got the

ponderous gang-plank in place. Henry's roving eyes were rewarded by a glimpse of Fanny, who saw him and waved her handkerchief. In a moment more they were aboard the steamer. At the top of the winding companionway they met Mrs. Williams and Fanny. Mrs. Martin took them in her motherly arms and kissed them affectionately. Henry, poor boy, shifted from one foot to the other scarcely able to restrain himself while these interesting osculatory exchanges were being made, but he dared not take the liberties his mother had enjoyed. Fanny looked at him out of the corners of her eyes, mischievously. The language of that look could not be misunderstood. Bending close to her ear he whispered, "My time will come some day, and then I'll make up for being barred out now."

"Oh, you think so, do you," her pretty nose coquettishly in the air. "It is well not to be too sure of anything in this world."

But he was sure. No thought of that old proverb, "that there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," had ever entered his mind since the evening under the apple tree.

The few hours' stay in St. Louis, and the short trip up the river to Hannibal, were all too soon over with. The time was passed in a dream, as it were. They promenaded the boat a score of times from end to end, sat in cozy nooks out of the raw spring wind, played on the piano, sang, danced a little in spite of the frowns of the two religious mothers who could not approve—and the boat was at the wharf in Hannibal. There was Colonel Williams and George. Henry and his mother stood apart as father and son greeted the mother and

daughter. It was a happy reunion, but when Mrs. Williams threw her arms around George's neck she burst into tears, kissing him passionately again and again, "O, my poor boy, you look thin and pale! You did not write that you had been sick."

"I'm not sick, and haven't been," said George, brusquely, taking himself out of his mother's arms.

It is said that coming events cast their shadows before. Mrs. Williams acted so strangely that they all noticed it, yet no one said a word about it in her presence. The moment they were alone Mrs. Martin and Henry talked of it, but the former said it was the result of her highly nervous condition, and thus dismissed it.

Spring was giving way to summer, the apple blossoms had gone and the warm days had come. Henry and Fanny had resumed their long rambles through the fragrant woodland pastures, and their happy drives along the country lanes. "Fanny, don't you think it is now time to have a talk with the Colonel and your mother and set the date for the happiest day in our lives?" asked Henry one evening as they rested in the shade of the trees.

"Don't be in a hurry, Henry. No days could be happier than these we spend together. I fear sometimes that they will not last, but while they do let us linger content by the wayside."

"It would not detract from our happiness to have a day set which we could look forward to, that most eventful day in our lives, in which I can claim you as my very own. That is all I want. You must think it over before I come again, fix some time in your mind, and then we'll make all our plans to conform to it. Yes, to be sure, the sooner it is the better it will suit me. I'm perfectly will-

ing it should be next Sunday, but, of course, I'll not insist upon it being that soon unless you wish it. O, you don't? Well, as soon as you can make it then."

The next forenoon a horseman came galloping into town, spreading the shocking intelligence that George Williams had been drowned at the mill dam while attempting to cross the pond in a small boat. The sad news was shouted from mouth to mouth, the whole village being in an uproar of excitement in a few moments. From every direction men and woman came running to the pond, asking questions breathlessly. The entire population was soon gathered on the bank. No one knew more than the horseman had told them. Old Frank, the miller, told all he knew excitedly to the groups that gathered around him. Happening to look out of the mill he saw the boat go over the dam, bottom up, and following it something like a hand and part of an arm above the water. Nothing more was known. A man came running up with a water-soaked hat in his hand, found just below the dam. It was George Williams' hat.

In some unaccountable way the boat must have been capsized, but how no one could definitely say, though a thousand theories were advanced. George was known to be an expert swimmer, but the cold water must have cramped him the moment he fell into it.

Henry was paralyzed by the shock. It was sometime before he could summon resolution to go to the river. "It can't be true—it can't be true," was all he could say as he wended his way to the great crowd of curious people who were discussing ways and means of recovering the body.

"I made light of his presentiment, gibed him heartlessly for his depression, and this is what it was. O, George, my noble friend, I wronged you deeply!"

The river was swollen, swift and deep. For three days and nights the tireless searchers continued their work. Henry scarcely ate or slept during that time. At the end of the third day, when hope of finding the body had almost been abandoned, a dragging hook fastened itself in the clothing and the stiff and distorted body of George Williams was brought to the shore. With bared head and blood-shot eyes Henry wiped the water and slime from the face of his dead friend. The crowd fell back to a respectful distance. "O, George, George, David never loved Jonathan as I loved you! The poor mother, when she burst into tears at the wharf, saw this ending. Under the apple tree you saw it, when you told me of your daily prayers for me. O God, this is too much—too much!"

Rising from his knees he walked aimlessly away, leaving the body as it lay on the muddy bank. The strain he had undergone, and the bereavement he suffered, were almost too much for his reason. Kind friends lifted the body and carried it to town, where it was washed, dressed and then borne to the stricken home. The father and sister bore up bravely, but the invalid mother seemed to be stricken as with death. Her uncontrollable grief was pitiful to witness.

The great popularity of the young man, and his tragic end, brought together a large concourse of people. From far and near the kind-hearted neighbors gathered to pay a last sad tribute at his

bier. The minister, a near and dear friend of the family, was deeply moved when he rose to preach the funeral sermon. The dead boy had been a member of his church for several years. He dwelt long and touchingly upon the noble traits of the deceased and closed by saying: "Thus death plants his pale banner in our midst and strikes down the tender plants in our homes, severing the strong ties of affection, but faith bridges the chasm and assigns our friends a place beyond the confines of time."

The mother's heart is penetrated deeper by the sting of death of a loved one. Mrs. Williams partially rallied, but never fully recovered from the cruel blow.



THE pall of gloom that had settled down over the once happy home of Colonel Williams grew no less apparent as the summer waned into the shortening days of fall. It seemed that nothing would ever lift it. Words were spoken only in whispers in or near the presence of Mrs. Williams, even the negroes refraining from laughter and boisterous talking within hearing of the house, and dragged their feet less noisily when walking in the yard across the porch.

Henry was a frequent visitor to the family, assisting them in every way to cheer up the declining days of the invalid mother whose heart was broken at the death of her only son. She always welcomed Henry with a kindly smile, but even as she held his hand and pressed it in her thin fingers the tears would break through her smile and she would sigh pitifully over the memory of the one that was gone.

Colonel Williams spent the greater part of the time with her, talked of bright and cheering things, drove her out and kept her mind diverted as much as possible, but there was a pensive sadness in her every word and act that enlisted the sympathy of all who knew her. They talked of Fanny's wedding, postponed to the coming spring, and of the

noble traits of character of the prospective son who was to take the place of the one who was lost. She would brighten up, never seeming to tire of this subject, and at times was her former self again. From this time it was easy to see that she was living for the wedding, and the settling in life of her only daughter.

The Colonel never permitted himself to think of his sorrow in his wife's presence, but put on a cheerful smile at all times, yet he was sorely troubled. The anti-slavery sentiment was spreading at a tremendous pace. His wealth was largely in slaves, and emissaries of the hateful propaganda were tampering with the negroes, who were restless and becoming more and more dissatisfied. News was being carried to them, and ideas of freedom put into their heads, but who was doing it he could not ascertain. John Brown, at his home in Osawatimie, Kansas, was sowing the seed of strife and discord on the western border, and the abolitionist press and the hysterical preachers were racing up and down the whole north and east with the torch of war. The irrepressible conflict was coming. Negroes in Missouri were being railroaded by the underground routes almost daily to places of safety beyond the jurisdiction of the state. Along the Mississippi river they were being spirited over into Illinois and hidden away by those in sympathy with the movement. On the northern border negroes as well as horses were being stolen and carried into Iowa, where the abolitionist sentiment was rampant. In these cases the negroes assisted the thieves to get away with the horses, meeting them frequently at some appointed place in the road, exchanging the animals freely for the opportunity of escaping from

their masters. Once across the line the runaway slaves met with friends and the thieves with buyers for the horses. These troubles the Colonel did not permit to be brought to his invalid's wife's ears, yet they worried him beyond measure.

In the very beginning of fall, when roasting ears were ripe and the dense cornfields offered safe retreats to the fleeing fugitives and their conductors, two of the Colonel's most likely young negro men were one morning missing. The whole neighborhood was set in an uproar. Everybody was excited, and speculation ran high as to whom the traitorous abolitionist could be who was at the bottom of the affair. That there was one such, at least, no doubt could be entertained. The negroes did not go away unaided, that was certain.

Scouts were sent out immediately, well armed and mounted, in the direction of Iowa and Illinois, with instructions to scour every foot of ground. A meeting was held before noon of the same day, and patrols were selected and posted all over the country every night. No negro was permitted out after a certain hour who was not armed with a permit from his owner. These timely precautions put a stop to horse stealing and negroes running away for the time being, but many a gay young Lothario, who had slipped out to visit his dusky sweetheart, and was unfortunate enough to be caught, felt the smarting cut of the rawhide in the hands of the vigilant patrols.

If the young negro men were not captured the Colonel's loss would be at least two thousand dollars, so no effort was spared to apprehend them, but at last the Colonel returned empty handed. His long and wearisome search had been utterly fruit-

less, not a trace of the runaways could be found. Those, if there were more than one, who had assisted them in getting away, and those who befriended them on the way, kept their tracks well covered. Nearly three months later a letter came to one of the negroes from Canada. It was opened and read by the Colonel. It was from one of the runaway slaves. They were there, free men, and both doing well.

The Colonel was greatly exasperated over his loss, and over the effect the success of the two young men in getting away would have on the other negroes. The day after his return Henry took him to one side and asked, "Have you no suspicion of any one in the community, or near to you, being connected with this matter?"

"None in the world," he slowly responded, somewhat mystified by the question. "Why do you ask that? Have you any suspicions or information that would throw any light on the real culprit?"

"I think I have, but what I know is not strong enough to convict, but to forewarn is to forewarn. My advice is to keep your eye on your overseer, Edward Baker, and have your detectives shadow him."

"Why, Henry, can I believe my ears!" cried the Colonel, perfectly amazed. "You must know what you are saying, yet I can hardly bear to hear such an open insinuation, even from you. He's my nephew, reared in my family almost as my son, and has never betrayed my confidence. You are my only daughter's accepted suitor, my prospective son, yet I must demand to know upon what grounds you base this most serious charge."

"All this I know, Colonel, and pondered it well

days before I decided to speak it to you. I know as well the relationship he bears to you and the confidence in which you hold him, as I know the full purport of what I have said. I know also that it was your wish that he should become Fanny's husband, hence what I might say against him would have less weight, being imputed to the bitterness of rivalry between us. But through no feelings of that sort have I at last decided to say to you what I have just said. I have come upon him a number of times, three or four at least, at night, going to or from your house, when he was in a whispered conversation with one or more of your negroes. The last time was in the fence corner over by the stack-yard, and when he saw me he tried to hide his face so I couldn't see him. He was greatly confused, and betrayed every evidence of guilt. Only three evenings since, when I went to the barn to get my horse I heard voices back of the buggy-shed. They came from Baker and two of your men. I tried to hear what they said, but they were talking in whispers."

The Colonel held his eyes to the ground, the paleness of his face betraying the intensity of his feelings.

"That isn't all," Henry continued. "As I said, what I know would not convict him, but I think it is enough to cause any prudent man to hold him in suspicion. What business he has whispering with the negroes in dark corners after night is for you to decide, but what I am going to tell you admits of but one interpretation. Our warehouse abuts on the alley in the rear of the store. I was in there three days ago when I heard Baker talking in a low voice to some one. Tiptoeing my way to

the spot I peeped through a crack and saw him in earnest conversation with a notorious crook and gambler who is suspected by the entire community of belonging to a gang of horse thieves now depredating this part of the country. I heard him say to this man, 'Don't you ever fear that my cousin Albert will fail to do his part. Anything you get to him will be taken care of, black or white, and you'll get your share. Remember that, and he knows the ropes.'

"That looks black, black as hen, Henry," said the Colonel, standing there staring Henry in the face like one bereft of his reason, "but it has all come so suddenly that I'm dazed. It must be some horrid combination of circumstances that he can explain. He must explain it. There can be no ifs nor ands about a thing of this kind. I'll charge him with it, and God have mercy on him if he is guilty, for I will not!"

"No, Colonel, that would be the very wrong thing to do. He would fly into a great passion, deceive you with his noise, and probably fly. Don't be hasty. Have him shadowed day and night without him suspecting what is being done. If he's guilty, as I am confident he is, catch him; if innocent, I will go on my knees and beg his forgiveness."

Three days later, or nights rather, the Colonel's best saddle horse, a valuable animal, disappeared. So did the crook and gambler whom Henry had seen in such close conversation with Edward Baker. Nothing more was ever seen of either one of them. And that was one strange thing about horses stolen in that part of Missouri at that time—not one was ever recovered.

It was freely asserted that a number of farmers,

of good standing in their respective communities, were in close touch with these marauders. That they gave the thieves shelter in their raids, and hid away the stolen horses in their barns. Being above suspicion themselves their barns were not searched. After the horses were sold these men were rewarded by the thieves with a part of the profits. It was also asserted, and developments later proved the assertion to be true, that horses were taken to these places, dyed another color, and then ridden off in broad daylight and sold. The spots of the leopard may not change, but these ingenious horse thieves found it an easy thing to change the spots on the horses they appropriated, and the buyers were not particular as to color or spots so long as they got a good bargain in a horse taken from the "fire-eating slave-holders" over in Missouri.

With Colonel Williams, to make up his mind about a matter was to act. In an hour after the talk he had with Henry he had fully made up his mind as to the course he would take. Yet he did not do so with the conviction that Edward Baker could be the traitor to him and his interests that the evidence against him seemed to indicate. A shrewd, reliable and close-mouthed man was put on Edward's trail, to watch him and his every movement. That Edward was aware of this surveillance almost from the day it began cannot be doubted in the light of later developments. And that he knew full well who had given the Colonel the damaging information against him, or strongly suspected who, is also proved by his changed demeanor toward Henry.

"Let's sit out on the porch and enjoy these delightful evenings while we may," said Henry to

Fanny a few evenings later, leading the way to a favorite rustic settee. "It will soon be too cool for outdoors in the evenings, so let's enjoy every one of them to the fullest. No other country in the world can match a September twilight in Missouri," he said, rapturously, walking to the edge of the porch and looking up into the cloudless heavens at the stars, twinkling into view one by one.

"You say that because you never enjoyed a perfect southern night, with the great moon at its full and the soft breezes coming lullingly up from the Gulf, whose distant murmur could just be heard through the stilly night," said Fanny, who was fond of relating the many delightful experiences she had in the three months in the south.

Just then Baker came slowly along the porch, with both eyes fastened upon them in a malignant stare. He passed along without speaking, turning his head to keep them in view until he reached the door.

Henry rose from his seat to resent the insult then and there, so stung was he with the actions of Baker. Instantly Fanny caught him by the arm and held him back, whispering. "You mustn't do it, Henry—it would kill mama."

Reluctantly, and almost gasping for breath in the heat of his anger, he resumed his seat. A few moments later Baker came out, acted in the same way, passed into the yard and was gone.

Fanny laid her hand on Henry's arm. "You must promise me, Henry, that you will bring about no open rupture with Edward. Of course he did not do right, and I shall reprimand him for it, but it would worry poor mama to death if she suspected there was such a feeling between you."

"I have no particular feeling against him," disclaimed Henry, "but I was tempted then to slap him in the face."

"But that would not end it, only begin it," said Fanny, "and nothing would be gained by it."

"Perhaps not, but if he insults us again that way, or any other way, I fear I can't keep my hands off him."

"You must pay no attention to him. I don't care for it. He is out of humor, and very angry at me. Twice since we came home he has begged me to reconsider my refusal of him. Only last night, on this very seat, he plead with me with tears in his eyes. I got up and left him. He is in an ugly mood, not so much at you as at me, and has made some ugly threats—"

"Against you!"

"No-o," she faltered, "not so much against me as against himself."

"He may threaten himself as much as he likes, and the sooner he puts those threats into execution the better it will suit me, but when he begins to threaten you it is a different thing."

"O, he will not do anything to me," she returned, lightly, yet she did not fully share her own assurance.

Colonel Williams came out of the darkness from the front stile, where he had been talking with one of the men he had sent to look for the stolen horse, stopping before them. "Not a trace could he find. The other two haven't come in yet, but I fear they will meet with no better luck. The horse is gone."

At this Fanny excused herself to run up to her room and adjust her hair, which was coming down.

"They have confederates who assist them in get-

ting out of the country," continued the Colonel, "men, perhaps, whom we would least suspect, so I have abandoned all hope of ever seeing the horse again. He was a fine animal, worth at least one hundred and fifty dollars, and I thought a great deal of him, but his loss is nothing to that of a strong young negro man."

A few moments later their conversation was interrupted by the keen crack of a rifle near at hand. Simultaneously with the report came a piercing scream from somewhere upstairs. The two men rushed breathlessly into the house. Fanny came screaming down stairs, with blood trickling down her face, pale as death. Poor Mrs. Williams tottered from her chair to go to Fanny's assistance, saw the blood and fainted. The Colonel caught her as she fell.

"My God, Fanny, are you shot!" cried Henry, beside himself.

"Yes—I don't know," she stammered, trembling and crying hysterically.

Wiping the blood from her face with his open hand he led her to a chair. Instead of a gaping wound, there was only a tiny cut. A flying piece of the mirror had merely punctured the skin, yet it bled profusely.

"Are you hurt any place else?" he asked, bending over her.

"I—don't know—I'm so frightened—I can't tell. I thought the bullet went through my head and then shattered the glass. I screamed and ran here—that's all I know."

Investigation made it plain that it was the deliberate work of an assassin. The bullet came through the window and shattered the mirror in front of

which Fanny was standing, only an inch above her head. A small piece of the glass had cut the skin on her forehead, making a wound of a very trivial character. It was the shock that had done the damage. She was completely unnerved.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, and Mrs. Williams had been quieted, it was decided that no mention of the unfortunate occurrence was to be made outside of the family circle, but every effort must be put forth to ferret out the assassin.

"There is no clue to work on," said the Colonel, "as I know of no reason for such a base crime on the part of any one. I'm greatly inclined to believe that it must have been an accidental shot."

"But who could be shooting a heavy calibred rifle at that time in the evening, so near the house, at what and for what purpose?" asked Henry, who was fully satisfied who the sneaking assassin was, and his reasons for trying to take Fanny's life. But he held his council, saying to himself, "I know who he is, and I'm going after him."

It was late that night when Edward Baker came in. He was not informed of the shooting until next morning. He expressed great indignation, manifesting the most unfeigned concern over the deplorable affair. Fanny watched him closely, but his words and actions completely allayed her suspicions. It was true he had said some very ugly things the evening she left him on the rustic seat, refusing to hear anything more from him, but most of them were threats against himself. It was also true that he had as good as told her that if she would not marry him she should never marry Henry. All these things she thought over since the shooting, keeping them to herself, fully believing

that when he was told of the tragedy he would betray his guilt. But he had not done so. In fact, so frank and open was his astonishment and bitter his denunciation of one who could be guilty of such a dastardly deed, that she was more than convinced Edward Baker was wholly innocent.

"You may believe it was an accident," said Edward, after hearing all the theories told over again, "but I don't, and still more, I believe I can put my hand on the one who did it. No one would be out at that time in the evening shooting off a rifle, and right in the direction of the house, too. It was well aimed, and there was a purpose behind it. Now I'll tell you what I know. I've had my eye on Jason for some time. He's been sulky and muttering to himself ever since the two runaways left, not half doing his work, and standing off to himself as though something was wrong with him. I've spoken to him several times and got nothing out of him. Of course I thought he was planning to run away too, and have watched him with that one suspicion in my mind. But now this has happened I'm satisfied Jason has had something to do with it. There's no telling what turn his mind would take."

"No matter what may be said against Jason," spoke up Fanny, quickly, "I will never be made to believe he had anything to do with it."

"You don't know the negro character as well as I do, Fanny. They're restless, and some of them are vicious. All sorts of stuff is going the rounds among them. They hear much more than we think they do, and they talk it over in the cabins at night. They hear about John Brown, and a great negro uprising that is going to come, and they hear that

those negroes who have run away are as big as white folks in Canada, getting rich, and all that. Some of them are ready to strike at anything that will injure their owner. Jason's been a good man, but I fear he's the shooter."

Jason or Joe, the negro man referred to, had always borne a most excellent reputation, being of a kind and jovial disposition, truthful and trustworthy. He was one of the best men on the place, yet these few words of Baker's sealed his doom. Mrs. Williams believed all that Baker had said implicitly. She grew so nervous that the Colonel, though he did not share her belief fully, was persuaded to sell the man. As there were slave dealers all over the state, buying negroes for the cotton states, as men buy mules in these days, no delay or trouble was experienced in disposing of Jason. It made Henry sick at heart to see this innocent negro torn from his home, his friends and his family, all the poor fellow held dear in his hard and circumscribed life, to be sent down the river. To threaten to send a darkey down the river was to blanch his stolid face and make his teeth chatter together in fear, so great was his horror of being sold into the cotton states.

Less than a week after the selling of Jason two of Colonel Williams' negroes were seen beyond their permitted limits, and the next morning they were missing. The detectives knew the direction they had taken, and their trail was easily found, which led straight to the Mississippi river. There they were seen in company with two white men. A fisherman's boat was taken and they all four crossed over into Illinois. By this time the route through Illinois was known to the slave-hunters, so they

had little trouble in following the fugitives. Desperate efforts were made to overtake them. For two days they were heard of at several points, accompanied by one white man, but after reaching the Hancock county line all trace of them was lost. The detectives beat the country in every direction, exhausting every resource, but in vain. On the morning of the fourth day, as they were passing a corn-field, they discovered a little curl of blue smoke rising from the far side. Stealing cautiously into the field the detectives surprised the two runaways and their white guide, capturing the three at the muzzle of cocked revolvers. They were aware that they were being closely followed, those who were befriending them and helping them on the way having warned them, hence they had buried themselves in the very center of a vast field of corn and were content to remain there until the pursuers should give up the search. The little fire they had built, the smoke of which betrayed their hiding place, was for the purpose of roasting corn for their breakfast.

After disarming them the three were handcuffed together and spirited back by unfrequented roads to the jail at Palmyra. The guide proved to be a young white man named Hamilton Munn, who had been working at odd jobs about the town, and was not considered very bright by those who knew him best. That he was a tool in the hands of a superior mind was not doubted, but every inducement that was offered to him to turn state's evidence and betray his principal signally failed.

"You know, Munn, that it's a penitentiary offense to incite a slave to run away, or in any way to aid or abet him in his efforts to obtain freedom," said

Colonel Williams, in a secret interview with Munn in jail.

Munn nodded indifferently.

"You're as certain to be sent to the penitentiary for the full time provided by law as your trial day comes, if you don't tell who put you up to it."

"No one put me up to it. I've said that a hundred times. I'm not asking anybody to keep me out of the pen. You go about your business and I'll see to mine."

"Perhaps no one suggested it to you, but if you'll tell who was with you the court will in all likelihood let you go free."

"No one was with me."

"But, you see, we know better. You and another white man were seen at the river with the two negroes, and if you'll tell who he was I'll see that you go free."

"If you know so much about it why do you come to me? I say it's a lie, so there you are. I've got nobody to tell on, so I can't tell on anybody. I was all alone, and I'll help every colored man I can to escape from your slave-whipping friends. Now you have it, so let me alone. If I go to the pen it's nobody's business but my own. Henry Martin, you, and two or three jack-leg lawyers is runnin' in here to get me to tell on somebody. I'll not do it, so just go ahead with your penitentiary."

Colonel Williams, though more firmly convinced than ever that Munn was lying to shield the chief conspirator, retired defeated.

"Your suspicions were well-founded," said the Colonel to Henry, who was waiting outside the result of the interview. "I couldn't believe it was possible when you told me, but I fear now you were

right. That man in there never planned the thing. He's an extremist and an imbecile."

"Yes, I was right, and before three days I'll demonstrate it to the world. And when I do I'll show you the man that tried to assassinate your own daughter and my future wife."

"My God, man, you surely don't believe that Edward fired that dastardly shot!"

"I've never doubted it from that night to this moment. But you let it be known that you are convinced that Munn is a simple fellow, fired by lurid abolitionist literature, and in his ignorant zeal has done this alone. This will quiet matters down while I go fishing for two or three days."

"Fishing!"

"Yes. It's a little out of season I know, but I've heard where I can catch some good ones, so I'm going to try it. Say very little. Let it all quiet down as though we had the only culprit in jail, and wait."

Early the next morning Henry drove over to the river, in a round-about way, with his fishing tackle, to the cabin of an old fisherman with whom he had spent many pleasant days angling.

"I'm after black bass and croppie," said Henry to the astonished fisherman. The old fellow laughed.

"You're too late or too early, I don't know exactly which; still you might get a few."

Henry soon informed him it was not fish he was after, but bigger game. The fisherman reluctantly admitted that it was his skiff, moored in the mouth of the creek near by, that was used to ferry Munn and the two negroes over the river, but he declared he knew nothing more about it.

"We've got Munn and the two negroes, as you know, Mr. Wilson, safe in jail. My sole business here today is to find out who the other white man was who stole your boat. I'm satisfied you can name him."

"No I can't. To be honest with you I don't know who he was, and I don't want to know."

"Well, I do. You have a pretty good idea who he was, haven't you?"

The shrewd old fellow shook his head and smiled. Ideas is not evidence, besides I never suspect any man. When I don't want to see a thing, I look the other way, and when I keep my suspicions to myself they harm no one. Men stealing a boat are not apt to let the man they are stealing it from know who they are. And a man whose got any sense is not apt to try to see who it is piloting slaves out of the state. At least that's the way I see it."

For some time they talked all around the subject, but nothing could be elicited from the man more than he had said in the conversation quoted. At last Henry took another and bolder tack.

"I'm not the least bit backward in telling you," he said, laying his hand on the old man's arm, "that I believe Edward Baker was the other man. I have a strong personal interest in it besides seeing the real culprit punished, and then it is a shame to send that poor dupe in jail to the penitentiary while the man who instigated it is left to go free."

"I'd be sorry to know your suspicions were right, for Baker is a cousin of my dead wife, and he's one of the finest young men in these parts."

"That is all true, perhaps, barring the latter part, which we have no need to discuss. But when your

wife was sick how much did he do for her, though he was her cousin? I came to you in your distress and gave you every help I could. I know you're grateful, but I did not do it to place you under obligations to me, but because of the many happy days we've spent together fishing, and in return for the many kindnesses shown to me by your good wife."

Wilson's eyes filled with tears. They went into the lonely cabin together, where Henry told him of the attempt on Fanny's life, and of the many incriminating facts he had gathered against Baker. An hour later, when they came out and took each other by the hand to say good-by, the old fisherman said: "I'm as poor as the poorest, and have seen times when I could have turned what I knew into money, but I've never wronged any man to my knowledge. And I don't think I've wronged him in telling you what I have."

Henry hurried home, put the horse up, and went up town to find the prosecuting attorney. As he passed by a group of men in front of a saloon he came face to face with Edward Baker, flushed with wine.

"I've had my eye on you for several weeks, my good friend," said Baker, stepping in front of Henry, an ugly leer in his inflamed face.

"Have you? Well, I've had my eye on you for even a longer period than that, but I don't want to engage in a street brawl with you."

"O, you don't," sneered Baker. "Too nice a man for that," thrusting his hand suspiciously into his pocket. "It don't suit your methods to meet a man face to face."

"Step aside, Baker, and let me pass. We can settle our differences in a less public manner."

"We'll settle them right here and now. But first I've got a few things to tell you—"

"For the last time, Baker, I ask you to step aside."

"Yes, I'll get out of your way, you sneaking coward," hissed Baker, drawing a pistol.

No sooner had the weapon glinted in the light than Henry plunged at him, throwing the whole weight of his body into the blow that landed fairly on Baker's mouth. The latter went down with Henry on top. As they fell the pistol was discharged. The crowd scattered in every direction. In size and strength they were not unevenly matched, but Baker was dazed by the force and suddenness of the blow. He struggled desperately to free his hand that held the pistol, but Henry knew his safety lay in preventing him from doing so. As they rolled on the ground Henry made no effort to punish him further, but got a firm grip on the pistol and held it. Just as he succeeded in wringing the weapon from Baker's grasp the town marshal came running to the spot. Henry let him up. Baker's face was covered with blood and his clothes with mud.


"This neighborhood is too small to hold us both," gasped Baker, wiping the blood from his face.

"Yes, it is, and I was on my road to see that you are sent out of it, when you stopped me," returned Henry, handing the pistol to the officer. "I have no charges to make against him for this, but I demand his arrest as Munn's accomplice, and for attempted assassination."

As soon as the prosecuting attorney heard the facts Henry had to lay before him, he went to the

jail and told Munn that Baker was under arrest, and that Wilson the fisherman had given the whole thing away. Munn wilted and told the whole story.

A few weeks later Baker was put on trial. The evidence was so strong against him that he plead guilty and was sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of three years. As he passed out of the little red brick court house that stood in the public square, he met Henry, who was standing near the walk that led to the jail. Such a look of deadly hatred as he gave him scarcely ever disfigured the face of a human being. "You'll hear from me for this before you're many years older," he hissed.

 HE street fight, in which Henry had so narrowly escaped with his life, the arrest and conviction of Edward Baker, and the attempted assassination of Fanny Williams, the details of which in a distorted form had in some way leaked out, were the sole topics of conversation for days and days the whole country round. In the eyes of Fanny and Mrs. Williams Henry had proven himself a real hero. That was to be expected, but they were not alone in thinking he had borne a noble part in bringing to light the man who had worked upon the ignorance of Hamilton Munn to engage in the desperate enterprise of piloting negroes to liberty. How the Williams family could have been blind so long to the perfidy of their kinsman, none of them could understand.

"I'm more to blame than any one else," said the Colonel. "I, of all others, who should have seen all this months ago, was as blind as the blindest. Even when Henry called me aside and warned me, telling me his suspicions and upon what he based them, I couldn't believe it. In fact, was angry with him. I'm ashamed to own it, but I was on the point of denouncing him on the spot. It's all plain now, it's in the blood of the Bakers. I should have

remembered that. Edward's cousin Albert is, if anything, worse than he is. He's been in the hands of the law a number of times, escaping conviction by a mere technicality, and is suspected today of being a horse thief. Their fathers before them were both dissolute reprobates."

"My mother did everything in her power to prevent my sisters from marrying the two Baker boys," said Mrs. Williams, sadly, "but it seemed to be their fate, poor dear girls. And how they paid for it! A life of penance, poverty and regret. The girls were sweet young giddy things, and the boys wore good clothes and danced well. That captivated them. Mother finally forbade the young men the house, but the girls met them here and there at parties and balls, still protesting to mother that they cared nothing for them. One morning the girls were missing, their trunks were found empty. They had eloped with George and William Baker, and were married in Hannibal. It almost broke my mother's heart, but she forgave them, sent for them to come home, trying as long as she lived to make the best of it. Poor mother! she went to an early grave as the result of that double elopement. And now one of the vipers, taken in and warmed at our hearth-stone, has stung us with his ingratitude."

"But, mama, the sting, thank goodness, is not incurable, and we are rid of him. I feel that we ought to be thankful for that," said Fanny.

"We are rid of him for a short time," returned Mrs. Williams, inclined to take the most despondent view of every evil, "but he will soon be free again, and then no telling what he will do."

"He'll never show his face in these parts again,"

asserted the Colonel, positively. "If he does he'll be given hours to make himself scarce as Munn was. You know it is said, 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I fear no more evil from Edward Baker."

But, as before, Colonel Williams was blind to the traits of character of his notorious nephew.

As the winter neared its close, and the happy wedding day approached, Mrs. Williams became almost her former self again. She grew more cheerful and her health greatly improved. The fifteenth of April, the anniversary of their home-coming from the south the previous year, had been selected for the wedding. The orchard was a solid mass of pink and white, filling the balmy air with sweet perfume the afternoon Fanny Orpah Williams and Henry Richard Martin were pronounced husband and wife. A sweeter bride was never led to the altar than this blushing daughter of Missouri. The two little families, with a few only of their most intimate friends, witnessed the ceremony. The big house was tastily decorated, and the two long tables that extended from one end of the dining-room to the other, were covered with bouquets of apple blossoms. All the negroes were given a holiday, and in the wedding supper they were not forgotten. After the white-folk had dined the tables were set in order for the negroes. And such a time as these dusky people did have. There was a big wedding cake for them, too, with Fanny's name standing out boldly in the icing, and it was cut by their beloved young mistress, with her own hands, right there before them! Such eating, and shouts of laughter. The old dining-room had

never contained a happier crowd, or ministered to more appreciative appetites!

"She is yours now, Henry, and you are mine," said Mrs. Williams, putting an arm around each of them as they came into the parlor, "but you must not take her from me. She is more than life to me. You have come to take my lost son's place and stay with me under the home-roof. It may not be for long, but you both will sweeten my few remaining days."

Mrs. Martin joined them. Her home would be lonely without Henry. He was all she had left, but she was strong and generous. "He can come to the store and return here in the evening and I can have him every day to dinner. That will be fair." Mrs. Williams smiled her approval and gratitude.

Notwithstanding it was very inconvenient to attend to his business in town and live in the country, yet he adjusted his affairs to suit the demand. The scarcity of breadstuffs in Europe had a good effect upon trade in the western produce markets, and as Martin & Son were largely engaged in shipping grain, they had all they could attend to. Their business had grown enormously in the last two years.

Almost before the happy young couple realized it, a year of the most perfect bliss had passed. The anniversary of the fifteenth of April was only three days off. An important event was being looked forward to in the little family. The morning of the fifteenth Fanny followed Henry to the door. She was pale and nervous. "We southerners are noted for bestowing queer names upon our children," she began somewhat incoherently, as she held him by the arm. "You musn't look at me

that way, Henry. I am in my right mind." He laughed, doubtingly, she took it.

"I have been going to say this for some time, so listen and don't look at me that way. Take my middle name, Orpah, it is a novelty in names, yet if we should be blessed with a little girl I desire she should be named Orpah."

"As I'm going to turn the sole charge and the naming of it over to you, the thing is as good as settled now," he said, stooping and kissing her. "It's getting late, I must hurry."

"But if I should not live"—

"Fanny! Fanny! my dear, you distress me. Don't let your mind run in that morbid direction."

"I presume reading too much 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has been the cause. But I am not talking nonsense, am I? I can't help but believe that the abolitionists will never rest until they bring about the freedom of the slaves, peaceably if they can, by war if they must. If it comes to war I want my offspring to cling to the southern people, and especially to grand old Missouri. If I live I shall teach this to them as their daily catechism, if not I want you to teach it to them."

Henry laughed heartily. "First you began about a little girl, and now they are in the plural number. Let's not be too greedy as to numbers. And then you branched off on a war that is only in the mind of a few agitators who would not fight if war should come. But it shall all be just as you wish it." She smiled, he kissed her a fond good-by and was gone.

That night when he returned home the little girl had arrived. Before he reached the house a little

negro girl met him to say, "Days a little girl baby bin browt to de young Miss."

Grandma Williams took a new interest in life, after the happening of this important event, and the Colonel, although he realized that he was a grand father, began to think he was a young man again. For a time the old home lost its sense of gloom and sorrow entirely. The tragic death of George, and the threatening storm-clouds of the great civil war, no longer were permitted to enter the big house where Janie Orpah was growing apace and ruling the roost with an iron hand. At the end of a year the little one was walking and talking, the unquestioned autocrat of the household, and grandma and grandpa were her most willing slaves.

"In a few months more Edward Baker will be a free man," said Fanny, who was growing melancholy again. "I live in daily dread of what may happen when he comes out, stung as he will be by almost three years of incarceration in the penitentiary."

"Don't let that worry you a moment, Fanny," said Henry, assuringly. "I don't have any idea he will dare to come back here again. He'll be ashamed to show his face among those who know him."

"Ah, Henry, you don't know him as I think I do. He will not hesitate at any thing. Animated by an insane desire for revenge on you and papa, he will brave anything to gain it. Public scorn will not deter him. Besides, public sentiment is changing. Many people who, perhaps, would not care to express themselves openly, sympathize with the abolitionists. I dread to think of his return,

not for myself, as he will no longer have a thought of me, but for you."

"Think no more about it now, dearest, for it's a long ways off. If he should come back here we'll at once take measures to get rid of him, or at least to protect ourselves from him. He'll find no friends about here to shield him."

Fanny did not share in this belief, but she said no more.

With the incoming of the first fall month Fanny was stricken with typhoid fever. The very word typhoid carried terror to the hearts of the people in those days, as it was almost certain death. The symptoms were mild at first, and the doctor expressed great confidence in the recovery of the patient, saying that good nursing and absolute quiet was all that was necessary. Henry felt hopeful. But passing near the cabin of the old colored woman who was Fanny's constant nurse, he heard a remark that made him stop.

"I do d'clare, Mose, dar's sumpin' gwyin' to happen here befo' long."

"What's de mattah now, ole 'oman. You's allers gwyin' to have sumpin' happen."

"Dat's jes like you, yo' ole fishin', possum-huntin' niggah. You think nuthin' happens, less sumpin' happens to de riber er de fish."

"Well, mammy, cum to de pint, hits no use a argyin' wid a 'oman. What's it dates gwyan to happen?"

"Obcose dats what I wants to know myse'f. Dis mo'nin' as I's arin' de young misses room, a black bird flew in de winder, an jes den de old black cat, he cum in de doah. I is'nt oberly aberstitious, but dats a mighty bad sine."

"Mammy, dats jes like a niggah. Dat was a swaller what flew into de winder, an' obcose de cat he herd it, an' he jes went in de doah 'cause he heard de floppin' ob de wings. Cats is after birds like I's after fish."

"Go long dar, Mose, obcose you'se allers turn ebber thing off dat way, but I say hit's a bad sine."

Henry stayed to hear no more. He was more deeply affected by these simple words of an old superstitious slave than he cared to admit. He was on the road to the barn to get his horse to ride to town, but hearing this he turned back, determined to give up all thought of his business and stay with Fanny. Her fever went higher that afternoon than ever before, and she was more restless. Little Janie was excluded from the room. This was a sore trial for the interesting little prattler, and for the sick mother as well, but it was considered a wise precautionary measure. The symptoms became more pronounced and obstinate.

Henry began his weary vigils day and night. Fanny requested that he stay near her by day, and sleep where she could touch him at night. No one could do anything for her but the patient and devoted husband, who never permitted himself to be away from her more than a few moments at a time.

At two o'clock every morning she would call him, saying she was cold. That call sent terror through his soul, as he feared she would pass away in one of these chills before reaction came.

The fourteenth night of the fever, which had been gradually climbing to the climax, found Henry completely exhausted. At ten in the evening the fever was abating. The patient looked up

into the wan, anxious face of her faithful watcher and smiled faintly. Then she closed her eyes and fell into a gentle sleep. Evidently the climax was safely passed. Henry's head nodded farther and farther forward until his face rested on the bed. He, too, fell asleep from utter exhaustion. Presently he heard her call, "Henry, I'm so cold, so cold." He could not move. He knew she was calling, yet he was dreaming. He summoned all his strength to rise from the chair in which he knew he was sitting, but he could not move. Again came the feeble call, "Oh, Henry, I'm so cold."

He tried to cry out for help, but he could make not the faintest noise. If the weight of the house had been resting on his chest he could not have been more powerless to move. Fanny was dying, he knew it. The one whom he loved better than life and all else in it, was slipping from his grasp, yet he was rooted to the spot, powerless to move a muscle. The agony of those few moments that seemed hours in duration can never be told. The cold perspiration burst from every pore in his body, and stood in great beads on his face. A cold hand touched his face that thrilled him like an electric shock. He was on his feet in a second.

The clock in the hall below struck two!

"Oh, Henry, I'm so cold."

"Have you been calling me, pet?" bending over her and gasping for breath from the ordeal he had just been through, but she did not seem to hear the question.

"Colder—colder," she muttered. "Kiss me, Henry—and my sweet—little Janie—there!"

He tried to rouse her. Again and again he asked

her if she had been calling him. "It must have been a dream," he sighed, "yet I couldn't have been mistaken in that call. Is it possible that I was so sound asleep that she couldn't make me hear? Oh, if she would only tell me." But he never knew.

Alas! reaction never came, only the chill of death and unconsciousness.

It was a calm and beautiful Sabbath morning that broke over that sad scene. Just as the sun touched into golden splendor the few fleecy clouds that floated tranquilly on high the spirit of Fanny Martin took its flight into the unknown hush of eternity.

Not until the dear heart had ceased to beat did hope die within him. He had never realized that death could come, that he could be plunged into such utter desolation and woe. A man cast on a bleak rock in mid-ocean, flinging curses and blasphemy at the vanishing ship that had abandoned him, could not have felt more sure that the hand of God was against him. His heart was broken, and rebellion ran riot in his soul.

"They say there is a God who is love, look there! She is dead! This is the answer to my hourly prayers. I curse the day I was born!"

Mrs. Williams sat on the foot of the bed, swinging backwards and forwards, sobbing pitifully. Col. Williams covered the cold face of the dead girl and bent over the stark form with a breaking heart. Henry walked the room, bereft of reason.

"The tears I have shed were flung back in my face, molten lead. Tear up your bibles and burn

your churches—there is no God of love! It is a hollow mockery, a legend for fools!”


He lifted her cold, stiffening hand, then threw it from him, shouting hoarsely, “O, that I could curse God and die!—that I could tear out my own heart and dash it against the throne of injustice!”

“Henry, Henry, my dear boy, you terrify me,” cried Col. Williams, trying to take hold of him. But he thrust him aside, curdling the blood of every hearer as he went through the house, crying out and pulling his hair:

“Come, demons of hell! For one hour’s vengeance I barter my soul! Revenge my betrayal. Give me power to cry murder and treason till the vaults of heaven drip with blood!”

The negroes, gathered about in groups, fled in wild-eyed terror. Mrs. Williams sank in a deadly faint on the stairs, and little Janie was screaming herself into spasms from fright.

The frenzied man finally sank to the floor from sheer exhaustion, where he lay rolling his head from side to side, moaning as in the agony of death.

 **T** HE iron had entered deeply into Henry Martin's soul. For forty hours after the death of Fanny he neither ate nor slept. An unnatural fire shone from his eyes, and his tongue was silent, apparently frozen in his mouth.

Many times, during those long hours, day and night, he would stand at the side of the casket and gaze down at the sweet, pale face, then walk aimlessly away, wholly unmoved to all outward appearances. The agony within him none can know but those who have gone through with it.

The neighbors came in from many miles around, bringing flowers for the dead, and love and tears of sympathy for the bereaved ones, but he saw not, nor heard what they said. No appeals they could make to him elicited a word of response. He was deaf, dumb and blind to all about him.

The good old minister who had married them only a few short months before, and who had come to preach the funeral sermon, put his arm about him as a father a stricken son, and tried to whisper to his aching heart some poor words of consolation. He pushed him gently aside, and continued to walk the yard, then up to the room

where she died and back to the casket again. Such grief was pitiful to see.

"I fear his reason is now dethroned," whispered the minister to Col. Williams. "With the poison of disease that is in his system I fear he will never survive the shock."

At the open grave the touching songs of hope were sung, and the last prayer was said, ending with an appeal, choked with emotion, for the bereaved husband. Then, amid the most profound silence, as the casket was being lowered into the yawning grave, little Janie caught her father by the hand and cried out shrilly:

"I want my mama!"

He clasped the child to his breast and burst into a flood of tears. The utter impotence of that wail of the motherless babe pierced his heart as nothing else could have done. His reason was saved!

The friends withdrew. All that human love and sympathy could suggest had been done. The young wife and mother, cut down in the bloom of youth, was left to sleep under the mass of beautiful flowers, the last tribute of love of those who mourned, but not without hope. While the earth had closed over all that was dear in the form of the loved one, they had the precious memories of a pure and holy life as a heritage. To those who have a philosophy that reaches to the cruel depths of the grave, and can see in these scenes of death and parting some of the purposes of the All Wise, there were many sweet memories to dwell upon in the life of Fanny Martin, but to Henry, the door of heaven was shut in his face. Rebellious man that he was, he did not then know, and could not know, of the deep waters of affliction through

which he would have to pass, of which this was only the beginning. His selfish nature saw only the loss of his bride-wife, his own personal bereavement. While he was a changed man, his heart was not softened. The blow that he had received had almost rent it in twain, still it was filled with unreconciled bitterness.

"I can never be myself again," he sighed. "This irreparable loss will always be present. If God is good and kind, as my mother has always taught me and believes, He can do nothing now to undo what has been done. If I should ever pray again, all I'll ask is that my days may be shortened and the end come speedily along."

But the poor man could not be expected to take a healthy or rational view of any thing. His worn out system was saturated with the poison of typhoid, imbibed in the close room with his sick wife. His once vigorous body, teeming with vitality, was wasted almost to a skeleton, and his brain was in the demon grasp of the poison.

At two o'clock every morning he heard that pitiful cry, "Oh, Henry, I'm so cold." It chilled him to the heart. He would bound up in bed, only to suffer over again the awful agony of that fateful night.

Although he felt hourly the insidious creeping of the disease to his vitals, he tried heroically to shake it off. The Monday following the funeral he went to town to assume again his business affairs, bravely determined to drown his sorrow in the store and its complex duties, but he found his strength unequal to the task. He returned home in the afternoon completely exhausted.

On the way home he met one of Col. Williams'

negro men, an intelligent fellow, and a leader among the darkies. "I'se 'lowed dat Mass Edward's out two weeks from yiste'dy, so dey say," he said to Henry. "An' he's comin' strate heah. You mus' be on yo' guard when he comes, Mars Henry, fah he's gwyne to do you mischeff, sho'."

The next morning Henry was unable to leave his bed. As soon as the doctor came he pronounced it typhoid fever. There was no mistaking those dreadful symptoms. Little Janie, who could not be induced to be away from her father a moment, was again excluded from the room. In his constant companionship the last few days she had not seemed to miss her mother so much, but now that she was taken from her father her cries became heartrending. "I want my mama! I want my mama! Where is my mama?" Then, tearing away from her grandma, she tried to go up stairs, her little face wet with tears, and screaming at the top of her voice, "I'm going to find my mama!"

"No, dearest, stay with me, and be grandma's good little girl."

"No, I won't—I want my mama. Where is she, dranma?"

"She isn't here, dearest one,—she—she's gone."

"No! My mama's here, she's in her own pitty room. O mama! ma'ma! baby wants 'ou!"

Tears streamed down the face of the grandmother, and Henry, hearing the cries of his child for its mother, turned his face to the wall and wept bitterly. In all this wide world of suffering and death there is nothing more touchingly pathetic than the wail of the little innocent for the mother that has been taken away never to return. Who has not been touched to tears by the sight of the

starving nestlings, thrusting their open mouths out for the mother bird that has been slain by some heartless sportsman?

"Mama has gone—God took her away," said Mrs. Williams, brokenly, in lieu of any explanation to offer, kissing little Janie with a love that now knew no bounds. The perplexed eyes of the child opened wide. "You will see her again, some time."

"When, dramma? But I want my mama now, right now."

"Here is Grandma Martin, come to see Janie. You love Grandma Martin, don't you, pet. She loves you."

"Yes, dear little darling, I love you better than anything else in this world," said Mrs. Martin, taking her in her strong arms and straining her to her breast. Turning to Mrs. Williams, "How is Henry? The doctor came to the store immediately to tell us that he also has typhoid. I trust he is mistaken. It is grief and exhaustion, perhaps—but if it's the fever I fear he will not survive it." Then, in a more hopeful voice, "But Thomas has sent for an eccentric old physician, Dr. McKelway, of West Ely, who, he was told to-day, has never lost a fever patient when sent for in time."

"I, too, have dreadful borebodings of the result," added Mrs. Williams, whose recent bereavements and continued ill health had made her a chronic pessimist. "His system is so saturated with the poison and his mind deranged by it that he will not be able to resist it. He is like one in a dream. If we ask him how he feels, he smiles and says all right, and when we try to find out if he wants anything, he only shakes his head. I am

so glad you have come, for you may be able to cheer him up. He says he wants to die, poor boy. This child and Henry are all we have left now."

It was a long and anxious wait for the coming of the old physician. But at last he came, late the following evening. A stocky, bald-headed old man, with big blue eyes and ill-fitting clothes. He stalked boldly into the house and mounted the stairs, seeming to know by some instinctive sense in what room to find the patient.

"Well, young man, got you curled up I see," he said, in a loud but not unkindly voice, taking Henry by the hand and scrutinizing his thin face closely. "All you need is some bread pills, some brick-bat dumplings, and a gill or so of boot-leg soup. Think you'll enjoy them, eh? We'll have them for you right away."

His only fever thermometer was his burly hand, which he held a few moments on the patient's forehead, as he studied the ceiling with his big, expressive blue eyes. But every faculty of that trained brain was in the deftness of that touch. As he scanned the tongue he caught the pulsations in the wrist.

"Oh, son, you're not very sick. Little fever and bad taste is about all. Have you out shucking corn in four or five days just to tone down your surplus vitality. Those brick-bat dumplings are wonder-workers. They'll put sand in your craw, and stiffen you up to meet the trials and sorrows of this life like all brave men ought to do." Then, turning to those standing about the room, "We want plenty of fresh air in the room, and plenty of cheerful faces, or none at all. I'm going to stick right here like a sick kitten to a hot brick, and I'm

an autocrat you'll all find out before many hours. Things have got to go my way, and my way is not always an easy one. We'll begin on the young man with a sponge bath of warm water and Castile soap to clean him up a little, and then ten grains of calomel to sharpen his appetite for those dump-lings we're having baked."

When the old doctor went out into the yard after supper for a little fresh air and exercise, the Colonel and Mr. Martin followed him. They had heard every word of his sick-room talk, brusque and confident, but they wanted his private opinion.

"If I had nothing to combat but the fever," he said in a low, measured voice, "I could venture a more positive opinion. In fact I would not hesitate to assure you I could pull him through, but the sad bereavement he has just met with, the weary nights he has stood over her, sapping his vitality, greatly complicate the case. I shall do everything that lies in my power to save him, and I may say frankly that I am not without hope. What a few days more may bring is another question. There is no disguising the fact, it is going to be a desperate struggle."

And it was. One week from that night Henry Martin began to hover over the brink of the grave. All consciousness of his mental and physical sufferings were gone, and wholly oblivious to his surroundings, or of those who bent so lovingly over him in their tireless ministrations, he lay as one dead. His white face had the pinch of death, and the old doctor shook his head dubiously. "We'll now pin what little hope is left to the ninth day," he whispered to Colonel Williams, who stood at the foot of the bed watching with moistened eyes

the measured breathing of the diving man. The ninth day brought no change. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, and while Henry Martin's life was slowly ebbing away, his deadly foe, Edward Baker, sneaked into Palmyra and took refuge with some vicious companions of his more prosperous days. His black heart was filled with evil, with a cowardly, burning desire for revenge. "I'm d—d sorry the old boy has cheated me out of the job," he said, when told of Henry Martin's hopeless condition. "But if his guilty soul fails to beat a hole through his body I'll let it out through a slit as big as a barn door. It won't be like it was the other time, when I get ready to puncture his hide."

At first Baker avoided meeting those in whose eyes he knew he could look for no welcome, but he soon grew bolder, in response to a growing feeling on the part of not a few that his conviction was purely political, and at the behest of a rich slave-holder. In unexpected quarters he was looked upon as a martyr to a cause that a few years later boosted Old John Brown into the company of heroes, in the eyes of a large part of the people of the United States. This took from him at once the little touch of shame he had felt at coming back an ex-convict to the home of his boyhood. He swaggered about the town like a frontier bully, looking for trouble, making it known openly to all his boon companions that his sole mission was to square accounts with Henry Martin.

The afternoon of the tenth day news was brought to town that all hope had been abandoned, Henry Martin could not possibly live the night

through. Baker was told this in a saloon where he was drinking with some dissolute cronies, and beckoning one of them aside the two left the place hurriedly, arm in arm in whispered conversation. Some desperate scheme was evidently on foot. If Henry Martin died that night all hope of wreaking revenge on him was at an end, but there were others whom he hated and whom he could injure. And he had hatched up a plan by which he could get fully as much satisfaction, and fill his pockets, probably, at the same time. It was a brilliant idea, he told his companion, and expressed surprise that it had not come to him before.

Three hours later, as night was falling fast upon the stricken home of Colonel Williams, in which Henry Martin lay gasping for breath, with the entire household clusted about his bed, a new horror was added. From one part of the big house to the other ran the little colored nurse girl, crying out, "Where is Janie? Where is Janie?" The voices and commotion below reached the ears of those in the sick-room, who stood counting every breath as the last one. Colonel Williams tip-toed his way out of the room and went below. Janie was gone, no one knew where. The alarm was sounded, the negro quarters set into an uproar, and white and black ran everywhere in search of the missing child. "She was here on de po'ch not twenty minutes ago," said the girl who had her in charge.

The cistern and well were peered into by those who feared almost to look into them, thinking they would see the open mouth and staring eyes of the drowned baby. Presently those sent out on the big road in both directions, returned. Not

a trace of the missing one could be found. If she had taken wings into the heavens, or been swallowed up in the earth, she could not have left less trace of her going. In the excitement no one was left with Henry but Dr. McKelway, who stood at his post like a man holding another from dropping over a precipice, though he had not the strength to pull him up to a place of safety. By the administration of stimulants every few moments, he kept the fluttering heart feebly beating on. Like an old tired horse on a steep hill, it frequently stopped, and many times almost refused to go, but somehow the old doctor kept it going. "No matter what has become of the child, the father will never know anything about it," said the doctor, bending over him and noting every symptom as an engineer watches his complicated machine. "Thus there is one compensation. The diseased and sorrow-sick heart will not have to ache over this last tragedy, or whatever it is."

The excitement over the unaccountable disappearance of little Janie increased as night came on. The entire neighborhood was aroused, and lanterns and torches could be seen in every direction bobbing in and out and up and down, in the hands of men of all ages, crying out the name of the lost one. As fast as the excited neighbors came to the house they were made up into searching parties by Colonel Williams or Mr. Martin, and given instructions where to go. In this way every inch of the ground was being covered. Poor Mrs. Williams sat in her chair all alone, wringing her hands helplessly, Mrs. Martin, finding she could be of no service to her or those carrying on the search, having returned to the bed-side of Henry.

Every possible theory that could be thought of was advanced to account for Janie's disappearance. The most popular one among the white-folk was that she had been carried off by an eagle, several of these birds of enormous size having been observed by the neighbors in the last few days. But at this the older negroes shook their heads. Janie was only a fairy any way. Her angel mother, knowing that Henry was dying, "had des swooped down an' got her, obcose she had." This was their explanation, and nothing could change their minds.

All night the search was continued without success. One after another the parties came in weary and disheartened. Not a trace of the child could be found. If an eagle had carried her off some one about the house, or in the negro quarters, would have heard her scream, or some of the field hands would have seen her. Hearing the white men say this greatly strengthened the negroes in their theory. Some one coming out from town said that Baker had disappeared. This news soon reached the Colonel's ears, who began to put two and two together. He had been kept well informed of Baker's drunken talk. In a flash it came to him, Baker had kidnaped little Janie! "The sneaking coward, he could not wreak his vengeance on the dying man, so he has dealt us all a deadly blow." As he hurried in to the house to tell his wife that Janie was not dead, but in the hands of Baker, who would not dare to take her life, he met the old doctor coming out.

"I've had many desperate battles with that disease, but never snatched victory from defeat on so narrow a margin. The boy will live!"

"If you had told me that ten minutes ago I would have heard it with genuine regret, now I'm overjoyed," said the Colonel.

"What!" cried the old physician, doubting his own ears.

"To have had him recover consciousness only to learn of the death of his child would have been to suffer death the second time. All night, since I gave up hope, I've prayed that he might never know it." Then he explained his conviction that Janie had been stolen by Baker in a spirit of revenge, expressing the hope that she would soon be found.

"But it is only a mere thread of a theory after all," said the doctor, after hearing the Colonel through. "If he is the sort of a man you picture him, he is the sort of a man who will pitch the little thing in the river to be rid of her. That will answer his purpose just as well, if not better than to keep her. But if she is not found it must be kept from him. To tell him that Baker had kidnaped her, after he mends enough to ask for the child, will snap his heart-strings asunder as effectually as to snip his head from his shoulders. The disease has loosened its hold, run its course, but he's not out of danger by any means. It's a matter of eternal vigilance yet for two weeks, in which the slightest mis-step will bring on a fatal relapse."

“*I*’M sorry I came back,” said Henry, wearily, to his mother, who sat near him, as he sat propped up in bed a few days later. “I’ve been with Fanny, walking in green meadows, beside clear singing brooks, and we were so happy. When we tired of walking we rose in the air and drifted at will here and there, into the most beautiful spots I ever saw, and lounged for hours in the shade of flowering trees as large as the oaks in the pasture. The air was charged with perfume, and there was no night, yet there was no sun. We were always alone, and so happy together. All at once Fanny gave a low cry of terror and vanished from my presence. Then it grew dark. I groped about and called her name, but she didn’t answer. After a long time it grew light again, the birds began to sing, and I saw her coming. She came to me and kissed me in silence. There was a look of sadness in her face, the first I had seen.”

For a long time he picked the covers over him and said nothing. His mind was wandering—lost in the scenes he had just been describing. The old doctor rose from the sofa where he had been dosing and came to them.

“I plead with her to tell me what had happened

to make her so sad, but she only shook her head and sighed. She said finally that it was for me she sighed; that I could not stay with her. I told her I was there to stay; that nothing could part us any more, but she shook her head. She was not the same after that. I could see that there was something else that troubled her, but she wouldn't tell me what it was. We rose up in the air again, she clinging close to me, and we drifted for hours over the trees in which we could hear the birds singing, when all at once she was gone, and I felt myself falling. I fell faster and faster, turning over and over as I fell, and as I shot through what seemed to me thousands of feet of space it grew darker and darker, Oh, that fall! that fall! I couldn't get my breath. It was as black as night about me. I felt the limbs of the trees brush my face, then I knew I was close to the ground and would strike it in a second. I lost consciousness before I struck. When I came to I was here in bed, the doctor bending over me. I know now that I fell from heaven back to earth again."

The old doctor and Mrs. Martin exchanged glances, mirroring the same thoughts in their eyes. The thing that Fanny refused to tell him was a sad task left for them to perform.

"After Fanny came back to me she said she was sorry for me, yet it was for the best; that I would have to stand like a man with his face to the wall, while with her there was neither future nor past, only a present. I don't know what she meant, but she was happy and so was I, and the more I think of it the more sorry I am that I had to come back. I think, doctor, you did me a bad turn."

"No, I think not; did only what you or anyone

else would do who loves his fellow man. I did it for you and for those who love you. You take an altogether selfish view of it. If you had died you would have left a father and mother, both in their old age, heartbroken, and you would have left a little child that God has given you to rear, protect and support, to the care of others. What we need in this world more than anything else, my son, is a disposition to stamp out the selfishness that possesses us, and fill its place with a little more brotherly love. You're as full of selfishness as with the poison of typhoid, and it is as fatal to happiness and every noble human impulse as that poison is to human life. This is no time for sermonizing, and I'm no preacher, but think long and carefully over what I've told you."

Henry hung his head. The rebuke stung him deeply. He owed his life to this unselfish man who had come from his home and stood over him day and night for three weeks, yet he had just accused him of doing him a mean turn in saving his life. Mrs. Martin flashed a look of protest upon the old doctor for his harsh words, then remembering all he had done for her boy, the deathless devotion he had displayed which was beyond money or price, her eyes quickly filled with tears of gratitude.

"My good and noble man," said Henry, chokingly, "from the bottom of my heart I beg your pardon, and thank you for the lesson I'll never forget. Your skill and devotion has saved my life; may that life grow to be worthy of its savior."

"Remember that prayer," said the old doctor, taking Henry by the hand, "and when the time comes for you to join your angel wife in those sweet pas-

tures you have told us of seeing, the world and humanity will be better for your having lived. Forget it; plunge along through life as you have lived, thinking only of self, only of your own pleasures and sorrows, and the devil will foreclose another mortgage at your bier."

"I thank thee, Father in heaven, for this hour," said Mrs. Martin, falling on her knees at Henry's side. "With my heart overflowing with gratitude for the life that has been saved, I shall thank Thee hourly as long as I live; and may that life grow strong and noble in bearing the sorrows and misfortunes of others."

"We'll talk more about this later on," broke in the old doctor, lifting Mrs. Martin to her feet. He saw that Henry was becoming too much wrought up for his weakened condition. "Slip down in the bed now and go to sleep. That's what you need now. The other will come along later."

"You promised me yesterday," said Henry, "that you might let Janie come to see me to-day."

"It will be better to wait until to-morrow," returned the doctor, indifferently, adjusting the covers about his patient. "You must learn to be patient. There will be no danger soon. You're improving fast; be content to wait another day, possibly two. One of the first lessons in unselfishness is patience, my son. Learn it well."

Henry looked at him regretfully, then closed his eyes and fell asleep.

The next day he begged to have the child brought to him, but the old doctor put him off, assuring him that the delicate little thing would be almost certain to contract the disease if brought into the

room. He resorted to this pretext, thinking every day surely the searchers would return with the child. He could not have been induced to utter the falsehood had he not been convinced that the end justified it.

"Then have her brought into the hall where I can hear her voice," he plead. "There would be no danger there, and I so long to hear her call to me. For hours I have strained my ears to hear her voice, or the patter of her little feet on the floor."

"To-morrow, if it's a pretty day, I'll take you out for a short ride, and then I'm going to leave you. After that you'll be free to do as you please. I hate to deny you any little thing you crave, but I'm doing what I think is for the best."

The day was an ideal one, the sun warm and the fall air so bracing. Henry was much stronger, walking down the stairs and out to the carriage with little assistance, and he improved every inch of the way to catch a glimpse of Janie, but he did not see her, nor did he hear a sound from her. All this seemed strange to him, but he said nothing for fear—a vague fear—he could not define.

"I have something to tell you and say to you at the same time," said the old doctor, after they were out on the road a piece, "and I want you to meet it like a man——"

"Is Janie dead?" cried Henry, rising from his seat and clutching the doctor by the arm.

"No, Janie's not dead; but if you're going to become excited and act like a hysterical woman, I'll say no more."

"Go ahead and tell it," said Henry, taking his seat again and setting his teeth together deter-

minedly. "I know it's something about Janie, and I want to know it. If nothing had happened to her I know very well I'd have heard her, and I know that you would have let her come to me. You say she's not dead, then say what it is."

Dr. McKelway had been looking out over the fields to emphasize his indifference to the whole matter, but as Henry went on he turned to compare the expression in his face with his words. Both seemed to satisfy him, though Henry was as pale as death.

"Now you're coming down to the proper gait, holding the bits about right and trotting smoothly. When you go into the air you lose control of yourself. But that's not to the particular point. While you were sick that man Baker came back." The old doctor waited to hear what Henry had to say, but he made no reply.

"He got drunk, as a matter of course, and of course he cavorted around Palmyra a good deal, telling everybody who cared to listen to him the number of big and little holes he was going to shoot into you."

"Only cowards brag about what they're going to do," said Henry, quietly.

"When he heard you were going to die and cheat him of the pleasure of shooting you, he cast about for some way to get even with the balance of the family, so he"——

"Carried off little Janie!"

"That's the whole thing in a word. You knew it much better than I could tell it."

Henry stared ahead of him in blinkless silence, catching his breath in gasps. What little color had

been coaxed into his thin face by the bracing air left it. The doctor watched him closely.

"Let's drive back," were his first words.

"No, not till we talk this over and make some plans. I don't want to seem contrary, but the women's tears would unnerve you, probably, and, any way, I want to see how cool your head is. Colonel Williams has one of the keenest detectives in the state employed. They have scoured the whole Baker neighborhood up on the Iowa line, but he didn't go there; in fact, it is a mystery where he did go. If he had gone there they would have found him long before this, which we expected them to do, and she would have been brought in to see you without you being the wiser for her little trip out in the country with your friend Baker. The general opinion, from all that can be gathered, is that he will not harm the child, but rather seek to return her for a big reward."

"You don't know Baker as well as I do," was the only comment Henry made.

"On the contrary, I think I know him far better. I never saw him, but I know his kind, and they're all alike. You can rest assured that he'll not harm the child. I think he's hid himself in St. Louis, or in some near-by town, for he knew the first place to be searched would be up in his uncle's country, north of here. Now, what I've got to propose is, that you go, as soon as you're able to travel, to St. Louis and get the police of that city on his trail. The trip will do you good."

"Let's turn back; I'm able to go now."

"No, not now; but you will be in a few days.

You're much stronger, and have borne it far better than I thought you would."

"My God, man, council me to sit down here and remain idle with little Janie in the hands of that conscienceless brute!"

"There you go off on a tangent. Study it over, lay well all your plans, gather all your strength and your wits together. He's a wily sneak, is Baker. To meet his cunning you'll have to have all your wits working clearly. Besides, Colonel Williams or the detective may run him to earth any day. Keep cool; the child will be found—may be found right now for all we know. We'll drive back now."

In spite of the opiate administered, Henry tossed on his bed the night through in the bitterness of his thoughts. The anguished cry of the old patriarch Jacob came to him—"Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away. All these things are against me." It was a prayer and a protest, but how mild the language for an old man despoiled of his children! Henry's impetuous nature could not help but feel this, for he felt like breaking over all restraint and reason in the expression of his sorrow and indignation.

But some allowances must be made for the convalescing man. The future was indeed dark to him. How bright it had been a few months before! "The hand of God must be in all this," he said, trying heroically to calm his fevered mind. "But the purpose to be accomplished is as black as the uninviting future. Why should I be punished above all men—actually singled out to be bereft of everything I love! Ah, this is a cruel world."

Later in the night as he continued to toss about he remembered the sermon of the old doctor. "Some of it was true," he guardedly admitted to himself; "but I'm not nearly so selfish as some men. It's true I've never given the claims humanity may have upon me any thought, and the ignorant and unfortunate I've loathed. But that is my nature. Am I to be punished this way because I have not rebelled against my Maker and remade myself on a different plan? My path in life has been a narrow and thoughtless one, so far as looking after others is concerned, but who's to blame? Surely not I. Is it right to construct a man on a plan that must have suited the constructor, and without consulting the man himself, and then punish him for being as he is? If I had lived differently could I have avoided all this? Would Fanny be with me? Was she taken away to teach me a lesson? Could I live differently if I were to try?" To this last question he gave an affirmative answer, and began to formulate plans to carry into practical effect his resolve to live more for his fellow man, when the big clock in the hall struck two!

Bounding bolt upright in bed, he heard the faint cry again, as plainly as if she were at his side. His heart grew as hard and cold as a stone. Every good resolve was instantly gone. He did not utter an audible word, but the old rebellious feeling took complete possession of him, hurling anathemas at everything sacred and holy. Thus the night wore away and with it what little strength he had gained. The morning found him limp and exhausted.

Colonel Williams, who was being looked for every moment, returned at noon, reporting no suc-

cess whatever. Detective Bonney, whom he had employed, was working with him in the Baker neighborhood on the Iowa line, but not a trace of Baker or the child could be found. Bonney was left to search Quincy and Hannibal and the river towns. The Colonel was clearly disheartened. On the eve of his departure Uncle Mose, one of the old slaves, had told him that some other man had told him that he had heard Baker say that no one would ever see the child alive again. The Colonel had pretended to place no credence in this second-hand conversation, yet the more he looked for the little one the more he became convinced that she was at the bottom of the river with a stone tied round her neck. He was careful, however, not to betray this belief to anyone.

Though not much more than able to stand on his feet, Henry made arrangements against all protests to take the down-river boat the following day. The old doctor accompanied him to Hannibal and there bade him good-by. Going aboard, Henry was delighted to find his old friend, Captain Matson, a noted river character of that day, in command. The gruff old captain, genial in his way, however, made the sick man as comfortable as he could, and by his hopeful talk and council greatly encouraged him.

There were no railroads in Missouri in those days, with the exception of two short experimental ones, one from St. Louis to Jefferson City, and the other from Hannibal to St. Joseph, both of which played a very unimportant part in travel. The steamboats were unwelcome innovations to many people, the cars far more so. They were the people who dragged the primitive plows through the

ground with oxen, and stoutly affirmed that the olden days were the best. If these people could have had their way every boat would have been banished from the river and not an iron rail laid.

Arriving in St. Louis, Henry made his way at once to the chief of police who heard his story, taking down a minute description of Baker and the child. The reward was made large enough to enlist the eager assistance of every patrolman and detective in the city. "The man's too cunning to go among his relatives," said the chief, after making many inquiries about Baker, and of everything that had been done to find him. "He well knew that would be the first place to be searched. He is hidden away in the out-of-the-way home of some confederate or in this city. If here my men will find him. The characters he will consort with are so well known to the police that a new face will be readily noticed. No, I haven't the remotest idea that he will make way with the child," said the chief in answer to Henry's question. "Of course, such a man would have no scruples in committing murder, but that would do him no good in a financial way. He wants money as well as revenge. His purpose, I feel sure, is to bleed you and the grandfather out of a big sum of money, and in trying to carry that through he will likely meet his undoing. He will lay low until the excitement blows over, perfect his plans, and then you or Colonel Williams will get a letter from him or his confederate, offering to restore the child for so much money. You rest easy for a few weeks and take care of yourself. If he's here in the city we will unearth him."



COLONEL Williams received a letter from Henry, detailing his St. Louis experiences, and saying that Captain Matson had expressed the conviction that Baker had gone to Keokuk with the child, where some of his relatives and confederates in crime rendezvoused, and requesting that the Colonel, who was an old friend of his, meet him on the way up. The Colonel, upon receipt of the letter, posted off to Hannibal and took passage with the sturdy old captain, who was thoroughly aroused by the scoundrelly act of Baker.

"I've enlisted in this campaign, Colonel," said Captain Matson, taking one of the Colonel's hands in both of his, "and hold myself subject to your commands in finding this man Baker and your grandchild."

"With such able assistance we can't fail," returned the Colonel, touched by the loyal friendship of his old river friend. "No one has the opportunities of bringing criminals to justice that you river men have, for sooner or later these evildoers come to the river as the only thoroughfare of the country, and then they are caught."

"I've been instrumental in capturing some of the worst desperadoes in the west," said the captain,

proudly, "and some way I feel confident we'll get this fellow. If not in going from one place to another on the boat, then in some of the dives in Keokuk. I'm well acquainted with those people. They have money to spend, and they run about a good deal, especially down to St. Louis and back. If he slips into that town he'll make straight for one of those places. One of them is kept by a girl named Nell Brown, who at one time lived in the north part of the state, in the Baker neighborhood. Baker knows her—knew her before her love of finery and hatred of honest labor sent her to the bad in Keokuk. I've seen them together on my boat. If he's been in that town Nell Brown knows it, you may be sure of that. Go see her; tell her the whole shameful story—enlist her sympathy in the search for the little innocent. Though one of the lost, she has a woman's heart. You can reach her better nature. If not in this way, buy her, and if Baker has been there or is there she'll tell you."

"The plan is a good one," said Colonel Williams, quickly.

"We'll be there quite a time, so I'll go with you. It will not take us long to know if he's been in that town."

As soon after landing as the captain could get away, the two men went straight to the gilded palace of Nell Brown.

"This is an old and dear friend of mine, Colonel Williams, of Palmyra," said Captain Matson, presenting his friend, "who has buried his only two children, and is now searching high and low for his little grandchild, who has been stolen by Ed. Baker. The poor grandmother, bowed down by years and

sorrows and ill health, sits at home heartbroken. This sunny-haired child was all that was left her."

"Well, Captain Matson, you didn't come here thinking I had stolen the child, did you?" asked Nell Brown, laughing discordantly.

"No, Nell, you're incapable of doing anything so utterly heartless as to take a child from its grandmother, as this villain Baker did." The captain saw that he had touched this painted woman's heart, and he appealed to her better nature until tears stood in her eyes.

"Would you think it was right to give anyone away who had sought shelter with me and confided in me?" she asked.

He saw that he had won his point. "Most assuredly, if that some one was a criminal, who was sending to their graves two as good and noble people as Colonel Williams and his wife. A man and woman whose lives have been spent doing good to others. A heartless villain who would wantonly injure them does not deserve your friendship or protection."

"Right or wrong," she said, facing Colonel Williams, "Edward Baker came here several days ago with a beautiful little girl, whom he said was his sister's——"

"Thank God, she's alive!" cried the Colonel, offering the woman a purse of money.

"Keep your money," she said, haughtily, stepping back. "If you had done that at first I wouldn't have opened my mouth. There's said to be some honor even among thieves, among the lowest. I wouldn't have betrayed him for money, nor would I have given him into the hands of the law. In a

moment of weakness I said what I did that the beautiful little thing might be returned to those who love her. Edward Baker never did me any harm, and doubtless would have been more loyal to me than I've been to him, but I'll tell you no more."

"I'm sorry I offended you," put in Colonel Williams, hastily, "but I assure you I did not mean to do so. I've thought the little thing was at the bottom of the river, and what you said so overjoyed me that I did not think what I was doing. Tell me one thing more. Tell me when he left here and where he went. All I want is the child."

"I don't know where he went. I've told you all I know about him. He said he was going to take her to his aunt, who would care for her."

If she knew more she stoutly refused to divulge it. The two men left the house. "Bless that poor outcast's heart," said the Colonel, fervently. "That's the first relief I've felt since that dreadful night. Janie's alive, thank God for that. Surely, this has been a great day's work."

"Do you know where he has an aunt besides Albert's mother?"

"Yes, he has one in Lexington, Mo., and one in Nauvoo, Ill. He would be more likely to go from here to Nauvoo than to Lexington. But I've no faith in that part of her story. That was to undo what she had already told us—to throw us off the scent. He's been there, I feel confident of that. In fact, I may go farther and say that I believe he's there now."

"If you feel that way," said the more practical

captain, stopping abruptly, "we'll call an officer and search the house."

"No, it may have been only a figment of my over-wrought imagination, but I felt the influence of his presence. Did you never feel that some unseen eyes were watching your every movement?"

"I think not, but if you feel that way our only course is to go back right now and settle it."

"I'd hate to go back into her house with an officer, after she was so good as to tell us what she did, simply to satisfy what was evidently only a hallucination of the mind. There was nothing in it. The best thing for me to do is to get a conveyance and take up his trail into Illinois, sending for Bonney at the same time, as this is the point from which we must work."

Early the following morning Colonel Williams, after dispatching letters to Henry and the detective, narrating his discovery, and ordering the latter to Keokuk at once, drove to the ferry and began making inquiries of every one he met. To each he gave a minute description of Baker and the child, and the sum of the reward for the safe return of the little one. All day he prosecuted his search without gaining a single scrap of information that could give him hope. The following day he drove up the river to another main thoroughfare that led from the ferry into the state, but no one had seen the fugitive. This was the last road Baker could have possibly taken in going from Keokuk to Nauvoo. So thorough had been his search and so vast the territory covered, Colonel Williams felt more convinced than ever that if Baker had been in Keokuk, as Nell Brown affirmed,

he was still there, or had fled in some other direction. With this one idea set in his mind he turned his face to Keokuk, hoping to be joined there by Henry and the detective.

But Henry did not get his letter. The day before it reached St. Louis he received one from his father, urging him to go on to Cairo and Memphis to look after the shipments the firm had made to those points, which had been running at loose ends during Henry's sickness. As he had done all he could in St. Louis, in getting the machinery of the law after Baker, he took the boat that same afternoon for Cairo, leaving orders for his mail to be forwarded to Memphis.

Henry knew all the river men above St. Louis, and many of those below, the firm of Martin & Son being at that time the heaviest shippers at Hannibal. He found the boat crowded, as all down-river boats were at that late season of the year, but the commander, Captain Bart Bowen, being an old acquaintance, secured a state-room for him with a Professor Johnson, near the ladies' cabin. The pilots on this boat were Sam Bowen, a brother of the captain, and Sam Clemmens, as he was known in those days, but now known the world over as Mark Twain.

In those days the captains of these floating palaces on the Mississippi were the personification of chivalry and good breeding that was very attractive to men and women, especially to the latter. They were looked up to as being made of better material than the ordinary run of humanity, and doubtless this estimation was frequently justified, as they were, as a rule, men of ability, culture and

polish. Their positions and constant contact with people of the best class gave them a polish and superiority not to be gainsayed. But the high social position they occupied had its drawback, which proved fatal to many a noble man—the bar on the boat. It was the curse that blackened many a happy home between New Orleans and St. Paul. Every passenger of a social turn sought out the captain to take a glass with him. These wealthy southern gentlemen looked upon a social glass as a matter of course, and the esteemed captain of the boat of all others must join them. They did not seem to realize that if the captain had accepted one-tenth of the pressing invitations that were forced upon him to drink, he would have been blind drunk all the time.

Captain Bowen was an abstemious man. He could decline a drink with such easy grace that the most exacting old southerner felt charmed with the man, notwithstanding his refusal to join him in the flowing bowl. Not so with other captains on the river and the under officers. Many a man, with the brightest prospects in life, whose wife and children were the happiest, wrecked himself and his loved ones because of his weakness to withstand the importunities of his passenger friends. All this is now a thing of the past. People have not the time to travel by the slow steamboats, or even to be sociable nowadays. A man plumps himself down in the cushioned seat of a sleeper, puts on his duster and traveling cap, pulls his neck into his collar like a land terrapin, glues his eyes to the morning paper and is whirled away through the country at the rate of sixty miles an hour. He travels like a clam

so far as his fellow passengers are concerned. When one looks back over the wrecks of those genial men who followed the river in ante-bellum times, one is glad this change has taken place.

Henry found himself weak and out of breath after climbing the cabin stairs, so when he was assigned to his state-room he threw himself into the berth completely exhausted. Professor Johnson soon came in to form the acquaintance of his fellow passenger, accompanied by Captain Bowen.

"Professor Johnson, this is my young friend, Henry Martin, of Palmyra, whom I have taken the liberty of putting in your room. and as the good book says, 'in whom I take great pride.' I'll leave you together to become better acquainted, knowing you will be well suited to each other." With this the captain bowed himself away to look after the comfort of his many passengers.

They were well suited to each other. these two men, one just beginning life, and the other verging upon its close. They were soon fast friends. Henry told him of his recent severe illness, of the loss of his child, of which he was then in quest, and of the death of his bride-wife. In telling of her death to this sympathetic man he choked up and was silent for some time. The listener bent his head in sorrow. He, too, had stood at the yawning grave with a beloved wife and mother, but not in his youth as Henry had. Time had whitened her hair and rounded out her happy and useful life to a good matronly age, but that did not lessen the poignant grief at the parting.

"The rain has fallen heavily in your young life, my son," said the professor, sympathetically, "but

the sunshine will come again. It will not always be cloudy. In the darkness you may grope, and ugly doubts may come; you may sometimes feel that the Father has forsaken you, but in the years to come, when day begins to break, His loving kindness will be impressively manifest. You will then marvel that you could have doubted."

Henry shuddered. How could this good man have known the awful state of mind he was in, when he cursed God in the frenzy of his despair? And with those curses still on his lips he sank to the brink of the grave, and while there he had been taken to Fanny in paradise. In that state of rebellion and sin, could he have stayed there with her if he had died? He asked himself this and shuddered again.

"Alas! I did doubt—worse, but I'm ashamed to tell it," burying his pale face in the pillow. "The door of mercy seemed shut in my face. I couldn't believe that God was just, then I—I doubted there was a God."

"Even Christ, the perfect man, the model for all time, imputed neglect to the Father in delivering Him into the hands of Pilate and His executioners, and in the agony of death cried out, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' That was the weakness of the flesh. Though the son of God, he was human as you are, and to pangs of pain as sensitive. With the driving of the cruel nails and the thrusting of the spears, doubts came of the mercy and loyalty of the Father. But in the years to come those bitter hours of your parting will shine out a beacon light, warning you of the rocks below. You may not realize it yet, but your life

was changed in that hour. The new growth has begun which will blossom into marvelous sweetness and purity. You are very weak and excited now; rest awhile, and I will come for you that we may sit on the upper deck in the twilight together."

An hour later, as the sun sank behind the trees lining the west bank of the mighty river like an impenetrable wall, the two men sat quite by themselves, conversing in low tones, on the upper deck. "I am going back to my old home in the south to close up some business matters before the storm breaks in its awful fury."

"Then you think the growing bitterness will end in war?"

"War between the two sections may not come in a general way, but there will be rioting and bloodshed in many places, which will have every aspect of war. The north is being arrayed against the south, the abolitionists are growing in numbers, and the southern people in bitterness. The black man will be freed, possibly by legislation, probably by the sword, but he will be freed. The march of time has doomed the holding of human beings in slavery."

"The southern people do not believe it, do you think?"

"As a whole, no; but many of them see the handwriting on the wall. I am a southern man, born and reared in the south, and in a family that owns slaves, but I do not believe one man has a right to own another man. Still, I can have no real sympathy with the abolitionist movement as it is being carried on. The great majority of those who are demanding the freedom of the slave are actuated

by sentiment, barren of every sense of justice, while the shrewd politician will bring on a war if he can to profit politically and financially, with the ulterior purpose of freeing the slave and making him a voter to perpetuate himself in power."

"You surely can't mean that they would make the negro the equal of the white man at the ballot-box?" asked Henry, in great surprise.

"I have no doubt that is their present intention. Of course, they are far too shrewd to divulge at this time any such a bold purpose, as it would be fatal to the movement. But to the close student of events for the last five years in the north there is no escaping the conviction."

"It would be a crime against our nineteenth century civilization to place such power in the hands of those ignorant people. I can't believe our leading men will dare to take such a responsibility upon themselves. The consequences are too dire to contemplate. Future generations would execrate them for it. But to turn the subject to one far more pleasing to me, I would like to ask you a question. I have never thought so much as in that hour since you left me. A great load has been lifted from my mind, thinking over what you said. You said my life had been changed, or was in that hour, and the new growth had begun. Tell me more fully what you meant."

"All things in this life, in the world about us, are the result of growth, slow and measured progress toward a higher life or condition. The Christ-life, the Christ-character, did not burst upon the world at a bound or in an hour, but by the slow growth of years. Minerva may have sprung full grown from

the head of Jupiter, in the mythical days as is related, but those things do not occur now. Men do not spring into the Christ-life at a bound, or full grown, but grow into it as infants attain manhood—by the growth of years; that is the growing in grace, the beginning of which is the new birth, and the new birth is the repentance from Judaism or selfishness into the kingdom of God, which is unselfishness. The world has seen little, very little, real Christianity yet, though nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since Christ lived His simple life of love, and taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It also is a growth, a very slow growth, but it will come.”

Henry was silent, thinking of what the old doctor had said to him.

“Thinkers and writers on social questions for three hundred years, and modern legislators who are striving to reform the world by legal enactments, all seem to ignore the vital fact that no fabric of social life can be constructed by genius which is not doomed to failure, if the people upon whom it is to be tried are selfish, greedy and unregenerate. Men grow up as you did, thinking only of self, following the promptings of greedy ambition, imbibing the idea from every environment that money or wealth is the one and only thing in this life to strive for. That is the selfishness and greed of this commercial age. It fastens upon a man as a fatal disease. Every good and noble impulse is dwarfed by it. His fellow man has no claims upon him that he is willing to recognize. His ears become deaf to the cry of the widow and the orphan; he spurns the unfortunate, seeking the company and fellow-

ship of those only who can contribute to his pleasure and wealth."

"It is true, too true," said Henry, as he looked back upon his few selfish years of manhood. "Never before came into my mind that I was my brother's keeper to the poor extent of even saying a word of encouragement to an unfortunate man, struggling with poverty and misfortune. It is no wonder God has punished me."

Professor Johnson laid his hand on the young man's arm. "I told you you had been born again. 'Every man who feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him.' Your fears that you had passed beyond the pale of mercy are not well founded. The new life, so full of contentment and joy, is before you. I rejoice that it has come so soon, but at what a fearful cost!"

Henry shook his head. "No, there can be no such thing as pleasure in this life for me. Time may dull the aching pain of my heart; my little child, if she is found, may comfort me, but more than a plodding, dreary existence I do not hope for. But tell me, you do not despair of the final triumph of Christianity, though so many hundreds of years seem to have accomplished so little?"


"By no means, as it is the purpose of God, to whom a thousand years is a day. The growth in that direction is perceptible. At first man was controlled by fear. Being a violator of law, he consciously recognized it, and suffered the penalty through fear. After the cycles of time brought light into the world, truth became personified in the Christ. Then men began to act from a higher motive. The time will come when all men will see

the light, will be filled with it, and then every man will be in the family and be the brother of Christ. That day will be the millenium."

"What about hell and eternal punishment, if man becomes the brother of Christ? Your belief must be along the line of the total restitution of mankind."

"It is. Is man, made in the image of his Creator, such a monster that God will condemn him to everlasting punishment? Perhaps in a month, a year, after reaching the years of accountability, he is hurled suddenly to death. Is he to be sent to a never ending punishment? Nay, nay; God is just. That is the clap-trap of modern orthodox teachers, the bigotry of ignorance, the unreasonable assumption of viciousness, if I may be pardoned for using so harsh a term. For a refutation of such a monstrous theory of injustice go to the asylums, poor-houses and penal institutions of the country, or look about you in the crowded marts of trade. There you will see men wrecked by indulgences and wrong-doing, or pale and bent, old and careworn prematurely, hopeless and dull of eye, with no smile lighting up their haggard faces. Go to the sanitariums and health resorts and see the shattered bodies, vainly seeking relief from the violations of the laws of their being. These unfortunate men are paying the penalty here and now. Is it eternal? Yes, so far as they are concerned it is. The purity they once had is gone forever. And doubly so, each one must suffer, for he visits his sins upon generations to come, innocent of any wrong. How much greater his sin! The remedy will come in men turning to the revealed truth for love of that

truth, that they may enjoy the blessings of a pure life and hand it down to their children. This is the priceless blessing held out by the Christ-life, which seeks to reform men along the lines of right living. It is true, nineteen hundred years of effort have not accomplished much, as the influences of evil have been more seductive to man, partly because he has mistaken evil for good, and partly because he has been erroneously taught that the punishments and rewards are beyond this life. In this striving for the future he has overlooked the present, grasped for the spiritual and neglected the temporal. All this has come from the false teachers whom Christ said would arise in the latter days, deceiving the very elect if possible. But it is too cool in this night air for you. You should be indoors," saying which he took Henry by the arm and led him to their state-room.

 **A** STOP of three or four hours is to be made here, the captain tells me," said Henry, as he and the professor stood looking at the little town at the confluence of the Ohio river with the Mississippi, sitting down below the tops of the mighty levees that protected it from engulfment. "I fear I can't get through in time to go on with you. There are two firms here to whom we've made shipments, and there may be some delay in straightening them up, and I must have an hour with the chief of police, town marshal or whatever he may be. I shall be sorry, indeed, to have to part with you so soon."

"Turn a part of the work over to me, seeing the police for instance. I could attend to that as well as anyone, and we can continue our journey together. Cairo is a small place, the police know every face in it, and then it is not at all likely that Baker would come here, not knowing a soul in the place. If he started down the river and did not stop in St. Louis, he went on to Memphis. I am not a criminal hunter, but I feel certain of that."

The boat did not get away on schedule time, as was to be expected, and Henry was ready, with all

his business matters closed, before the tardy boat had begun to take on the last of the freight.

As the new passengers, and those who had gone ashore to stroll about the town, came trooping up the gang-plank in response to the steamboat's warning bell, Henry was greatly startled to see a woman, deeply veiled and dressed in black, come aboard, leading a toddling little girl the very size and image of his lost one. He rushed down the companion-way to meet them, his heart in his throat, only to be bitterly disappointed. The child was not Janie when he came to see the little thing in the face, but in many ways much like her.

"I have seen that child before, or that familiar family expression somewhere," he said, turning away.

Going to the clerk's office, he found nothing but the name, "Mrs. Thompson and daughter, Julia May." No address was given. The clerk said Mrs. Thompson came down on an Ohio river boat, and was going to New Orleans. That was all he knew about her. She was assigned to the first state-room in the ladies' cabin, which had just been vacated by a Cairo passenger, and which adjoined that occupied by Henry and the professor. Henry was anxious to make the acquaintance of the mother that he might enjoy the companionship of little Julia May, carry her about the boat and listen to her sweet, childish prattle. It would do his aching heart good to feel her soft hands on his face, and to have her put her arms confidently about his neck. How he longed to take the child in his arms. For an hour he watched the state-room door, but Mrs. Thompson did not come out.

Strolling off to a warm and sunny nook, out of the wind, Henry soon had the professor talking interestingly on that dearest of all subjects to the professor—religion.

“In speaking of the new birth, about which there has been so much discussion, Nicodemus was told, ‘Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.’ This is the change I have spoken of, the new birth, the spiritual birth, and it was just what the Jew lacked. It is the passing from one condition to another, a being born from selfishness into unselfishness, and there is no mystery about it. It is an earthly thing. As a proof of this fact Christ said, ‘How shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?’ True enough, if they were mystified by this earthly change, what could they know of heavenly things? God did not turn away from his chosen people simply because they went off after other gods, but because they fell short of the ideal in life. They failed to love, or rather to obey God’s laws, and obeying is loving, and in doing both they would have recognized the claims of humanity upon them. To illustrate: David, in that beautiful prayer in the fifty-first Psalm, said, ‘Against Thee and Thee only have I sinned, O God, and done this evil in Thy sight.’ When in fact he had ruined a home and committed a most unpardonable murder. David failed to recognize the rights of man, the rights of this man whom he had killed, who was his brother. He was blinded by his selfishness to believe that he had committed no sin against his fellow man, only that against God. There must be a repentance from that condition into the kingdom of God, which is the kingdom of unselfishness, the

kingdom of the brotherhood of man. There is no mystery in all this, nothing to cavil and war about. It is the religion established by Jesus Christ, and it is as simple as His life was simple. The wisdom of the world knows not God, nor does it know the Son. Christ's teachings have been covered up, distorted and befogged by translators, preachers, priests and teachers to mystify the people in the interests of a complicated religion. Of course, much has been done by candles, gaudy rituals and priestly fol-de-rol to catch the eye of the heathen, which, perhaps, could have been interested in no other way. But as the world grows in intelligence the priest and his candles have been left behind. Instead of mystifying, it should be the province of the teacher to simplify. Jesus said to the blind man, 'In order that you may know that the Son of man has power on earth to forgive sin, take up your bed and walk.' The blind man obeyed, and his sight was restored. The simple analysis of the lesson taught is this: 'I forgive your sin by wiping out the effect of sin, which is blindness. Go and sin no more. But if you do, effect will follow cause again. Follow me by being pure and upright and the laws against your being will not be exacted.' "

Henry felt too much interest in the general application of the illustration to human life to criticise the vulnerable spot in the particular case mentioned. For he remembered that the blindness of this man was not the result of sin of either himself or of his father before him, but that Christ's power might be made manifest in him. The professor continued:

"In another instance Christ said to Zaccheus that He must dine at his house. When this worldly man, Zaccheus, who was a tax-gatherer and heartless extortioner, an oppressor and robber of the poor, came in touch with the Christ, he instantly accepted His simple teachings and said, 'I give one-half my goods to feed the poor, and if I have defrauded I will restore fourfold.' Upon this evidence that he had turned from defrauding and oppressing his brother to become his brother's keeper, Christ said to him, 'This day has salvation come to your house.' In other words, you are born out of your old selfish greed into the kingdom of unselfishness. This is the wonderful simplicity of Christ's teachings and the Christ-life. Much harm has been done by those foremost in religious thought and work in departing from the simplicity of Jesus. The world is being driven away from the church. The poor and unfortunate are becoming less welcome within its gilded walls and cushioned pews. The princely salaries of its hireling preachers must be paid, and those who are too poor to contribute thereto are not wanted. The whole tendency is towards a rich man's church and a rich man's religion. The meek and lowly Nazarene is dropping more and more out of sight."

"I gather from what you have said that you are not a believer in instantaneous conversion, or I might say spiritual religion."

"There is such a thing as spiritual religion, and an instantaneous conversion, but what the world calls instantaneous conversion is the result of being suddenly released from a depressive sense of fear. The children are taught to fear the hereafter,

to dread death, and the awful endless punishment of everlasting damnation. When they grow up and accept the overtures of the preacher, and become church members and followers of the Master, they are freed from this oppressive sense of fear of what is to come. Coming out suddenly from under this ban of damnation, they feel free and unnaturally elated. They are new men, so to speak. They have the spiritual change so much prized and vaunted about. If they had always been free men, acting from principle and recognizing the teachings of Christ, glorving in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, they would have had His spirit. Every day their lives would have reflected it. The lurid teachings of utter damnation would have had no horrors for them. That should be the accepted spiritual religion."

The afternoon passed without Henry having the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the child or its mother. Night came on, threatening and blustery. The wind was cold and damp. Henry and the professor retired early to their room. As on the previous night, the professor urged his companion to accept the lower berth, but Henry refused to do so, saying, "I am very tired to-night and will sleep as well in the upper one. Besides, this is your state-room, and I am in it through your kindness. I would not think of taking the lower and see you, a much older man, get into the upper one."

Although he was tired, as he affirmed, yet he could not sleep. Every bone and muscle in his body ached, and his nerves were strung to a breaking tension. He tossed about, unable to find a restful position, until after twelve o'clock, then dozed off only

to dream of the sorrows that were uppermost in his wakeful hours. As the hands of his watch pointed to the hour of two, he awoke with the old horror that still haunted him. He was so wrought up that sleep for the balance of the night was out of the question, so he decided to get up and dress without disturbing his companion. As he rose up on his elbow a deafening noise smote his ear, a crash and then he felt himself hurled against the ceiling of the room as by some frightful upheaval from below. That was all he knew.

When he regained consciousness it was light. The strange face of a bearded man was over him, speaking something to him. His head was tightly bandaged and was throbbing and paining him excruciatingly. His lips were dry, his eyes swollen almost shut. His mind was in utter confusion. The man above him, perhaps, was the old doctor, and he was in his room at home, but there was nothing familiar to him. He closed his eyes—he could not think.

“Just remain quiet and you will soon be all right,” he heard a voice say that was a long ways off. Then he tried to collect his thoughts.

“How long have I been here?” he finally asked.

“Since three this morning, but you are not badly hurt.”

“What time is it now?”

“Six o’clock.”

“Now I begin to remember. How my head does ache. Something must have blown the boat out of the water. Tell me what it was. And where is Professor Johnson?”

The man, who was a young southern physician

on his way home, told him all in a few words. The steam dome of one of the boilers had exploded, a part of it passing obliquely up through the state-room he occupied, killing Professor Johnson in the lower berth and a Mrs. Thompson in the adjoining upper berth in the ladies' cabin. Mrs. Thompson had evidently placed the child in the lower berth for fear it would roll out of the upper one, and it had escaped without a scratch.

Henry was too greatly shocked to utter a word. In the sudden death of Professor Johnson he felt a personal loss equal almost to that at the tragic taking away of George Williams. "Surely, the hand of God is in all this, but why have I been spared. I insisted upon him sleeping in the lower berth, and to please me he did it. Now he's dead. A noble Christian man, a thousand times more worthy to live than I. It is I who brought him to this sudden end. Ah, it would have been far better if I had done as he wanted me to, then I would have taken his place. His beautiful philosophy was equal to every ill and sorrow of life, made sweet and luminous his great mind, and shed happiness upon those around him, while my future is as black as night and my present beset by ugly doubts. If I could have guided the hand of fate it would have been different."

His wounds were not of a serious nature. A few hours later he went to see the two bodies. They were mangled, but recognizable. Taking the cold and lifeless hand of his dead friend he uttered a choking prayer, asking the Father to make him as good and worthy a man as this one whom He had taken to Himself. While his head was bent in

prayer he heard a childish voice cry out, "I want my mama!"

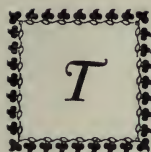
It was Janie's voice—Janie's very words. They thrilled him to the heart. "While I am mourning the loss of my child, here is a little innocent crying for its dead mother. God has taken mine and sent me this one."

Hunting up Captain Bowen, he requested that he be permitted to take the motherless waif as his own if none of her kinspeople were found to claim her. No objections to this arrangement could be offered, the captain expressing the earnest wish that Henry should adopt the child, after, of course, every reasonable effort had been made to find her relatives. This Henry agreed to do, and Julia May was his very own, at least for a time.

Arriving at Memphis, the body of Professor Johnson was sent on to his old home in Alabama, while that of Mrs. Thompson was interred in the local cemetery to await the finding of her family and friends. Henry stood through the simple services with the child in his arms. Every face about them was strange. Julia May snuggled her tear-stained face close to Henry's and asked him pitifully what the men were going to do with her mama. Leaving the cemetery, her childish mind was soon filled with brighter things. She was too young for the dreadful scene to leave any lasting impress upon her mind. Henry forgot his feeble strength and much of his brooding melancholy in ministering to the wants and whims of the little one, and in his constant attention and companionship she soon ceased to cry for her mother.

Staying a week in Memphis, where he found the

business matters of his firm in a loose and tangled condition, the mail which did not reach him in St. Louis was forwarded to him there. Colonel Williams' letter filled his heart with gladness. Janie was alive, the Colonel had talked with a woman who had seen her! The consolation of knowing that was almost next to that of finding her. New strength and new hope came to him. "She is sure to be found now. In fact, the Colonel may have found her by this time. The next letter I get will tell me she's home waiting my return."



HE first purpose of Baker, after he made up his mind to steal little Janie and hold her for a big ransom, or fling her into the river if he was closely pursued, was to take her to his uncle's in Clark county, and there leave her until arrangements could be made with Colonel Williams for her return. Just how to accomplish this delicate thing, without putting his own precious neck into the halter, had not been thoroughly revolved in his fertile mind. It would be easy enough to make the offer to the Colonel in a letter, but even if it were accepted by him how was the wily kidnaper to conclude the negotiations without being trapped. He began to think of this a great deal as he rode away. It was at this point he changed his whole program.

Placing her on the horse before him he rode directly east to the river and crossed over, saying to himself that the first hew and cry would most likely be raised in his uncle's neighborhood, as every thief-catcher in the country would say that he had gone there. In this he was right. Bonney made up his mind in two minutes that if Baker was the kidnaper he had gone there. But Bonney, as shrewd as he was, was mistaken.

What means Baker used to bribe the ferryman to silence were never positively known, for that individual stoutly maintained, when closely questioned, that no man, much less Baker whom he knew, had passed over on his boat with a little child. Crossing the river so near the home of Colonel Williams, in broad day light, was the first weak point in his flight, but the unshaken loyalty of the ferryman to the kidnaper saved him, and the advantage he sought to gain by getting among his friends of the "underground railroad" served him well. All others that he might meet by chance were utter strangers, as he chose the most unfrequented roads in going from one station to another. A little after dark he made the first secret station, an isolated cabin in the bend of the river where one of his confederates lived. This man was well known to the gang, a worthless scape-grace who had assisted in hiding stolen horses, and took care of the runaway slaves who were brought that way from Missouri. To this man Baker was very confidential, telling him that the child was his sister's, who had recently died, and to keep her out of the hands of a drunken father he was spiriting her away to a rich relative of his in Keokuk. But the man was sworn to eternal secrecy and vigilance, as the father of the child was a desperate character. He would follow to the ends of the earth to get the child, and most likely would be right along there on the trail. "I came up through the woods," Baker went on, "and met no one, and on the ferry was two or three families with children, so no one knows anything about it up to this place. You just keep your eyes peeled for him, and if he should

come this way steer clear of him, and steer him clear of here."

Baker was such an adept at lying that even his associates in crime were made to believe his plausible stories, although they knew him and his accomplishment well.

The second night he stopped with friends not far away, going from one place to the other late in the evening, and by an unfrequented path through the woods. The next night he found shelter with the family who had sheltered and secreted Munn and the two negroes, near where the three were captured in Hancock county two years before. Baker was perfectly safe from the pursuit of Colonel Williams and all the detectives he could employ as long as he kept within the beaten path of his negro-stealing gang. Being among those who would protect and feed him, he loitered leisurely on the way, it being a week after the stealing of the child before he re-crossed the river and took refuge with the notorious Nell Brown in Keokuk. And there he was when Colonel Williams and Capt. Matson called. In fact he and little Janie had not been out of the room two minutes when the two men entered it. After hiding the child away in an upper room he slipped back and heard every word of the conversation. He winked slyly to himself when the Colonel made the remark that all he wanted was the child. The moment the two men left Nell Brown darted to the stairway to go up for Baker, running unexpectedly against him on the landing.

"It's a pretty lot of lies you've been telling me about this child," she began, angrily, knowing he had heard the damaging admission she had

made. "I've a good notion to give you away and have you pinched."

"No, Nell, don't do that. I had no evil purpose in deceiving you. I did lie to you, I admit it, but I intended to give it to you straight before I went away."

"O, you did," sarcastically. "Why not at first? Couldn't you trust me?"

He thought not, from what he had heard her say to Colonel Williams, but he dared not say so. "Yes, I could trust you, of course I could, but I didn't want anybody else to know, and I was afraid it might leak out. Besides, Nell, I haven't got all the details fixed up in my mind so they'll work. I intended, when I got them all in shape, to tell you the whole thing and take you in. If any one stands in on this deal it's you, depend on that."

"I'm not so sure I can depend on anything you tell me."

"Well, you can on this. As I said, the story I told you was not intended to deceive you, only hold the thing off a day or two till I get it all fixed up smoothly. Now, to prove to you that I'm going to tote fair with you, I'll tell you what they are up to this time, and may be your woman's wit will help me out of the dark places. The Colonel is my uncle, as you know, and he's rich, and from what he told you you know all the rest. He'll jump at the chance to give ten thousand dollars to get that child back. That's the milk in the cocoanut. Now, to get the milk, that's the sticker. It's easy enough to get the kid to him, but how am I to get the money from him and not put my head into the lion's mouth. There's a way to do

it, but how's that way? I'm not able to figure it out yet."

Nell was mollified. He had not said a word about what she had told in her weakness, and now he had taken her deeply into his scheme. For some time they discussed plans, without arriving at one that was free from objection. Some fatal flaw could be picked in every one.

"The trouble is it's too soon to begin on him. If I try any of these last two or three we've mentioned, I'll sure fall into a trap, and then back to the pen I'll go. Now, take that last one. We write him to leave the money at a certain spot, with the agreement not to prosecute me, and at a certain hour we'll push the kid off in a skiff to float down to them. Soon as they see her pushed off, why, they'll like as not forget the agreement and have men ready to pounce upon me. And then they might not leave the money, only a part of it, or have officers ready to nab me when I go to get the money. There's something wrong with every one. If I keep her hid for a month or two, and they see they can't find her, why, they'll be ready to do most any thing to get her back. I can make my own terms with them. But where am I going to keep her that long and not get caught?"

"Take her over to your aunt's in Illinois, or to the one at Lexington, or let me place her somewhere here in Keokuk."

"I'd rather take her to my Aunt Morgan's in Nauvoo, and leave her for a month or two. She'll be safe there. Then the coast would be clear and I'd bring her back and we'd work it right from here."

At first, although Nell had seemed to agree with this, she looked upon it as a scheme of Baker's to leave her out, but he finally convinced her that it would be suicidal to attempt to make the exchange at that time. So it was agreed that he was to cross over in the afternoon, and she would bring Janie to him an hour or two later, returning herself after dark unobserved.

This aunt, a Mrs. Morgan of Nauvoo, was a widow, a Mormon, and a sister of Baker's father. Perhaps a Mormon by sheer force of circumstances, but any way a woman of considerable education and refinement. She was childless. Baker had not seen her since he was a little boy, and as she knew nothing, or next to nothing, of his unsavory past, he counted upon being afforded a safe and luxurious asylum in her house.

Auntie Morgan's home was a short distance from the little village of Nauvoo, in an admirably quiet and unvisited spot, perfectly suited to Baker's purposes, but the welcome he received was not as cordial as he had hoped for. She was a strong-minded, elderly woman, little turned like his father and the other dissolute brother, and to tell the truth she had very little use for any of them. She gave Baker to understand this much before he had been there an hour.

All the way over Baker had been debating with himself what sort of a tale to tell his aunt to account for the child. He first thought of telling her the truth, at least a part of the truth, but he had not been in the house ten minutes when all idea of doing such a foolish thing vanished. She was not the sort of a woman he had counted on. Going from the atmosphere of Nell Brown into

the house of this straight-laced old lady was a change that Baker found it difficult to adjust himself to in an hour's time, so he told her at once that she was his sister's child. Mrs. Morgan was not sure that she had ever heard of having a niece who was Edward's sister, but she made no comment. The sister had been dead only a few days, Baker told his aunt in a low, sad voice befitting the bereavement they had all suffered. The husband was blind drunk at the time the poor girl breathed her last. In one sense it was a blessing for her to die and pass on up to glory, for her husband was a brute who had always mistreated her. This was their only child, and what a blessing it was there were no more to be knocked about in this cold and heartless world. At this point he blew his nose into his handkerchief with a loud **noise**. At the risk of his life he had picked up the little innocent thing and fled with her. The drunken father had followed him to the river with a shot gun loaded with slugs, but there he had given him the slip, which he never could have done if the man had been entirely sober, which he was not, as he was drunk all the time. The little thing comes of a good family on both sides, at least on one side, yet the father is not such a bad man if he would leave liquor alone. Edward looked out carefully over his handkerchief to see what effect his story was having on his aunt, but he could note no change or tendency to melt. She sat there as silent and stiff as a piece of statuary.

"My uncle suggested that you would be the one of all others on earth to take the lovely little darling and bring her up as your own. She has no one to look to in this world, and it just broke my

heart to see what she would come to if left with her father. My uncle said no one could do by her as you could, and being childless and alone, we could think of no one we could trust her training and future welfare to like we could to you. That's just what uncle said. And then I decided that I'd take her and fetch her to you. She's a sweet little thing, and has got no mother. She'll be a great comfort to you."

The austere old lady was flattered, and sensibly touched by the devotion her nephew had shown in carrying the child away from its drunken father and bringing it to her. Janie had fallen asleep on the couch from sheer fatigue. Mrs. Morgan pushed her chair around and picked up one of her little limp hands, smoothed back her sunny hair, and loved the child. But she did not betray her feelings to Baker. She was holding him still at arm's length, as it were. He had proven himself quite a noble fellow, much above what she supposed one of the stock would ever do, but she was disposed to take him by degrees. Turning to him she said:

"I am all alone, and have been alone for many years. I fear it is too late to make any change. This child may bring trouble to me in my declining years. Though fair to look upon now, and snatched as it were from a perilous situation, she may take after her father. Girls usually do. I feel that it would be unwise for me to assume such a great responsibility at my time in life. I wish you had never brought the temptation in my way."

"Very well, auntie, don't be hasty about it," said Baker, fearing he had gone too far in "currying favor with the old gal" as he mentally termed

it, and being only too willing to put it off a week or more in the hope that events might shape themselves for Janie's return to Colonel Williams. "Let the matter rest a few days before you make any final decision. By that time it may be possible, if you decline to adopt her, to find her some other good home. There's no hurry about it, but in the meantime we must be very careful to conceal the fact of her presence here from every body. Nobody must know she's here. If it gets out people will talk about it, and then her father will find it out. He's got a nose on him like a blood-hound for smelling a trail. He'll follow me sure, and may ride right up here to the house looking for her. If he comes he must not know she's here or me either, for he's a desperate man. He'd as soon take a shot at me as look at me, and a little sooner."

"That being true, I think you would better take the child away. I don't want to have any trouble with him."

"O, bless your soul, Aunt Betsy, he wouldn't harm you," put in Baker, quickly, seeing his mistake too late to mend it. "It would be me that he was after. He'd be glad you had cared for her as well as you had, but I tell you I'd have to hide out if he comes. No, don't you worry one bit about having trouble with him. In the first place he'll never know she's here. He'll not look on this side of the river for her, and then he may not look anywhere, just get drunk and let her go."

Mrs. Morgan's keen eyes twinkled a wee bit of a smile at his awkward diplomacy, but she set it down to the inexperience of his youth. But the question of her adopting the child was dropped

for the time being, just where Baker wanted it to remain. He congratulated himself on the smoothness of the progress he had made. The next most important thing was to ingratiate himself into her good opinion, that he might use her home as a safe hiding place in his straightened circumstances while he awaited developments. He racked his cunning brain for hours that night devising plans for his attack upon this shrewd woman who, he realized, was greatly his superior intellectually. Although they sat there to a late hour she asked him few questions about himself or his family, maintaining from the first moment a silent reserve that he did not know how to go about breaking down. The following day he made himself as useful about the house as he knew how, taking many steps from his aunt. He went out and assisted her in taking care of the stock, chopped some wood, carried in water, and did many little things that he saw needed doing. All this made strongly in his favor. He could see it. She was not nearly so distant that evening as the evening before.

"For several years, Aunt Betsy," he began, after supper was over and the fire blazed cheerfully in the big fire-place, "I have wanted to ride over and make you a little visit, but I couldn't get away. I've been held in pretty close the last two or three years." And so he had, this was one truth to his credit. The grimy walls of the penitentiary had exerted a powerfully restraining influence upon his movements, but he did not go into details.

"My father used to tell me you was by odds the brightest one in the family, and my uncle has

always bragged about how easy it was for you to learn at school."

"The opinions of my brothers, or their estimate of intelligence, would not have very much weight with me," she observed somewhat haughtily. Baker paid no heed to this fling at his father and uncle, as neither of them had ever made the remarks he had attributed to them. He had started out to melt her reserve along this line of flattery, and he was not to be swerved from it by any soft insinuations of this sort.

"My uncle told me only a few weeks ago that he would give anything if he had been, or could be, as studious as you had always been, especially on religious matters. You know, he's getting religious in his old age, reads his bible right along like a good fellow, and is no more like he used to be than nothing. He goes to church every Sunday, spruced up in his best, and I tell you he's a different man. He's no church member yet, because he says he's not sure that the churches he goes to, and he goes to all of them, are right. From what he can learn he says he thinks the Mormons are right, that is nearer right than any of them, but he can't find out much about them. If he could have a talk with you he said he knew you could set him right, for you know more about the Mormon religion than anybody."

At that very moment, this good old uncle whom Baker was extolling, was seeking light in a little groggery in Clark county, while he cursed the aristocratic slave-holders and frescoed the inoffensive stove before him with ambere.

"Hearing him talk so much about religion I've

become serious about it myself, so you see I had a double purpose in coming to see you. I want to know about the Mormon religion. It must be the right one or you would not have taken to it, and uncle would not be so sure it's right. I'd enjoy having you tell me about it."

"There is no occasion to consult me," she said, looking at him dubiously. "Any good library would give you and him all the information to be desired."

"Yes, perhaps so, but you see, Aunt Betsy, I have no opportunities to get books from a library. There's none there, and if there was the chances are that I'd have gotten hold of one written by some enemy of the church. So many people look down on the Mormons that I couldn't tell when I had the right book. I knew if I could see you, and talk with you, this desire of mine would be fully gratified. What you tell me would be pure and unbiased."

"I am not so sure about that," she replied, vastly more interested than he had dared to hope. He had touched her weak spot, as clumsily as he had gone about it. "I am not as loyal a Mormon as I once was," she continued, "nor as blindly wrapped up in the faith, still I am a Mormon and expect to be as long as I live. I flatter myself that I know as much about the faith and its history as any one."

"Doubtless more," he broke in enthusiastically. "My father said so, and my uncle too. All the way over here I've been saying to myself that this was going to be one of the most pleasant visits I ever made. I've heard so much abuse of the sect and misinformation, that I hope you'll tell

me just what Mormonism is, how it started, and all about it."

She eyed him narrowly, this handsome nephew in whom she began to take considerable pride, and he was apparently so sincere that she was wholly disarmed of any suspicion of his motives. He was not a Baker after all. And then she remembered that his mother was a most charming woman, who came of a good family that was respected by all who knew them. Edward had far more of his mother in him than of his worthless father. Something good had come out of Nazareth, and this receptive something had providentially come to her for mental food and religious teaching. She might be able to change the whole current of his life for good or evil. The responsibility was forced upon her. She was gratified to be able to teach him the truths of Mormonism, albeit they might be colored by a skepticism that had crept upon her in recent years.

"The Mormons believe," she began, as he settled back in his chair, apparently to listen, but inwardly to chuckle over the conquest he had won over this reserved and austere woman. "The Mormons believe that both matter and spirit are eternal; that the gods originated in the spiritual realm and are traced back to the one Supreme Deity, who is their literal father. This Supreme Deity and all the gods differ from men only in the fact that they are immortal, though in form the same, and having the passions of men. They have a plurality of wives, and are constantly increasing them. Christ holds the first place, being the first begotten. When the world was created, Adam and Eve were taken from the family of gods and placed in it. In the

fall they lost all knowledge of their heavenly origin, became possessed of mortal bodies, and only regained what they had lost by the quickening of the holy spirit. Among the other creations of the gods are innumerable spirits, one of which, at the birth of every child, takes possession of it and starts it forth upon its heavenly voyage."

"That sounds all right to me, and I believe it, every word of it," broke in Baker, to demonstrate the interest he was taking in a subject he knew nothing of whatever.

"Those who do not listen to the teachings of the church on earth, will, at death, enter upon a second estate or probationary period where they will have another opportunity, which if they improve aright, will entitle them to enter into the estate of the gods."

"Now, I like that. It gives a fellow a second chance. Something humane about it. The other churches send him straight to hell without bail or benefit of clergy."

"The holy spirit, though under the control of the Deity, is a material substance, filling all space, and is possessed of knowledge, charity and justice, thus performing that function of the Deity which is omnipresent. When occasion requires it can take on a body and perform all the wonders of the Supreme Deity. In animals it is instinct, in man, reason and inspiration, enabling him to prophesy and perform miracles. It can be imparted to others through the laying on of hands by the priests. Polygamy was not at first a part of the religion, but it is a natural outgrowth of the doctrine. This makes salvation not so much a matter of character as of family. All Mormons expect to

become gods, therefore their glory will be in proportion to the number of their subjects. If they are not sealed to their wives they cannot become gods, but servants only. Therefore it is that woman's only hope depends upon her being joined in celestial marriage to some man, that she may share in her husband's glory."

"That's the reason they don't raise a big howl about a lot of them having the same man."

"Yes, they are taught this from childhood, and so firmly does every woman believe it that she is willing to be sealed to the first man who seeks her as his wife. This, in very brief outline, is the Mormon faith."

"It's a pretty good religion, so far as I can see, especially that part of it that gives a fellow a second chance. I like that, it's a fair deal. If he falls down once it gives him a show for his white alley. And then the plurality of wives, that catches me too, if they don't kick, and you say they don't for they believe in it. Now tell me about the man that got it up. He must have had all kinds of horse sense."

"Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was the inspired son of a worthless well-digger of Palmyra, New York. When a boy he hauled wood to town and sold it from house to house. This young man dreamed a most wonderful dream one night. He saw an angel descend from heaven on a hill a few miles south of the village, who pointed out to the dreamer plates engraved by Mormon, the son of Nephi, the last of the prophets of Israel, who, it is contended, immigrated to America about six hundred years before the birth of Christ. This prophet had been made the subject of the Book of

Mormon, a collection of aphorisms, written by Samuel Spalding, a minister who died in 1816, which was twenty years before Joseph Smith's dream. This dream, which was a most marvelous thing for an unlettered youth, embellished as it was by stars, cherubim, seraphim and lightnings, created a wonderful sensation among the simple country-folk. Martin Harris, a wealthy farmer, had faith in the dream, and furnished the money to dig for the buried plates. The excavating was soon under way. One night under spirit direction, Smith went out alone to seek the plates. He was beset by ten thousand devils, but he fought them all single-handed and got what he went after. There were thirty metallic plates, bound together by iron rings. On top of the plates were a pair of spectacles, the urim and thummim, which were opaque to all eyes but those of the prophet and dreamer Smith. They were there to enable him to read the engraving on the plates. It has been stated that Farmer Harris doubted the genuineness of the plates, and took some of them to scientific men for examination, who reported that the markings on the plates were without meaning. But I doubt this having been done, it being a malicious fabrication of enemies of the church."

"Mr. Smith must have been a wonderful chap," said Baker, admiringly, still thinking of his encounter with the thousand devils. "I'd a thought he could have easily confounded those scientific fellows."

"Well, he did, in his peculiar way. He paid no attention whatever to them and their carpings, simply dashed the whole matter aside by showing

that they were inspired by the devil. So, undaunted by criticism, the work of transcription began. Smith had a vision that told him that no one but the prophet himself could look upon the sacred book and live, so a curtain was put up, back of which Smith sat with the tablets in his hands, reading aloud to those who took down the translation. This is the history of the Book of Mormon. There are many stories extant about it, most of them untruthful and distorted, but this I have told you is the true one. It is from the mouth of the prophet himself, who was shot to death by a mob not one hundred rods from this very spot, June 27th, 1844. He was a lovable and most remarkable man."

"He must have been," affirmed Baker, evincing the greatest interest. "He was only a mere boy, as you say, yet he did all this, and translated the Mormon bible. Any one knows he must have been inspired or he couldn't have done it. Young men don't suck such things out of their thumbs."

"There can be no doubt that he was a mere stripling of a boy, scarcely grown, a green, uneducated country youth, with no education or knowledge of the bible or of religious matters. His work, the Mormon bible, is sufficient answer to the doubting Thomases. But there are some things in the Mormon faith I do not fully endorse, so when they fled to Independence, Missouri, I did not go with them."

Janie awoke with a scream, feverish and fretful. She cried the greater part of the night, asking for her mama, and then for her grand mother. She could not be quieted, seeming to be terrified at her strange surroundings.

"It is the fever she has," said Mrs. Morgan, trying in a motherly way to pacify the sick child. Baker looked on much worried. If Janie should die his hope of exacting money for her restoration would be blasted.



ENRY apprised his father fully of the unsettled business situation in the cotton states, which must surely end in war if the problem was not soon solved. Mr. Martin replied promptly, urging him to continue his journey on south, and to close up their entire line of credits in that section. This he reluctantly decided to do, after reading a long letter from Colonel Williams, filled with the most encouraging news. "We are doing everything that our wits can devise," the Colonel went on to say, "and I assure you with every prospect of success. Bonney is a shrewd fellow, and he will have Baker behind the bars and Janie at home by the time you get here. There is nothing you could do if you were here, so regain your strength, see closely after your business affairs, and above all don't worry. I had a talk with your father today, and he told me that he had just written you. I fully endorse what he has advised. I don't look for war as some are doing, but close up all your business affairs and be prepared for it if it should come. That is the wisest thing to do. Don't hurry and don't worry, but be prepared to have Janie with you when you get home. She is all

right, and there can be no question of our success."

This was a gratifying letter. He read it over and over again. With his strength coming back, and the delightful company of little Julia May, who was becoming more attached to him every day, he felt almost cheerful again. He prepared to take the boat to Vicksburg the following day. The afternoon was warm and pleasant. Hand in hand they wandered down to the wharf to see the river, and watch the negroes at work unloading the boats. While gazing out over the vast expanse of water and listening to the animated prattle of the child, some one touched him on the arm.

"Foh de Lawd's sake, ef dis ain't Mars Henry," said a familiar voice, as Henry turned.

"Well, well, if it isn't Jason. Jason, I'm glad to see you, but you're the last man on earth I expected to see."

"Mars Henry, you'se not as glad to see me as I is you," said Jason, the tears filling his big black eyes and running over on his cheeks. "You'se from de ole home whar I was raised, whar mammy is, an' all dem I knowed sense I was a little boy." He was still holding Henry by the hand, with his old tattered hat on the wharf at his feet. "How is de young Miss?"

Henry was deeply affected by the simple affection and tears of this expatriated slave, but when he asked innocently about Fanny, he could no longer hold back his grief. "She's dead, Jason," was all he said. The scalding tears ran down his face. Little May looked from one to the other with big, wondering eyes.

Going over to the overseer, Henry asked permission for Jason to lay off the balance of the afternoon, that they might visit together. Repairing to a quiet, sunny spot at the end of the warehouse they sat down and went over the past. Jason had never heard a word from his parents or his old home since being sold south on suspicion of having fired the shot at his young mistress. Henry told him of Fanny's death, of the loss of his child, and of Baker's conviction. Then of the fatal explosion on the steamboat, and of his own and little May's miraculous escape. Though Jason's skin was black and his body belonged to another man by right of purchase, he had a big heart, and it went out in sympathy to the bereaved man in a truly touching manner.

"Mars Henry, he was at de bottom ob me bein' sole," Jason said, after a long silence. "Fore God, I'd died fore I'd a harmed a hair in de young Missess' head, but I'se only a niggah, an' my word's no good fer nuffin. No use me a sayin' nuffin—jist grin an' bar it. Dat man Baker, he was doin' all de debbilment an' a layin' it on de niggahs. All dem niggahs what run away, he done it, obcose he did, I know'd it all de time."

"Yes, Jason, I know he did, and I was satisfied you were innocent, but I couldn't prove it. It was Baker who shot at Fanny."

So quickly did the few hours pass that it was almost sundown before they were aware of it, and little May was worn out with playing alone. Through the overseer Henry made Jason a present of a suit of clothes, which made him the proudest man south of Mason and Dixon's line, and promised him he would stop off on the way back

and see him. They parted as affectionately as two brothers, Jason, with bared head and sorrowful mien, stood watching Henry until he disappeared over the hill into the city.

The down boat was delayed, and it was growing dark the next evening when they went aboard. Little May had a terror of the boat, clinging to Henry, and burying her face in his shoulder as he carried her aboard to shut out the horrible scenes she had gone through only a few days before.

The farther south he went the more restless and uneasy Henry found the people. Men's passions were being aroused, and upon every hand were to be heard unguarded expressions of bitterness and hatred. He felt no longer any doubt of the near approach of the irrepressible conflict, there was secession and armed resistance in the air he breathed. At every place he closed up their business affairs the best way he could, and as quickly as possible.

In three weeks he was back in Memphis. Leaving his little charge in the care of a motherly old lady who had taken a great fancy to the child, he hurried off up town to get his mail. Coming down the levee to the steamer he met Jason, who came up with a broad grin on his ebony face.

"Mars Henry, I wants you to 'member me to de ole Miss, an' all de fokes, an' tell my ole mammy an' daddy I'se well, an' hopes to see 'em some day."

"I'll tell them all about you, Jason, and what a great pleasure it was to meet you, and find you well and in such good hands. I'll write to you, in care of your owner, as soon as I get home, and tell you all your parents have to say to you. You

shall not go three years again without hearing from them."

When Jason stepped back into line to go about his work of carrying freight to and from the boat, there were tears falling over his honest face. Henry stood on the spot until he came back up the plank with a sack on his shoulder, but Jason did not look up. His tattered hat was pulled over his eyes, and he was straining away at his daily task like the dray-horses on the levee, his hard life as devoid of pleasure as theirs. It was a lesson that sank deep in Henry's heart. What he saw before him impressed upon his mind more forcibly than ever before his duty to his fellow man, and stiffened his courage to meet the trials of life. He began to realize that in order more acceptably to serve God he must be a help to his fellow man. By the merest expenditure of effort he could have found where Jason was, and have written letters to him that would have cheered his weary life of unremunerated toil. He could have told him of his father and mother, but the unfortunate man, who was born into serfdom as a bird in a cage, had never entered his mind. He stood leaning over the guard with all these things in his mind when the last bell began to ring. As the gang-plank was being lifted in a young man came running down the levee just in time. A minute lost and he would have been too late. "Perhaps the fates are sending this man aboard to be blown up as Prof. Johnson was," thought Henry, vaguely, as he stood watching the shore and levee recede while the big boat apparently stood still. "Perhaps Prof. Johnson ran to catch the boat we came down on. Who knows what the immediate future may bring

forth? It is the hand of God in these little happenings of everyday life in which vast problems are wrapped up."

Scanning the register casually later on that day he learned that the name of the young man who ran to catch the boat was Ben. M. Johnson, and that he gave his home as Lexington, Missouri. What a coincidence it was. The same name, and the home of his late delightful companion, Prof. Johnson. Hunting him up immediately, Henry was greatly pleased to learn that the young man was the son of the dead professor, a most genial personage, and a staunch Missourian. He had been called south by the sudden death of his father, and was on his way back home in a great hurry to catch the last Missouri river boat before the close of the season. So sure was Henry that Janie would be found that he had decided not to adopt little May, as he had at first intended to do, but would take her to Colonel Williams' sister, a Mrs. Bronson at Lexington. Here was a happy opportunity to send the child at once to Mrs. Bronson by Ben. Johnson, who took a great fancy to the little one.

The two men became inseparable companions. Their mutual bereavement cemented their friendship closer and closer as the days wore on. A common sorrow makes the whole world akin, and it also makes humanity better and nobler.

Arriving at St. Louis Henry found several letters awaiting him, the two from Colonel Williams first engaging his attention. Though full of hope, they told only of failure. He was bitterly disappointed, Janie was not found. "It is a very singular thing," the last letter went on to say, "but

not a trace of Baker can be found. He was at Nell Brown's, there is no doubt about that, and he had Janie with him there, but what became of him after he left her house is a mystery. She don't know, or if she does she is too shrewd to betray it. I have talked with her twice since, and so has Bonney, but nothing more can be learned. She says he was going to take her to an aunt of his, but where that aunt lives she does not know. He has three aunts, as you know, one at Nauvoo, one in Clark county, and my sister in Lexington. We have been to see the two first named, and he has not been there. We have written to my sister in Lexington, but have had no reply up to this writing." Henry finished the letters hastily. His mind was made up what he would do. He would take the boat to Lexington. If Janie had been taken there he would find her. And then he owed it to the little child he had taken not to send her to an aunt whom he had never seen, with only a few words of written explanation, but he would take her to Mrs. Bronson himself. The current of events was shaping matters to his liking. Hurrying to Ben Johnson's room he laid before him the new program, much to the latter's delight. Their pleasant companionship was to be continued to the end of the journey, so when the smaller boat left her dock to plow the waters of the Big Muddy, the three were aboard. The trip up the Missouri was a long and tedious one, the channel being so shifting and treacherous that it was necessary, frequently, to tie up to the bank at night, but it was a pleasant one withall. Little May made friends with every one on the boat, and became a general favorite. All too soon the pleasant voyage was

ended, for it was then that the farewells must be said. Henry and little May took a carriage to the home of Mrs. Bronson, three miles in the country, while Ben. Johnson remained in town at the college where his father had been a teacher.

As has been said, Henry had never met Mrs. Bronson, but he found her to be a sweet motherly matron whom he loved at first sight. She bore a striking resemblance to her brother, the Colonel. She knew of the birth of Janie and the death of Fanny, but had not been apprised of the kidnapping, as the letter of inquiry addressed to her by her brother had never reached her, so when they drove up and Henry introduced himself, she took little May in her arms, thinking she was Janie. Baker had not been there. When she learned all she poured out her loving sympathy into the freshly opened wounds of Henry and took the little motherless child to her breast as her own.

"Such a blessing you have brought me," she cried, smothering the child with her abundant affection. "I have no daughter, and I feel that God has directed your foot-steps to me with this beautiful child. God bless her, and bless you in your great sorrow, is my prayer."

"She belongs to us both, but make her your own. Rear her as she should be reared. May she prove a blessing to you as she has to me."



ALBERT Baker, a cousin of the notorious Edward Baker, who, up to this time, has not figured in these pages, had been out on a horse-stealing expedition, and slipped into Keokuk late one evening closely pressed. It was his only hope of escape from the officers who were after him, to get safely inside of the town to the house of a friend. And that friend, above all others, was Nell Brown. Without being seen he made his way quickly to the neighborhood of her house, which was being guarded day and night by two men employed by Detective Bonney. Being unsuccessful in finding any trace of Edward Baker and the child outside of Keokuk, Bonney returned to the belief that his man was in the town hiding, and could be caught by setting a guard on the house he was most sure to visit sooner or later. But as close as the watch was kept on the house, Albert, who was known to the officer on duty that evening, succeeded in gaining the inside without being seen. Fortunately for him, though he was unaware the house was being shadowed, he went in from the alley for fear of running into some one in the street who knew him.

"I'm so glad you've come at this very moment."

was Nell's greeting, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him, for she was particularly fond of Albert. "I've hatched a great scheme for us two."

"Not half as glad I've come as I am, Nell. And I think I didn't get here a minute too soon, either. But what's this new racket you've hatched up for us?"

"Why, have you had any trouble—was that why you slipped in the back way?"

"Trouble? Well I should snicker—a barrel of it. I was glad enough to get here safely any way, so I'll not snicker too loud. Too many men want to see me right now to make any great noise. Why, I'm the most popular man in some quarters to be found in the state. Saved being pinched by a miracle this time, Nell."

"But, as usual, you were too smart for them," she said, looking up into his handsome face proudly.

"But I'll tell you about that later on, after I get to feeling a little safer. I've been on the keen jump like a rabbit getting to cover, with three dogs yelping at his heels. I'm hungry, tired and dusty. A little something to eat, more to drink, and a bath will fix me out. But tell me first thing about the scheme. Better than that, come to the dining-room and tell me while I eat. Pull the curtains, and leave orders to let no one in on us. I'm decidedly particular about my callers right now, in fact I don't want any company for a day or two, may be not then. Now for the scheme while I fill up. Gee whiz, this meat's good."

"Your cousin Ed was here a short time ago, with a grandchild of Colonel Williams', a sweet

little girl he had stolen. I couldn't get much out of him, and what I did get might have been only half true, but he's holding her for a ransom. While he was here Colonel Williams and Captain Matson came looking for him. He was in this very room when they entered the house, and after taking the child up stairs he slipped into the stairway and overheard everything that was said. And like a fool I told them he'd been here."

"What did you do that for?"

"Well, I wasn't in a very good humor with Ed for the way he was acting about the little thing, and then they appealed to my sympathies so strongly that I blurted it out before I thought. I didn't know what he was going to do with her at that time. I came within an ace of going up stairs and getting the poor little thing and giving her to her old grandfather. He talked so pitifully about her that it about melted me. Of course I wouldn't have given him into their hands, but I did think once I would turn her over to them."

"Nell, you've a big heart, too big I think sometimes," observed Albert, bolting his food like a starved man.

"The little thing was crying nearly all the time, and appealed to me so strongly that I couldn't hardly stand it. But he went away and took her with him. Before he went he told me his plans, and promised me half the money."

"Of course you believed him."

"Not to any great extent I didn't. If I had I wouldn't now be telling you what I've hatched up for you and me. I've got no use for Ed, or confidence in his word."

"Neither have I, Nell. Ed's no good. He swills

too much. He won't tell the truth when he's sober, and he can't when he's drunk. But the money you spoke about, where does that come in? I'm all ears for schemes with money in them."

"Why, from Colonel Williams of course. He's a very rich man, and will give up ten thousand dollars to get the child back. Ed's going to open up correspondence with him soon, and offer to return the child for that much money. And the money's got to come forthwith or plump goes the kid into the river. Not a word is to be said, and no one is to be prosecuted."

"That's a big pile, Nell, and a devilish big scheme with lots of dangerous spots in it. But the old Colonel is rich as cream, no two ways about that. Ed's got a long head on him, pretty sleek and all that, but it ain't long enough or sleek enough for this deal. The stakes are too big, he'll get caught."

"That's just what I say, he'll get full and spoil it all. It's too good a thing to let slip by, and then I want the old Colonel to have his grandchild back, and at the same time I'd like to have a few of his surplus dollars. Therefore I propose that you go to Nauvoo and steal the baby, bring her here, and we'll do the rest. Get Ed drunk, pull the wool over your old aunt's eyes, and come here as fast as a horse can bring you with the kidlet under your arm."

"Beautiful! Beautiful! Nell, a perfect peachling of a scheme on paper, but there are lots of ifs and buts in the way before you get to those pots of gold in Colonel Williams' cellar, or wherever he keeps them. The buts are three or four of the keenest, gimlet-eyed detectives in the country, who

are on my trail like bloodhounds. If I pop my head up they'll nail me. And the ifs, O there's too many of them all along the road to talk about now. Suppose I should get the kid here, then what?"

"We'd take her and go across the country to my sister, Mrs. Ford, in Ray county."

"Never'd get there, Nell. It's as cold as blazes now, and winter coming on."

"So much the better. The kid-gloved officers would be by the fires, and we could skip right along unmolested. We'd both disguise ourselves get two old horses and a wagon and be movers. Our mothers wouldn't recognize us. The stake is worth it. You could return and get a letter to the Colonel, and then my sister could turn over the little one to him as an innocent party. I'll get an old man's wig and whiskers for you. Cross over at night, hide your disguise where you can find it, and in a few hours you'll be there. Then shape your movements to suit the circumstances."

"That's good, I've been doing that lately, or rather circumstances have been shaping my movements for me. But you've got a great head on your shoulders, Nell."

"Well, now, don't you think it will work?"

"Of course it will. The only thing is to get out of here safely. We can't disguise the child, and Ed. would be right after us red-eyed, prepared to give us away to revenge himself, no matter what became of the kid. He'll do any desperate thing to get even with me for stealing her from him, so we'd get caught right here before we could get away. Of course, once out in the country west of here we'd be safe enough."

"I have that all fixed. I'll meet you with the horses and wagon on the other side of the river, and we'll not stop in the town at all. I'll be in camp there waiting for you, disguised as an old woman, and we'll sit back in the wagon all covered up while you, as tough an old codger as ever drove a measley team into Missouri, will be the only one in sight. No one could know you."

"The thing'll work, Nell. I've seen through it from the very start, but getting the cold dollars for the live kid, there's the rub. The first part of it is not hard."

"No, nor the last part. I've got that fixed too. But the first thing is to get the baby. You can't sell a thing until you've got it to sell. You get the child safely to me on the other side of the river, and I'll do the rest, that is the planning."

"I can do that all right, but getting across the river and out into the country is another thing. We're apt to get pinched right here, and then the jig is up for us two."

"Not on your good looks. If we get caught here, we'll say we were getting the child from Ed. to turn her over to her grandfather. That will clear us, and not only that, but he'll pay us handsomely and stand right by us too. That gives us two strings to our bow, either one of which will play us a right lively tune. Do you catch on?"

Albert looked at her admiringly. "Do I? Well, I should say I do. What a noble couple we'd turn out to be if we were arrested. I'll go over there tomorrow night."

While these plans were being discussed and perfected, Edward Baker was sneaking through the fields to town, his blood afire for strong drink.

Twice before, during the less than four weeks he had been there, he had gone to town and returned late at night in a maudlin state of intoxication. On these two occasions he had slipped into the barn, fallen down on the hay and gone to sleep, not daring to meet his aunt while in that condition. She had half suspected what had kept him out, and had spoken to him sharply about it, but he had made himself so useful to her, and withall so pleasant, that she was inclined to leniency with him.

Far after midnight, this promising young man who had so successfully ingratiated himself into his aunt's good opinion, in spite of her preconceived prejudices, could have been seen reeling along the road from side to side, and muttering incoherently to himself, in the direction of his temporary home. Going to the barn he plunged headlong into the hay more dead than alive, and was soon sound asleep. And it was there at daylight, just as he had fallen, that his aunt found him. With bitter scorn and growing anger she viewed the sight before her.

"This is what kept you out before," she said, shaking him roughly. "I suspected as much in spite of your plausible excuses. Wake up, you worthless drunkard."

"You'll—have to—excuse me, Aunt Betsy," he whined, rubbing his swollen eyes and trying to moisten his parched lips with his tongue, still thick from the effects of the bad whisky he had drunk. "I got with a couple of friends, and—and"—

"Yes, friends, indeed! You are a nice specimen

of humanity here in the hay, your hair filled with it, and your clothes besmeared with dirt."

"I'm ashamed of it, Aunt Betsy, yes I am. I was too shamed to come to the house last night, so I laid down here as cold as it was."

"No man can be ashamed of a thing and then go and do it again. This is the third time since you came here. It is in the blood,—you are of the worthless Baker stock."

"Don't say that, Aunt Betsy, the"—

"Don't 'Aunt Betsy' me, I don't want to hear it. It is a disgrace to be called aunt by a young man who will do as you have done. You are a disgrace to the lowest of the low—you have abused my friendship"—

"But you're a Baker, Aunt Betsy. Now be a"—

"No, thank God I am not. I bore the hateful name a while, but I never was a Baker. I took after my mother's side, who were honest, sober people. The Bakers are all alike—I am ashamed of them, and disgusted with you."

"But I'll never do it again. I didn't want to this time, but my friends just poured it down me."

"Oh, no, you will never do it again! I have heard your worthless father say that a hundred times."

Baker hung his tousled head.

"I tried to make myself believe that you were made of better stuff, but you are a chip off of the old block. Now, get yourself out of here and leave the place. I have tried you to my heart's content. I don't want anything more to do with you."

"You're hard-hearted, Aunt Betsy. You've been good to me, but now you've turned against

me. It wasn't all my fault. I can stay away from the cursed stuff, and if you'll give me a chance I'll show you that I can be a credit to the best in the land. I'll straighten right up and you may kill me if I ever taste another drop."

"I have heard all that before, accompanied by tears and sobs. Such promises are only made to be broken. You mean it now, but when the appetite demands liquor the resolution and will are gone. In all men like you the appetite is the ruling force, and for such there is no hope. You are weak and a drunkard, and I have neither the time nor the patience to fool with you. Clean yourself up and leave me. I don't want to have before my eyes and in my mind as handsome a young man as you are, doomed to inexcusable worthlessness. It is pitiful, pitiful."

She spoke firmly, yet withall, gently. He sat bent over in the hay not daring to look up.

"What will I do with the little child?" he asked, his voice trembling with emotion. "She's not well, and I've no place to take her."

"I will take care of the child."

"Yes, but if I go I'll take her with me," he returned, quickly, and in a defiant voice, detecting a vantage point for himself.

"You will do nothing of the kind. You brought the little motherless thing and gave her to me, asked me to take her and adopt her as my own. I will see after her. She is mine, if God spares her life, and I shall keep her."

"Not if Edward Baker knows himself you won't. You didn't adopt her, didn't seem to want to. and I'll take her away with me. That's the word with the bark on it."

"I recognize the bark, but barking dogs never bite. That child will stay with me, for the present at least. You dare to lay your vile hands on her, or come into my house raising any disturbance, and you will have to take the consequences. I have lived here alone for years, and through some of the roughest times this turbulent neighborhood ever experienced, yet I have always been able to take care of myself. You are a blustering coward, all drunkards are cowards, for no man who permits his appetite to destroy him has either manhood or courage. It will be far better for you, and wiser, if you go away quietly as you came."

With this she went back to the house, leaving the dazed inebriate sitting bent over in the hay. Rousing up he recalled in his muddled mind many of the stinging words she had uttered. They wounded his pride, enraged the brute in his nature.

"We'll see who has that child, you old polygamy Mormon hag," shaking his fist at the house, "You'll call me a coward and a drunkard, will you? I'll show you before you're much older what I am."

Searching in his pockets he drew out a bottle and drained the last drop it contained.

"I'll leave, yes right now, but I'll come back to-night, and when I come, woe unto you, old polygamy. I'll split your head open, fire the house and drown the child in the pond. I'll show you who's a drunkard and a coward."

Saddling his horse he rode away in the direction of town. All day the poor animal stood in the cold wind hitched to a post, while Baker filled himself with the vilest whisky he could find to nerve

himself to the desperate work he had in contemplation that night. Not having eaten a mouthful for thirty-six hours, by night he was in a perfect frenzy. All the latent bestial passions in the man were in riotous control. He would now stop at nothing short of the most heinous crime. All day he brooded over the stinging things she had said to him, magnifying them in his disordered mind until he was fit to plunge a knife to her heart and cast the sick child in the pond.


He burned with impatience to go and be through with it, but it was yet too early in the night. As drunk and crazy as he was he knew that his success depended upon finding his courageous aunt asleep and unprepared for him. So he sat down to wait, and go over again the taunts that burned in his brain. Drowsiness overcame him and he fell asleep, but near midnight he awoke. Dragging himself to his feet he staggered over to his half starved horse and climbed into the saddle. The sharp night air sobered him somewhat, and as he became more rational he recoiled from his bloody undertaking. This state of his feelings had been foreseen, and a potent remedy prepared. Taking from his pocket a flask he drained it to the last drop. Any qualms of conscience that might strive to weaken him were drowned in the poison before he had ridden a quarter of a mile.

Dismounting at the barn he made his way as stealthily as any assassin to the house, where the two victims, all unconscious of their impending doom, were sleeping soundly. Janie had been restless and crying all the first part of the night, so that Mrs. Morgan had just fallen into a sound slumber. The child, in the room adjoining hers,

was breathing heavily under the influence of paregoric.

Entering the little room off of the kitchen where Janie slept, the villain hesitated, not in carrying out his hellish purpose, but in an indecision as to which he would do first.

"First come, first served," he muttered under his breath. "I'll take the toughest part first, and then finish the old she-devil when I come back," saying which he took Janie gently in his arms and tip-toed his way out of the house. The little thing, her breath freighted with fever, snuggled close to him when the cold air struck her, muttering, "Don't, grandma, don't." He looked down at her, as a stray fleck of moonlight peeped between the clouds and fell for a moment on her flushed face. His heart began to fail him, there was no revenge in throwing this little child into the ice cold water. He stopped. She had never wronged him, but had clung to him as her protector, was clinging to him now in her sleep. He dashed these pleadings from him and said, as he set his teeth together, and hurried on to the pond: "I've started to do the job, and I'll finish it if it costs me my life!"

 GETTING clear of the ferry-boat under cover of the darkness, the following night, as he had planned, Albert Baker put spurs to his horse. He was a hard rider, and had a horse that could cover twenty miles on a keen run. The midnight hour had scarcely struck when he rode into the little village of Nauvoo. Seeing a light in a window he made his way to it and knocked. From the man who came to the door he made inquiries of the direction and distance to Mrs. Morgan's house.

"There's a young man out at Mrs. Morgan's, an' old friend of mine, that I'm looking for. That is he wrote me three or four weeks ago that he was going to be there, so I wanted to stop and see him," said Albert, in an effort to get some information if he could. "I rode like the very dickens to get here, thinking it was not half as far as it turned out to be. Do you know if he's there?"

"There's a young man been out there for a while, working for Betsy Morgan I think, but I don't know anything about him, only he's been in town drunk two or three times. Here today. Doubt if you find him there now, for he and the old lady has fell out, from what he said. He was swearing

vengeance, and saying a lot of things he was going to do, but he was drunk. His horse has been hitched to that post there in the road all day."

This was enough. Albert turned on his heel and walked away. As he rode boldly into Betsy Morgan's barn-lot he saw a horse, saddled and bridled, munching hay under a shed. Dismounting, he stood debating with himself what course to pursue, when a man left the house and came towards him with something white in his arms. When the figure came nearer he saw it was Edward, drunk and talking to himself, but what he was carrying he could not make out.

"Hello! Is that you, Ed?"

The murderer stopped as if he were glued to his tracks. He was too greatly startled to articulate a word. The sleeping child almost slipped from his arms.

"Don't you know me, Ed?" asked Albert, approaching him. "What's that you've got in your arms, bed quilts? What you going to do, make a bed in the barn?"

"Is that you, Albert?" he finally managed to gasp, his knees shaking under him.

"Yes, it's me all right, Ed, but what have you got here? O, I see, it's a baby. What in the world you doing with a baby out here this time of night?"

"You see, Al," being half sobered by this time by the shock of discovery, "I can't get along with this saintly old aunt of ours. She calls herself a Latter Day saint, but she's more of a latter day devil, so I was going to get out of here."

"But this is no time to leave, Ed. Cold as blizen,

and after midnight. Go put the child in bed and then come out here, I've got something important to say to you. No, lay her down here in the hay for the present. Tuck her up well, she won't wake. That's all right. Now, sit down and let's have something to drink, I want to talk to you. Here's something that will clear your head up, take a good swig. Ah, take more than that, take a big pull, it's cold, and I want you to have your wits about you."

Edward did not need to be urged to drink deeply. He realized that all his plans were upset, and now that his fright at being caught in the act of committing one of the most heinous murders imaginable, he was growing limp with exhaustion. In a few minutes his head was drooping on his breast. Albert roused him up to take another drink, talking to him at random all the while. His empty stomach took up the alcohol quickly, sending the poison into his blood. In a few moments he was nodding, with his head between his knees. Albert pushed him over on the hay in a more comfortable position, and made hasty preparations to flee with the child, chuckling to himself.

"Couldn't have worked finer if I'd planned it all myself. Never saw anything like it, must be my lucky star's up again. By Jacks! it beats the world. Everything right to my hand. I'll be back before Nell's looking for me unless I kill some time in a good safe place south of here. Getting on the blind side of the old woman was the worst thing I had to meet, and now she's not in it at all. But I better not stand here shaking hands with myself too long.

The thing to do is to scatter and pike into the country between here and the river."

Pulling his horse away from the feed he had given it, he slipped the bits into its mouth and led it around to the front. Taking the sleeping child in his arms he mounted the horse and rode away. Reaching the road he reined his horse to the east, knowing Edward would follow him, and by going in that direction and then turning back on his own tracks, he could effectually outwit him.

Edward breathed heavily in a deadly stupor. For hours it was a question between life and death, so feebly did his heart beat, but at last his wonderful vitality asserted itself over the poisonous stuff he had drunk and his worthless life was spared.

Just at peep of day Mrs. Morgan was awakened by the crowing of the cocks. She bounded from bed, upbraiding herself for having slept so long, and hurried into the adjoining room where Janie slept. She threw up her hands, the bed was empty! The coverings were gone!

She uttered a low cry of terror, speaking aloud the dominant thought that forced itself into her mind,—“He has murdered the child!”

Rushing out of the house through the open kitchen door, she saw Edward's saddled horse eating hay in the shed. This confirmed her belief that Janie was put out of the way, for if he had stolen her he would have taken her away with him. He would now say that he knew nothing about her. There was no escaping this conclusion. Her excitement was so intense that she did not see the object

of her search, curled up in the hay, when she first entered the barn.

"Wake up, you drunken loot, and tell me what you have done with that child," she fairly screamed, churning his head up and down by the hair.

Baker sat up, rubbing his blood-shot eyes, stupidly.

"Don't sit there like a fool—answer me, tell me quickly, what have you done with Janie."

"Ah, come off,—I ain't done nothing with her," he mumbled, not knowing what he was saying.

"She's gone—been stolen out of her bed, covers and all, and you did it!"

"What you—you giving me?"

"Edward Baker, crazed by drink, you have murdered that poor child," bursting into tears. "I will see that you hang for the crime as sure as my name is Morgan."

"Ah, come, Aunt Betsy," said Baker, getting unsteadily to his feet, and trying to collect his scattered thoughts—"I've done nothing of the kind." Then a vague recollection of Albert's visit during the night came to him. Mrs. Morgan had stopped, looking back at him through her tears with some faint hope that he might be able to explain what had become of Janie.

"Albert was here last night, and I guess he's here some place yet. I tell you I never harmed a hair in her head. Ain't his horse in the barn? If it ain't, then he's stolen her and carried her off."

"That's a falsehood, Edward Baker, a clumsy falsehood, to cover up your brutal crime. What was Albert here for, and what would he want with Janie?"

"That's what I don't know, but he was here. Here's the tracks of his shod horse, you can see them for yourself. Just as I got back from town he rode in. I was a little drunk, and he gave me some more whisky, and I had no more sense than to take it. He's taken Janie and skipped out, hired by her father to come and get her. It's all plain enough to me."

Mrs. Mogan dried her eyes; she was more than half convinced.

"I hope to drop dead in a minute if I had anything to do with it," he protested.

"O, you drunken beast," her anger rising as her grief abated, "whether you had anything to do with it directly or not, it is all your fault. If you had been sober, as you ought to have been, it would not have happened."

Baker darted behind the barn without a word, and over the fence like a frightened deer into some thick weeds and underbrush. Mrs. Morgan stood mystified. Hearing the stroke of a horse's feet in the road she turned and saw a man riding leisurely towards her.

"Hello!" the horseman cried, reigning up at the gate. Mrs. Morgan went down the lot to see what he wanted.

"Is your husband about?" he asked.

"No, sir; he is not here."

"No men-folks about the place?"

"None; I am all alone."

"Then perhaps you can tell me what I want to know. Have you seen anything of a stray horse pass this way, or has one been hanging around your feed-lot?"

Mrs. Morgan had seen a great deal of trouble in her life, and a great deal of deception. Since losing her husband by a cruel trick she placed little trust in any one, much less in a stranger. The thought instantly popped into her mind, following that which told her this man was there on other business than looking for a stray horse, that he was the father of little Janie. She imagined she could see in his face the marks of dissipation and brutality, so vividly portrayed by Baker in his trumped up story, the truthfulness of which she had never doubted. That was the reason Baker fled the moment he saw him coming. Instantly she decided to parry every question he asked.

"What is the description of the horse you are looking for?"

"A big black horse, with a white star in the forehead. A likely young animal he is, too. You'd be sure to remember him if you saw him."

"There are loose horses passing her every day, but I pay very little attention to them. One went by yesterday, going north."

"A black one, with a star in"—

"He was black, but I didn't notice any marks by which I could identify him further."

Detective Bonney, for it was he, scrutinized the woman closely, at a loss to decide whether she was as frankly innocent as she appeared. Of course he had lost no horse, but it was barely possible she had seen a black one go by as she asserted. Loose horses from town, feeding along the road and in the open woods, was no uncommon thing.

"May I water my horse at the pond?" he asked, dismounting to open the gate.

"You will find just as good water at the creek, two hundred yards down the road," she said.

"But he won't drink creek water, not even well water, as he is used to a big pond at home just like that one. I tried him at the well this morning, and he turned up his nose at it. Some horses get to be very particular."

"If he wants water he will drink that just ahead," she said, in a tone of voice that left no doubt in Bonney's mind that she doubted the truthfulness of his statement. "But, of course, I have no objections to your watering your horse at the pond."

She turned to the house. Bonney opened the gate and led his horse as close to the barn as he could go. There was Baker's horse, saddled and bridled, just as he had ridden him from town in the night. "That belongs to my man," Bonney observed, mentally, nodding his head.

Bonney's horse would not drink, Mrs. Morgan noted, watching the detective from her kitchen door. Bonney vaulted into the saddle and rode back close to the barn, peering closely into every opening to catch a glimpse of Baker, who, he was satisfied, was in hiding not far away.

"It must be creek water your horse is used to instead of pond water," Mrs. Morgan observed, as the detective rode up.

"I think so," he returned, with difficulty suppressing a smile. There was a twinkle in his eyes that mirrored the thought than ran through his mind,—*"She's on to me all right, but what's the difference? I've got my man treed, and will be willing to show my hand in a very few hours."*


"Good day, madam, and many thanks for your information," Bonney sang out, tipped his hat and rode away.

"I must be mistaken in my suspicions," were Mrs. Morgan's mental reflections, keeping her eyes on the stranger until he disappeared down the road. "Certainly he would not have gone off like that, if he came here looking for Edward and the child. But there is something in it, for the scamp saw him and fled. He must have recognized him. But why did he go away so easy, after coming all this long journey? I don't understand it."

Once out of ear-shot of the house, Bonney put his horse into a keen run, reaching town an hour later by a circuitous route. Looking up a justice of the peace and a constable he laid the whole matter before them, asking for a warrant for Baker's arrest.

"I didn't want to kill him, and I don't want to be killed myself," explained Bonney. "Not having a warrant I thought it best not to make the attempt to arrest him all alone. He's a drunken, worthless man, an ex-convict, and playing a desperate game, so he would not hesitate to shoot, but two of us can handle him with little difficulty."

An hour later the two men, armed to the teeth, rode out to Betsy Morgan's to arrest Edward Baker.

 **L**ITTLE Janie was whimpering and rubbing her eyes in terror before Albert Baker had much more than cleared the horse-lot in his flight. Though still considerably stupefied by the large amount of paregoric she had been given, the cold night air and the galloping of the horse in the darkness filled her awakening senses with terror. Holding the bridle-reins in one hand, Albert pressed the crying child to his breast and spoke soothing words to her. The covers she had slept under were wrapped around her so she was no more trouble to carry than a bundle of clothes. Resting most of her weight on the horn of the saddle before him he pressed his face into the shapeless bundle and kissed her. She finally became quiet, only catching her breath in an occasional sob.

He urged his willing horse forward ruthlessly to put as many miles between himself and the drunken Edward, before the latter should rouse up and come to a knowledge of what had taken place and begin the pursuit. That Edward would follow him, with murder in his crazed brain, Albert never for a moment doubted, therefore it was that he rode east after leaving the house until he

came to a road little traveled going to the north. It was little more than a country road, infrequently traveled, which would most likely end at a gate into some field. But he did not care. He could hide his tracks better there than in a well-traveled highway, so reining his horse on to the dead grass at the side he flew on like the wind in the cutting cold. Coming into some open country he turned to the south, thus passing many miles east of Nauvoo before striking out boldly for the river in a bee-line through the woods. It would have puzzled the keenest Apache Indian that ever nosed a trail to have followed him, much more the stupefied man he left snoring in the hay, dead to everything about him.

Albert, shrewd and wily as the most accomplished criminal, felt the necessity of getting to the river, where Nell Brown would meet him, as expeditiously and secretly as possible, without leaving the faintest trace of his flight, for in his rage at losing Janie, Edward would not hesitate to go to the officers of the law with the whole story. So far he had been dealing with Edward Baker drunk, from now on it would be with any number of keen-eyed officers, sober. The river must be reached and crossed at the earliest possible moment. Shifting the bundle on to the other arm he thrust the spurs into his tired horse's flanks. The noble animal, though almost winded by his long run, responded heroically. Then he reined him suddenly to a walk. A new obstacle blanched his cheek. Nell would not be there to meet him. He had been away from Keokuk less than eight hours, and she would not come over until the evening of the day that was only then

breaking faintly in the east. What could he do with all those fatal hours? Edward could leave Nauvoo at noon with officers and cut him off at the river. He thought like a whirlwind for several minutes.

"I'm in a hole, sure," he muttered. "If I try to go over everybody will see this bundle and wonder what it is, and if I stay for Nell that drunken pill will be on to me. I'll have to kill him I expect, as good a young man as he is, or drop all I've gained and fly. I don't like flying,—been doing a power of it lately, too." He smiled.

"I was too fast shaking hands with myself over my good fortune," he continued, riding along in a walk. "Things that come too easy are never worth much. I never congratulated myself on finding an extra fine blackberry that I didn't get a thorn in my finger. But I'll not cross any bridges until I get to 'em. There'll be some way to get out, the devil takes care of his own. Trip along, beauty, we'll get to the river any way, and then we'll take things as they come."

Working his hand into the little scared face, that had been silent for some time, he looked into Janie's eyes and smiled. "Hello! wide awake, little one, and enjoying the ride? I thought you were asleep. It's about getting up time, and you've got nothing to put on. Pretty pickle we're in, out here with a young lady in her night-clothes, cold as blazes, and nothing to eat. Hungry?"

Janie was not afraid of him, now it was getting light and she could see his face. She snuggled closer to him and shook her little head.

"Cold?"

Again she shook her head.

"I'm going to take you to your mama. Just be quiet, don't say a word, and we'll soon be there. She'll fix up something to put on. We'll get into a wagon with a cover on where it will be snug as a bug in a rug, that is if you don't cry. If you go to howling, why, I'll just drop you in the road and let the cows eat you. I see, there's no cry in those pretty bright eyes, is there?" He put his face down close to hers, and gave her a big squeeze.

Coming to a secluded farm-house, out of whose mud and stick chimney the smoke was curling from an inviting fire, he rode up into a thicket of bushes, hitched the horse, laid Janie on the ground with the warning to be very quiet, and went in quest of food. Returning presently he built a fire, took the saddle from his tired horse and sat Janie up against it before the fire well wrapped in the quilts. She watched every move he made with keen interest. Then he brought a good feed of corn from the neighboring field for the horse and sat down before the fire to enjoy the food he had brought tied up in his handkerchief. It was not much, or very tempting, only some meat and bread thrown together in a muss. Janie, poor child, sick and buffeted by cruel fate from pillar to post, had no appetite, but she looked on with vague, wondering eyes without understanding. Since she was stolen from her grand mother, her life had been a whirling panorama of strange scenes and faces, all hopelessly mixed in her childish mind. There were few things in her former life that remained fastened in her memory. A long porch, a big river, a sea of houses, a boat and Mrs. Morgan, were about all she remembered. Even these were in such utter confusion that she

was already confounding her grand mother with Mrs. Morgan. But this scene, as she sat on the ground in the bushes, wrapped in a big quilt, and a strange man eating ravenously as a wolf before her, could never be forgotten. He was talking to her with his mouth full and the horse was crunching the corn near at hand, both seeing how fast they could eat.

After finishing every morsel of food in the handkerchief, Albert gathered a lot of dry wood for the fire, and then threw himself on the ground, resting his head on the saddle at her side. In this way the cold, dreary hours of the day were spent.

Late in the afternoon he saddled up and struck off through the woods, avoiding as best he could any road or path in which he was likely to meet any one. It was almost dark when they came out of the woods abruptly on the river. Over to one side, a hundred yards from the road, was a light covered wagon and Nell Brown standing beside it. Albert almost uttered a cry of joy at seeing them.

"Nell, you're a jewel, polished to a finish," he cried, riding up and handing her the bundle. "By George I never was so glad to see any one in my life. I've been laying out here in the bottom all day with this child, in the brush like a hunted criminal, cold, hungry and sleepy. Have you seen anything of Ed, or of any other strange fellows, nosing around like meat axes, seeking whom they might devour? No? Well, he's had plenty of time to get here, peach the whole job and nail us. You see I got the kid ten minutes after I got there, and then started right back. I knew you wouldn't be here, so I had to kill time in the brush, with one eye open for intruders, and so tired and sleepy

I couldn't hold my eyes open. I wouldn't go through it again for ten times what we'll get out of it."

"With a full stomach and a good night's rest you'll see the world and the future through a rosier pair of spectacles. But I didn't look for you so soon, came mighty near not coming over until tomorrow. Haven't been here two hours. You made a hurricane of a trip. Why, the poor little dear is barefooted and in her night dress!" she cried, unrolling the quilt from about the child.

Janie smiled up into the face of the woman she recognized as having been kind to her on some former time in her eventful life, without the least idea of when she had ever seen her. But she was a woman, and her face was kind.

"You must have stolen her out of bed."

"Not exactly, but out of Ed's arms a few moments after he dragged her out of bed. But I can't go into details now. I'm hungry enough to eat rubber boots, and sleepy enough to go to sleep standing on my head. Everything so far has worked out to order, but there's time to go into that later on. It's the future we're up against now."

"Don't get hysterical over the future. It'll work out the same way. There's plenty to eat in the wagon. Get in there and fill yourself, and then curl up out of sight, while I fix something to put on this poor child. In the morning we'll don our disguises and get out of here."

"That's the stuff. I may not know very much, but I know one thing, or at least I think I do, and that is the sooner we get out of here the quicker. Ed'll be along here, red-eyed and ugly, before

many hours, if he is not already laying for me at the ferry," bolting his food in unchewed mouthfuls. "I can't help it, but somehow I feel ticklish about this business. It's out of my line. If it was a horse or a nigger, I'd feel more at home."

"You'll feel differently in the morning," said Nell, tearing up one of her dresses to make a slip for Janie. "A tired body and an empty stomach are good breeders of cowardice."

"A coward! It's that you take me for. I'm not much of a coward, Nell,—but—I don't want to be pinched."

"Nor I, and I'm as deep in the thing as you. Never give up till you have to. We're not going to be pinched. Let's fix up for the night, and talk about something else."

A blanket was tucked around the front bow, closing in the only opening to the wagon, and with a lantern suspended from the ridge-poll, the interior presented a light and cosy appearance. The air was sharp outside, but in the wagon it was comfortably warm. Janie was soon asleep, exhausted as she was from her recent uncomfortable ride, and the two schemers sat there and discussed their plans far into the night.

Early the next morning the gray wig and whiskers were put on, after the black hair had been cut closely to Albert's head, giving him a perfect disguise. His most intimate friend could not have recognized him. When Janie woke up she could not be made to understand who it was, but looked at him with big wondering eyes in which there was much fear. She clung closely to Nell, screaming with genuine alarm when the strange old man tried to make up with her. This greatly pleased

Albert as to the completeness of his disguise, yet he felt awkward and nervous in spite of himself.

"Of course, all she sees is the white hair and long whiskers," he said to Nell. "She don't know enough to look for wrinkles about the eyes, and all those things that go to make up an old codger of my apparent age. There are others who would not be so blind."

"There it goes again, the same old fear. If the devil came to gather in his own you'd escape, looking as you do now. No one would ever think to question your age. Let us get out of here. Just go right along and attend to your business, and all the detectives in two states will never suspect you."

Albert grinned and slyly winked one eye. All this assurance was very well, but it came from inexperience. He knew a great deal better. He had not been in the dodging business for three years for nothing. Old men could not be made out of young ones, with a few gray hairs and a pair of long whiskers. They might fool women and little girls, but a detective who knew his business would spot him in a moment. There was a little too much of it, the disguise was overdone, but he bent over in the front of the wagon and made for the ferry. Not a soul was on that side of the river, he breathed easier. A couple of wagons drove off of the boat and he drove on. Nell and Janie were huddled in the back end, covered with blankets. As they approached the Iowa shore his heart beat fast, but no one was there waiting for the boat. "Not a man in sight—we're sailing like daisies so far," he whispered over his shoulder.

Cutting the horses with the whip, he dashed from

the boat and up the bank. "Don't get in too big a hurry," cautioned Nell. "Light up your old pipe, and take it easy. Gaze at everything like a country jake, and let the horses take their time. When you come to that little store out there we'll stop and buy some clothing for Janie."

"Nell, you're all right, a born dodger. I thought I knew it all, but I find I can learn. A cool head and long whiskers are wonderful things, but not half so wonderful as a keen woman's wits. Whoa, plugs, here's the store. You go in, the rheumatiz has got me so drated bad in the leg that I can't move."

"Poor old man," laughed Nell, climbing out of the wagon.

Nell was in the store an annoyingly long time, but the old man sat in the wagon and smoked his pipe, gazing at the passing people in a truly rustic manner. He was in no hurry, apparently, and attracted no attention from any one. The conviction grew upon him that he was perfectly secure behind his whiskers. Pretty soon Nell came out, accompanied by the clerk, with two big bundles and a lot of provisions. These were stored away in the wagon and Nell climbed in.

"You're my father, and Janie's my child," said she, authoratively. "Ain't you, my little one," straining the child to her breast. Janie laughed, and looked with childish love and confidence into the face of this woman who had a warm and generous heart, even if she was an outcast.

"Pretty fine old man, I am," chuckled Albert, stroking his wealth of gray whiskers. "I'm going out west, me and my widowed daughter, to grow

up with the country. Things must be planted before they can grow, and I'm about old enough to plant."

"When we get to my sister's we'll change it again."

"Yes, when we get there. That's well put. May have to take a season of bleaching lessons before we get there, in some hospitable jail or the penitentiary. But what'll the new part be when we get there, Nell?"

"Why, the wig and whiskers will come off, and you'll be my husband, of course."

"That's something to look forward to. I'll be glad enough to make the trade, and I'll make you a good and dutiful husband. But there's lots of miles between us and that time, and a lot of winter besides. It's getting colder every day. The next thing will be a big snow, and then we'll be up against it sure enough. With zero weather and three feet of snow, brass monkeys would freeze to death in this wagon. The old man would not last long under those circumstances. The rheumatiz is in one leg now, it would grab him all over then."

So they laughed and talked as they crept slowly along. The most imminent danger had been passed safely, and Albert was in good spirits. At noon the horses were fed, and dinner cooked over a fire by the road-side and eaten in the wagon. At night the big thick blanket was hung up to shut out the cold and the dark, making the quaint little canvas home cosy and attractive. Janie was delighted. She laughed and clapped her little hands together in childish glee. The fever had left her and she was

growing strong again. She flung her arms about Nell's neck and kissed her.

"Ah, you're a sweet child, kiss me again. I feel like a different woman with your arms round my neck—"

"Don't feel like a rope?" drawled Albert.

"— and your sweet, innocent lips to mine," Nell finished, unheeding the interruption.

"You're growing sentimental, Nell. The next thing I know you'll be handing me over to the police and turning Christian. Too much of that sort of thing will never do for horse thieves and kidnapers."

"I love the dear little thing, and I'm glad of it. If, through her sweet influence, I should be made a better woman I'd be glad of that, and you ought to be, too."

Albert swung his head. "You're as good a woman as the best, but there's certain kinds of talk that don't go well with certain kinds of undertakings. A man can't steal horses and be a Christian, no more than he can sell dry goods and tell the truth. I've found that out. Don't get too good all at once or you 'll spoil our plans."

"Don't worry, old Seriousness. I planned the whole thing and will carry out my part. I'm in it for all there is in sight, good or bad, and if the police gets one they'll get the other."

"That's the racket. Ah, Nell, you're a proposition in peaches, the extreme limit, a saddle-horse with five gaits. I didn't doubt you, just cinched you a little tight to see you caper. But you mustn't get too good, it's dangerous, and it sort o' throws me out of gear. I like good people, can trot with

them first rate, but I never know what they're going to do. They're awfully tiresome. Real good ones, I mean, not make-believes like us."

"I think we're about as good as any of them. I'm no make-believe. What I am I am, and everybody knows it. I hide nothing, therefore I get full credit for all I do and all I am. If some of the good ones had their whole lives laid open like a book the world would be aghast."

"So it would, Nell. There's a lot of horses that disappeared which would be charged up to me, if that was done, and my good name would suffer. I'm not in favor of that kind of book-making."

The wind switched to the northwest that night, blowing a gale. At daylight it was bitter cold.

"For sixty years I've noticed that it's always apt to be colder in the winter time, and that we have lots of wind in windy weather. It never fails." He sat crouched over the fire, boring the smoke out of his eyes with both fists. "I knew this whiffle was coming, could tell it by my rheumatiz. Ever since the rheumatiz grabbed me, nigh on to forty years ago, I've been a walking weather profit, and in all that time I never warmed before a campfire that I wasn't on the smoky side. These are things that it takes a lifetime to learn, but when you once learn 'em you never forget 'em."

Nell, her head tied up, and her skirts every moment blowing into the fire, was not in a mood to mix nonsense with the more serious business of cooking in the cold. She smiled, but with an averted face. Janie sat in the back end of the wagon, all bundled up, not venturing out where

Nell told her she would freeze to death in two minutes.

"When I was a good little boy at school, we used to read about life being real and earnest. That was nigh onto sixty years ago, and I reckon the fellow that wrote it was up against it hard and fast, with three of a kind to a full house, about like we are. Now that it's started in, you may look for nine feet of snow by tomorrow night. Then what'll we do?"

"The first thing we'll do will be to wait for the snow, and the next thing will be to tie up with some good farmer until it's all over, if it comes. We've got plenty of time and money enough to pay our way, so why worry?"

"I'm not worrying, only making predictions and enjoying my venerable beauty and long whiskers. But I say, Nell, if we blow in somewhere, wouldn't it be a good plan to get young again all of a sudden. Get me in a stall and some fool would guess my age by looking at my teeth. I'm all right at a distance, but in close quarters I'd have to show my hand. Then the stuff would be off."

"Hook up and let's be off. We'll not stop until we have to. The weather may moderate, and if it does we can be there in four days more, or five at the outside."

"We'll have to shuffle along faster than we've been doing if we do. But here goes, if it takes a hundred days. My board's paid, I'm out of danger, and I'd just as soon put in the winter as not."

Towards noon the wind went down, and the

sun peeped out from between the threatening clouds warm and pleasant.

"I think it's better to camp as far away from the road as possible," said Albert, turning out into an open space in the woods at noon. "These inquisitive natives are great guys to hang around a camp and ask questions. If we stop close to the road they're more apt to come to us, and as we're not making this trip in our floating palace for our health, or to extend our acquaintance, the less we have to do with them the better."

"Little danger now, Albert. We're getting too far away, and then your disguise is simply perfect. I can scarcely imagine it's you, and Janie doesn't even know you yet."

"It's a great hardship, for one of my mental attainments, not to shine before my friends and the public, but I'd just as soon not be known for a while—"

"What's that old lumbering vehicle, with four horses?" asked Nell, directing Albert's attention to the road.

"That's the old Paris stage. And do you see that man looking at us?"

"I think he'll know us next time," laughed Nell, a little uneasily.

"Yes, and I think he knows us this time. Look at him, standing up and looking out. I don't like that a little bit. I think he's going to come over here. By George! if he makes a move like that, I'll take to the tall timber."

"'The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth,' quoted Nell, words she had heard her good old father use many times. "Perhaps he's a judge of good horses and wants to buy our team."

Albert jerked his head negatively several times, which was a way he had of expressing an entirely different opinion. "I'm glad he's gone, and gone in that direction. If that man was on ahead of us I'd feel mightily like crawling in a hole and pulling the hole in after me, horse buyer or whatever he is. I've had too much experience not to know what some things mean."

Before they had stopped discussing the peculiar actions of the strange man in the stage, two men came riding hurriedly along the road from the direction in which the stage had gone, and stopped abruptly in front of the camp. After exchanging a few words, they turned their horses and rode up.

"It's come to a show-down now, Nell, our bluff's called," said Albert, whisking around on the other side of the horses to be as much out of the scrutiny of these men as he could without exciting suspicion. Putting his hand on his trusty old navy revolver, he began brushing the horse with the other hand.

"Howdy," said one of the men to Nell, shifting himself in the saddle to rest his weight on one leg, as though he had ridden a long distance that day. "Looks like you might be traveling."

"Yes," replied Nell to the sage observation of the strangers, as indifferently as she could, at the same time taking Janie in her arms, the child snuggling close to her in instinctive fear.

"Beautiful child you have there."

Albert pricked up his ears at this, nearly rubbing the skin off of the horse in his agitation.

"All mothers think that of their children," smiled Nell.

"Come from the east part of the state?"

"No, we came from Illinois."

"Going to stop in Missouri?"

"Looks like we are," mentally replied Albert. "Going to stop down about Jefferson City, or wherever the pen is."

"Yes. My husband having died, father and I are going to live with relatives of ours in Ray county."

"Think you'll find things pretty hot over there on the line. That would be the last place in the state I'd want to go to now."

"Is it that bad?" inquired Nell, innocently.

"Bad! it's worse than bad. I think they'll all kill each other over there before the summer's half gone. Your father's a spry old man for his age," observed the inquisitive stranger, who had been watching Albert currying the horses.

"Yes, he is," drawled Nell, proudly. "But he's not as old as he looks."

"No, I can see that." Then turning to Albert—"I was just passing a compliment on you, old man, for being so spry. You get around like a young buck."

"Some—sometimes," faltered Albert, his heart in his throat. "Then they's times I can scarcely git around with the rheumatiz in one laig and then in t'other," he piped, shrilly.

The man who had not opened his mouth said something to his companion in a low voice, and the two, singing out a cheery goodbye, rode away.

"My God, Nell, you can't tell me they wasn't onto my wig," said Albert, after he got command of his voice. "Did you see that sneer, when he

said I wasn't as old as I looked. We're goners. No use mincing the thing any longer."

"Ah, nonsense. His eyes were in an eclipse, if he thought he knew you from Adam's off ox. If they'd wanted us they'd have taken us and not gone away. Screw up your courage. It takes nerve and a bold front to be a successful outlaw. I'm not scared a bit, it's all right. They didn't see anything, it's all in your mind. Hitch up and let's go."



ENRY, though far from strong and in need of all the rest he could get, could not remain contented in one place long. Mr. Bronson was away from home, and the son, Rolla, the only child, was attending school in a neighboring city, leaving Mrs. Bronson alone. A drizzling rain kept him in the house, and dirgeful wind moaned round the eaves of the house, giving him a bad case of the fidgets. During the afternoon he spoke of the delightful traveling companion he had all the way up from Memphis, and how greatly he had become attached to him. Mrs. Bronson evinced much interest in the young man, Ben. Johnson, and insisted that the moment the weather cleared up that Henry take the buggy and fetch Mr. Johnson out for two or three days' visit. She had two reasons for insisting, one was Henry's noticeable restlessness, the other she did not disclose.

The following morning Henry took the buggy, and with Julia May, drove over to Lexington for Ben. When they returned Henry was greatly surprised to see Mrs. Bronson take Ben in her arms and kiss him as affectionately as a mother would a son, instead of acknowledging the formal intro-

duction as he thought she would of a friend of his whom he had brought to meet her. Turning to him, she said, laughing:

"It is quite a good joke, Henry. You thought you were bringing a stranger whom I had never seen. Why, his mother was my cousin, and Professor Johnson the dearest kinsman who ever sat at our board. Ben is the same as a son to me. If you men were not so secretive you would have known all this long before now, and seeing you did not I insisted upon you going in for him."

"I acknowledge the joke is on me," said Henry, smiling. "As intimate as we grew to be I did not tell him much about my purpose in coming to Lexington, beyond the fact that I was going to bring Julia May to an aunt of mine who lived near here. I didn't even tell him her name, and of course he didn't ask it."

"It was none of my affair," affirmed Ben. "I knew you would tell me all you wanted me to know, so I had no curiosity to go into it."

"That is the way with you men. You seem to take a special delight in holding back the very things that would excite a woman's keenest curiosity. Now, if I had been Ben, I would have made a thousand inquiries about this aunt, where she lived, what sort of a woman she was, her name, how many children she had, and what sort of a mother she would make for the little orphan, and all that. But he never asked a question about her, and you, of course, man like, never volunteered a single mite of information. It is good enough for you, Henry, and the joke is on you."

A more pleasant day and evening could not be

imagined than was spent by all, yet there was a leaden weight oppressing the heart of Henry. He felt that this inactivity was almost criminal on his part. There was no more delightful home in all Missouri to spend a week or two, but with all Henry could not content himself another hour. With him, to make up his mind was to act, so he decided to leave for home the following day. There would be no more boats down the river, as the season was closed, so he must resort to a private conveyance to take him to Paris, in Monroe county, where he could catch the regular mail stage for home. He could not be prevailed upon to remain longer. Bidding Mrs. Bronson an affectionate farewell, whom in those few hours he had grown to love almost next to his mother, he took little May in his arms and walked out into the yard alone. When he came back to the porch, where Ben awaited him, there were unshed tears in his eyes, and the child was nestling her face on his shoulder, crying.

Extending his hand to Ben he gripped it tightly a moment without raising his face, turned on his heel and walked away.

A short distance out of Paris he saw, camped near the road, an old gray-haired man, a young woman, and toddling child all bundled up near the fire. Just as they came into his vision the child ran to her mother, turned her sweet little face up to hers, saying something, and the three looked towards him. A sunny curl strayed waywardly from under the tight-fitting hood she wore. His whole attention was instantly riveted on this child, so much in size and appearance to Janie. He did

not see the old man and the mother after this first glance. Rising to his feet he bent far out of the stage, and was on the point of asking the driver to stop, that he might go over to the camp and see the child. Then he sat down again. It would only bring him fresh disappointment, for she could not be the one he was looking for. The trees by the roadside shut her from his view!

All the way home he thought of little else than the fair-haired one he had chanced to see by the wayside. "Why didn't I go over and see her? It would have taken but a few moments, and then all this annoying doubt would have been dispelled. Of course she was not my little one, but how like her she looked! It might have been, though, who knows? How foolish I acted."

Henry found his parents well, but business almost at a standstill. In the minds of many, those whom the more hopeful stigmatised as alarmists, the die was cast between the north and the south. Abraham Lincoln was elected president, and in a very short time would be inaugurated, if not assassinated before he ever reached Washington. Even his assassination, said these who were called alarmists, would not prevent a clash, as the house was now divided against itself, irretrievably divided. Secession was rampant, the sole topic of discussion upon every hand. The slave states were going out of the Union, and if any effort was made to coerce them, there would be a bloody resistance. Mr. Martin, with the little help he had, could run the store, so Henry felt at liberty to devote his time to finding Janie. Poor Mrs. Williams, a mere skeleton, was living upon the one hope of finding Janie.

"As long as I'm satisfied she's alive I have hope of finding her," said Colonel Williams, who had scarcely had his clothes off for two months, as he himself expressed it. "In fact I know we'll find her, we can't help it. Bonney has gone on a hot trail into Illinois, which, he assured me when we parted in Keokuk two days ago, promises much."

"I'll follow him, and be in at the wind-up," said Henry. "I can't remain here idle."

He had gained very little in strength, and the weather had turned so ugly that all his friends protested against him going, but he was not shaken in his determination. Mounted on a good horse, the following morning he set out to find Bonney.

Crossing into Illinois he took the very same route, unwittingly, that Baker had taken with the child. The snow was deep and the weather bitter cold, yet he had been out only one day when he found two persons who had seen Baker with the child. This information made him forget his own weakness and every discomfort. He also soon found that he was in the enemy's country, so to speak, which taught him to be more guarded in his inquiries.

He was in a fever of excitement over his new discoveries, and was eager to go on, but night set in so cold and dark that he was compelled to seek shelter in the first house he came to. It was a ramshackle of a log cabin, uninviting in every outward aspect, but he rode up boldly to ask for a night's lodging. A woman came to the door, flooding the darkness without from a lamp on the table behind her. The interior of the cabin was plain, but inviting in its light and warmth.

"I can't keep you," she blurted out, eyeing him suspiciously from head to foot. "I'm all alone, and have no place to put you. But you can stop at the next house, east of here, if you're going that way."

"I'm going that way,—how far is it?"

"Quite a ways."

"A mile?"

"Oh, more than that,—six, may be more. I don't know just how far it is."

"Six miles!" he ejaculated, incredibly. "Six miles on a night like this. Why, my good woman, I can never find it on a night like this. I can put up with anything if you'll let me stay. I can lie down on the floor by the stove."

She looked into his thin face and hollow eyes with pity. "It's pretty hard to turn away a sick man a night like this, and you look like you were not strong, but sick men have no business traveling over the country in winter time."

"If you knew what had sent me out perhaps you would change your mind," he returned in a low voice.

"I don't make it a practice to keep anybody," she returned, bruskly, yet visibly touched by his appearance, and by what he had said. "But come in. I'm poor, and have nothing more than a shelter, a barn not good enough for horses, to offer you, and nothing that a sick man could eat."

There was a note of complaint, of bitterness, in her voice, the snappish tone of a neglected, dissatisfied woman, soured on the world.

After caring for his horse the best he could, he returned to the house, removed his great coat and warmed his thin hands before the fire. His reluct-

ant hostess had closed up like a clam, but shot stolen glances at him out of the corners of her eyes as she bustled about, preparing something for him to eat.

He told her his name his business, and where he lived, openly and frankly, with the purpose of drawing her into conversation, then spoke of his recent severe illness and hinted at as much as his present errand as seemed to him prudent, without eliciting as much as a grunt of response. As he proceeded he noted that she eyed him less suspiciously. A bond of sympathy was springing up between them.

"This is all I have to offer you," she said in a kindly voice, asking him to sit up to the little bare table and satisfy his hunger, "It's poor grub for a sick man used to better, but it will keep soul and body together."

He expressed his gratitude to this sad-eyed woman in middle life, who had evidently seen better days, and then fell to with a good appetite. There was only fat bacon and soggy corn pone in that wretched frontier home, where milk, eggs and coffee were utter strangers. But he ate that which was placed before him with a relish that seemed to please the poor woman. She no longer looked at him out of the corners of her eyes, and after the simple repast was over they sat before the fire and talked for an hour or more, he doing most of the talking.

Being worn out with the long ride and the cold, he asked permission to retire. Climbing into the loft, under the sloping clap-board roof on a rickety ladder, which he heard her remove as soon as he

had gone up, he found a bed tick filled with straw. Two thin quilts was his only covering, but nature was kind to him that night if circumstances were against him, and he soon sank into a profound and invigorating sleep which was unbroken until the fatal hour of two arrived. Then with a start he sat up in bed with all the old terror upon him. Shivering from head to foot, the cold sweat stood in beads on his forehead.

Hark! there were voices below. He listened. At first he could catch only a fragment of what was being said. A man was talking, growling like some beast.

"No matter, you had no business to keep him. How'd you know he's not one of Bonney's men; an' that's just what he is."

Then he heard the woman's voice in reply, without catching a word of what she said.

"Of course. They're up to all that. He worked on your sympathies, an' through the same womanish sympathies we'll all be nabbed. Pale or no pale, he's no business here. He'd paint his face an' fool you. It means trouble fer us, that's just what it means."

Two grunts of approval, and the moving of heavy feet on the floor told Henry that there were at least two more of the ruffians in the room below. He felt in his coat that was spread over him and drew out his pistol. It came to him in a flash that he was in the home of a den of horse thieves who were desperate enough to resort to anything. Some words that his hostess had let drop in their conversation recurred to him, confirming this belief.

"He didn't think we'd drop in on him," went on the man in a harsh whisper. "An' is hangin' round to see what he can find out from you."

"He's doing nothing of the kind," said the woman, in a voice loud enough to be distinctly heard. "He's a sick man who stopped here because he couldn't go any farther"——

"An' we'll see he don't go any farther."

"Jake Sells, you will not harm a hair of that man's head. You hear me?"

"You lay still, Selzie, an' keep your tongue in your mouth," hissed the man in a villainous whisper. "We'll fix him, an' the less noise you make about it the better for you."

"Well, you'll not. I'll alarm the whole country, and have all three of you hanged. You've always got a gang of cut-throats around you, and I don't propose to put up with it any longer. You let him alone or it will be the worse for you."

The man tip-toed across the room. "You make threats a little lower or I'll fix you first."

"I dare you to, you drunken thief. If you had done it before I was fool enough to marry you I'd been better off. Just fix me, and the sooner the better for me."

She spoke loud and excitedly.

"Come 'way, Jake," said one of the men. "The more you talk with her the worse she'll make it. We've got no time to lose. Whoever he is he's hearing everything that's being said. Come on."

After a few minutes of whispering the three men left the house, pulling the rickety door to behind them. Henry sat up some time thinking they would return, but hearing nothing more of them

he lay down and fell asleep again. When he awoke the sun was shining in his face through a crack in the roof.

Mrs. Sells was up and had placed the ladder for him to descend. He went out to the shed and found that his horse was gone, a very inferior pony being left in its place. Hastening back to the house he told Mrs. Sells of his discovery, and also of overhearing the conversation in the night.

She evinced no surprise. "I talked loud to wake you. I was not afraid of what he would do to me, and I knew you could defend yourself against them."

"To be sure I could. I felt little fear of the result, as I was well armed and had every advantage. Only one at a time could have come up through that small hole, but I'm glad the taking of human life has been averted. I feel that it is all owing to you that such is the case. I can never repay you."

"I'm sorry you have lost your horse," turning the drift of his remarks. "But, as you know, I can't help it. I was sure they would take it when they left, but there was nothing I could do to prevent it. That man was once my husband, and, so far as the law goes, is yet, though he is a thief and an outlaw now."

They were sitting at the table. She laid down the bread she was eating; the thought of her past life and the present took her appetite. After a time she broke the silence.

"When I was a giddy girl Sells came into my life, well dressed and plausible. He was just the sort of a daring fellow to catch the fancy

of a young girl. My mother was opposed to him paying attentions to me, but I favored him. Then I ran away from home and married him. In all these long years of sorrow and poverty I have lived to regret it. We came west and a boy was born to us. As soon as he was old enough I sent him back to my parents, where he is going to school. I intend that he shall never know anything about his father, and I am now living in hopes that something may happen to free me from this man that I may go back and live with my boy."

The tears filled her eyes and ran down over her sallow cheeks.

"Why don't you go any way?" asked Henry, not knowing what else to say in his sympathy for this poor woman.

"I would but for the fear that he will follow me and upset the very hopes I have for my boy."

"My sympathy for you is much deeper than mere words can express. I had two aunts who did about the same thing, paying the penalty with a life of sorrow and penance. It may turn out yet that I can be of some service to you, and if such be the case I trust you will have no hesitancy in calling on me,"

After paying her many times the worth of the entertainment she had given him, he saddled up the worthless little pony and departed.

Riding into Nauvoo almost the first man he saw was Bonney, who had just come in from down the river, and his fallen feathers told the story of his failure.

"The game has slipped through my fingers," he said, as they met.

"I could see as much in your face," returned Henry, dejectedly.

"Getting an inkling of my game I came over here and found that Baker was at Mrs. Morgan's, and that he had the child with him. I went out there and located him, then coming back here I got a warrant for his arrest, and with the constable went for him. When we got there he had fled. He did not take the child. From all I can learn some one else took her away the night before we went after Baker, but who is the mystery? Mrs. Morgan gives me no information upon which I can hazard an intelligent guess."

Henry listened with ill-concealed impatience. He was losing confidence in Bonney. Bonney had too many irons in the fire to devote his attention to this particular matter as he should.

"I tore off down to Keokuk as soon as I was sure Baker was not here, or that is where I could put my hands on him, and from what I can pick up I feel sure that Albert Baker now has the child, and is somewhere not far away. I spent three days looking for him in Keokuk. And to complicate the thing I found that Nell Brown has disappeared also. I fix it up that she and Albert Baker are together somewhere, but where God only knows. Ed. has slipped entirely out of sight. But I am satisfied where he is, that is what company he is in. He is with Jake Sells and that gang, down in the bottoms south of here."

Henry started. That voice in the cabin last night came back to him. It was only a whisper,

but the tone was familiar. 'Come 'way, Jake, the more you talk to her the worse she'll make it.' That was Ed. Baker's voice. He could almost swear to it now. Bonney was right in that,—Ed. Baker was with Jake Sells.

"You remain here while I go out and see Mrs. Morgan," he said, abruptly, turning to his pony.

"Little good it will do you," said Bonney, indifferently. "She's as reticent as an Indian, and about as suspicious."

But Henry had a way, in his quiet easy manner, of ingratiating himself into the confidence of those with whom he came in contact. He found her suspicious and silent at first, but when he told her who he was and what he had come for her whole demeanor was instantly changed.

"Your little girl was here, and was brought here by Edward Baker, as you suppose, and palmed off as his dead sister's child. That he had stolen her from some one else never entered my mind. I believed what he told me, though he turned out to be a drunkard and a liar. I grew to love the little thing in the three weeks she was here. What has become of her I don't know. Edward has gone, too, and what has become of him I don't care. I have already told you what he told me the morning she was missing, which may be true and it may not. I have no way of knowing, but I am inclined to believe it. If I should learn anything more than we both know, I shall lose no time in communicating it to you."

With the warmest expressions of gratitude Henry went back to find Bonney.

"She has told me more in ten minutes than you

have found out in a week," he said to the detective.

"Most of which may be as far from the truth as much she told me," blurted out the detective.

"I doubt not a word she told me."

Bonney turned on his heel, muttering something about some people being "dead easy."

"It will be useless for you to stay here any longer," said Henry, a little out of patience. "There seems to be no positive clews to follow now."

"Perhaps not," smiled Bonney.

"I'm going home and stay there until I hear of something that promises success."

"And Micawber-like wait for something to turn up," sneered Bonney.

"Precisely."

"And never find your child."

"How much do I owe you, Mr. Bonney?" asked Henry in the same tone of voice, swallowing his resentment at the detective's sneers.

"You owe me nothing; I'm working for Colonel Williams."

"Good-day, Mr. Bonney," and Henry turned away.

“I T’S all in my mind that the jig’s up with us, is it?” said Albert, swinging his head, or jerking it, in that peculiar way of his, when he entertained a very positive opinion in the other direction. “Well, we’ll soon see what we’ll soon see. You can’t dispute that, my Nellie girl. and you won’t want to dispute the other when you realize that our little ball of yarn is all unwound and tangled like a sein.”

Nell was packing things in the wagon, going back and forth and talking to Janie, so she did not hear very much of what the old man was saying. But his movement, in getting the horses to the wagon, were anything but those of an old and decrepit man. If the strangers who had just departed could have been near they would have seen he was a very, very spry old man.

“And we’re the fish in the sein, regular open-mouthed suckers, caught in our own sein,” he went on, casting an occasional glance at Nell to see what effect his talk was having on her. She was not paying much attention to it, he observed, smiling to himself.

"Are you ready?" she asked, climbing into the wagon.

"No, mam, I'm redy's brother, considerably older than redy, and not a bit like him. And I'm not ready to go in the same direction those men went either. Now look here, girlie, dear, give an old patriarch time to spit out some wisdom and you'll learn a whole lot. Those two men came up here and got all the information they wanted. You told them where we were going. They could see we were making for the southwest, that is plain, by the tracks of our wagon coming into camp. We're the weasels they're hunting, so they've gone on ahead to let us walk into their trap in Paris. Like the farmer taking his hogs to market, makes them walk to the slaughter-house on their own legs. It's a mean trick all right, but that's what they're doing with us."

"Ah, tut, tut, Albert, hush your folly. I'm not frightened one bit," said Nell. "You see a ghost behind every bush. If they were officers looking for us they would have said so, and not gone away as they did. Push right ahead. The only thing that bothers me is a big snow storm."

Albert winked to himself, slyly. She was taking him seriously, but not very much disturbed. "She's true blue, and grit to the bottom," he mentally observed. "It takes more than mere talk to scare her."

"That's one of the things to be feared," he went on aloud. "If we hit the cops we miss the storm, and if we hit the storm he may miss the cops, that is if the storm comes along soon enough. One's sure to come, may be both. But

what in the devil and Tom Walker will we do with a big snow down in this God forsaken rebel country?"

"What will we do? Why, do what any other sensible, respectable couple would do. Snatch off your whiskers and put up with some good farmer. These people here are as good as any where in the world. When the roads get passable again, go on."

"That suits me, I wish the storm would come tonight."

"Well, I don't. I want to get through, and get our machinery to work on the money."

"In other words, you want to start up the mint."

"Call it what you please. I want to get to my sister's where I can have a delightful visit, spend a few weeks in quiet, and have the old Colonel at our feet with his bag of gold. I'm not freezing to death, cooking in the smoke and sleeping in an old cramped-up wagon for nothing, not I, with as good a home as I've got back in Keokuk. Nor do I want to stop with some pokey old farmer and his wife for a month or two, sit around the fire and have to listen to the hum-drum talk that one hears in such places. You might be able to stand it, but a month of it would drive me into the hysterics, I'm not used to it."

"I am, but if I wasn't I could get used to it in no time. I can get used to anything that comes along—but the cops. They're repulsive to me some way, don't understand it, but they are. But an old farmer's house, with a big fire-place, Katie and Nancy frying old ham and eggs and red gravy, the old man squirting tobacco juice into

the fire, while the old woman carries him down about every thing that goes wrong, and drives the dogs out of the house with the broom every time any one comes in,—now that's the stuff. You'd see me getting fat. I'd sit back and smoke, tell yarns, and dangle one leg across the other from morning till night. Of course I'd want you there, Nell, like a big red rose bush in a garden."

"I've been there, but I pray God I may never have to be there any more. It makes me sick to think about it."

"Don't like playing rose bush?"

"Not in the kind of a garden you've pictured."

"There's Paris," said Albert, pointing ahead, "and there we'll see our men, or else I'm badly mistaken. No way of going around the pesky place, but I'll tell you, Nell, we might scoot through the edges and give them the slip."

"No, we'll go through the very center of the place, as bold as lions, and then make for the river as fast as the horses can take us."

"If, you didn't put in the 'if.'"

"There's no 'if' in it."

"All right, here goes. The Mrs. General says go, and go we must. Some old punkin head has said to see Paris and then die. We'll see Paris and then pike off to the pen. About the same thing. Keep your eye peeled for the two men."

But nothing was seen of the two men who had called at their camp. Most likely they were only two farmers who were out looking for strayed or stolen horses, any way nothing more was seen of them, and Albert pretended to be greatly relieved.

That night the weather became decidedly more threatening and by morning a perfect blizzard of snow was blowing. They could not proceed. The very thing Nell had so much dreaded was now their only alternative. To go on was impossible, the mud was deep and the snow was deeper. Fires could not be made, and the poor horses stood shivering in the wind.

"We're up against it, Nell, fast and hard. Just as I told you. You see how faithfully my predictions are fulfilled. It's foolish to remain here another hour. We can't keep warm as it is, and it's getting colder every minute."

"Well, we can do the other thing, as bad as I hate it. Take off your disguise, get the rheumatism out of your legs, and go up to the house down yonder and see if they can accommodate us until we go on."

In less than an hour Albert was back. The farmer had a good house and a big barn. They could stay there until the weather permitted them to resume their journey.

The first week went along nicely enough, but the second one began to drag. Nell was growing impatient. Taking Albert to their room she laid before him the plans that had been maturing in her mind. As a result of their conference the following letter was prepared and sent to a friend of Nell's in Keokuk, to be mailed from there to Colonel Williams:

"DEAR COLONEL WILLIAMS:

"This is a business letter to a business man. It is mailed in Keokuk, as you will see, but the writer is not in Keokuk, and any effort on your part to find the writer, only in the way that is

indicated herein, will result in breaking short off any future negotiations, and result disastrously to you and the thing you have so much at heart. Remember this before you make a step.

"I have your little grandchild. She is well, and is being well cared for. The little thing is as happy as can be, growing right along, and I shall keep her until every means are exhausted to restore her to you for a certain consideration. What may occur after that you will have to be responsible for. Go about it right, and in two weeks she will be in your hands, go about it the other way and you may never see her again. Listen to your own reason and not to Bonney or some other smart Alec, for it requires only a small hole to bury a child in, or a little rock to sink her deep in the river.

"Here's the meat in the hickory nut: You have the money and I have the child. You want the child and I want the money. An exchange on the quiet is easily made, then we both get what we want. I want \$10,000. If you are ready to pay that sum all you have to do is to write to the address given, and the following arrangements will be made: I will have a friend, who will be an innocent party and a stranger to both of us, meet you on some night and at some point to be agreed upon, who will take the money and give you the child, you to agree not to make any effort to arrest the go-between. I will keep the child in my hands until the innocent party gives the signal that the money is all right, and that you are doing your part in good faith. Any treachery on your part will be punished by the

death of little Janie. We will have to trust to each other's honor a little.

"The party who will call for your letter is ignorant of what is going on, and if arrested the child will pay the penalty. Remember all this. Seal your answer to this in a plain envelope, place it in another one on which the address given below is to be written. A prompt reply will greatly oblige,

"Yours truly,

"John Smith,

"Keokuk, Iowa."

After the letter was started on its way Nell felt like something was doing, a hazard that promised much had been made, so she folded her hands and sat down to wait. The matter would be brought to a head very quickly after Colonel Williams got that letter. It meant business, he could see, anybody but some fool detective could see it, too.

Albert smoked and dangled one leg over the other, as he said he would like to, and winked to himself. "Nell's got a hen on now, but I'll not count any chickens until I hear the clink of the sure enough old yellow boys."

Ten days was ample time to get a letter to and from the Colonel, but two weeks went by and no reply came. But what was the use to fret, was Albert's argument. "We've been here a month now and the weather is worse than the day we pulled in like a wet dog out of a rain barrel. Stages can't run, everything's tied up just like we are. And then he'll want to study over it awhile. He'll want to talk with the Martins, call in Bag of Wind Bonney and see what he thinks

about it. He'll smell of the letter, tell the Colonel just where we're located. He's a primp guy, that Bonney knows more things that's not so than any man on the river. He'll tell the Colonel he can lay his hands right on us for half the money, sniff around in the air a little like a hound pup on his first run, and ten to one the Colonel will believe him."

"Bonney's a pretty shrewd fellow, Albert. Don't underrate him, for he makes you hide out all right."

"He does. eh? Well, I just make ducks and drakes out of the likes of him. I play with him like a jack rabbit with a blind poodle dog. He makes me hide out, does he? Well, I notice that I'm getting in my work all the time I'm hiding, and he's been at it for three years. Why, he couldn't find the Mississippi river in broad daylight."

Two more long weeks went by, and no reply to the letter. Nell began to despair. It was not as easy to drag ten thousand dollars out of Colonel Williams as she thought. But he may not have gotten the letter.

"Oh, he got it all right," returned Albert. "but it's that fellow Bonney."

In this Albert was right. The day the Colonel got the letter he set out to find Bonney. The latter read it and advised the Colonel to pay no attention to it. "They will write again, and in the meantime we will run onto them. It comes from Albert Baker and Nell Brown. They're in hiding not far from Keokuk, they've shown their hand, the child is all right, and we'll get them. Rest easy a few weeks and you'll get another

letter. I'll spot the 'John Smith' who calls for the reply, and find out who he is and where he lives."

So it was that another week went by and Nell Brown got no reply through her friend in Keokuk. By this time the roads had become passable and they made their way on to Ray county. Arriving at Mr. Ford's Nell introduced Albert as her husband, and Janie as the child of a very dear friend who had died leaving the little one to her care.

"I've abandoned all my old ways," said Nell to her sister in private a few hours after their arrival, noticing that her reception was not as cordial as it might have been, "and have married the son of very wealthy people. He will soon come into a big fortune."

Mrs. Ford had heard a good deal of the Bakers in north Missouri before her marriage, whose fame was not confined to the county in which they resided, but Nell hastened to assure her that Albert came of another family altogether.

Mrs. Ford's demeanor was changed. Nell was her baby sister, she had always loved her, and now she was grown into a beautiful woman who was making an honest effort to blot out the stain of the past. She would take her to her heart and assist her in every way she could.

The ensuing few weeks of the waning winter were filled with pleasure for Nell and her husband, who was so soon to come into an immense fortune. Mrs. Ford had, of course, told her neighbors, and in consequence Albert became quite a lion among them. But he was a northern man, and an abolitionist, and he had a long

tongue. It wagged indiscreetly, and thereby hangs a tale.

With the coming of spring came the ominous mutterings of discord and war. Every slave state in the Union would go out, and they would fight to stay out of a compact in which their rights were being trampled on. And a number of other states, two or three of which were north of 'Mason and Dixon's line, would pass the ordinances of secession, so said those in sympathy with the movement, and a majority of Mr. Ford's neighbors heartily concurred. This feeling on their part had been accentuated by the border troubles with the abolitionists across the line in Kansas. These people, having come largely from slave-holding states, and many of them holding slaves themselves, were filled with bitterness for the north. The geographical position of the state, her semi-southern people, and the further fact that she was a slave state, limited it is true to a certain line fixed by the compromise agreed upon at her admission into the Union, destined her to be the scene of some of the most bloody conflicts of the approaching war, and the theater of personal and sectional animosities equaled in no other section of the country.

The state convention that met in Jefferson City in February had just refused to accede to the eloquent pleadings of the commissioner from Georgia to pass an ordinance of secession and join the Confederacy, yet the state leaned strongly towards the south, led by Governor Jackson, who moved the seat of government to Neosho, and then fled south.

History of a momentous nature was being

made rapidly in those few weeks preceding and succeeding the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln.

Then the first shot of that dreadful struggle, that sounded around the world, was fired and Ft. Sumpter fell. The new president called for seventy-five thousand men, a mere handful as events soon proved, and the call was met by letters of marque and reprisal on the part of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy. Out from every southern port, as if created by magic, swept the sneaking privateers to prey like pirates upon the rich commerce of the north.

The torch of war, of rapine and assassination, gleamed from every hill-top in the grand old state of Missouri. Albert Baker had let a word or two drop. They had been carried from mouth to mouth, gaining as they went. All unconscious of the storm that was gathering to break upon his head, he put his two horses to Mr. Ford's buggy and drove over to town with Nell. They had not been gone two hours when a man rode up to the Ford house secretly to warn him. Calling Mr. Ford to one side he whispered it to him. A mob of twenty men were coming to lynch Baker, were then on the road.

Saddling a horse as quickly as he could, Mr. Ford started in mad pursuit to overtake and warn his kinsman. Meeting Nell and Albert coming out of town he motioned them to turn about, crying:

"Flee for your life, a mob is coming! Don't spare the horses, but fly from the country as fast as they can take you!"

"What have I done?" asked Albert, excitedly.

"No matter what you've done or haven't done,

the die is cast. It's no time to ask questions. I've come like the wind to tell you."

"But Janie—we must have her," cried Nell.

"You haven't got a minute to spare—we'll care for her until you can send for her."

Albert had the horses' heads turned in the direction that offered safety. He needed no further urging, the word mob had sent terror to his heart.

"If any letters come, send them to me unopened," shouted Nell as they separated, thinking more of the good reputation she had made, and its possible undoing by a letter from Colonel Williams in reply to one they had despatched from there, than of the danger that threatened Albert.

"It's something I've said about these damned southern fireeaters," said Albert, as they fairly flew along the road to the northeast. "I hope Old Abe will flog the tar out of them. You keep your eye back of us while I watch things in the front. If they catch us they're good ones. If you see them coming I'll leave you in the buggy and take to the woods. They won't hurt you, and once in the woods they'll never find me."

But the mob of angry men did not follow him. Going to the Ford house, and finding him away, the members dispersed to await his return from town.

By nightfall Albert had put many miles between him and the infuriated men who thirsted for his gore. Bands of armed men, reckless and inflamed by passion were encountered, rallying to Gen. Price's standard at Booneville, but the

wily adventurers escaped safely across the line into Iowa.

Arriving at Keokuk the streets were found to be seething with excited people, bands playing, flags flying, and men marching and counter-marching in inextricable confusion. To add to the general alarm, reports were coming in almost hourly that the rebels across the line were forming to fall upon the town and massacre the people.

Almost the first man Albert met, whom he knew, was Jake Sells of the "River Bottom Rangers," all round tough, dead beat and horse thief, who was strutting around in a captain's uniform.

The reader met the redoubtable captain the night he wanted to murder Henry Martin in his cabin in the Mississippi river bottom, and doubtless would have made the attempt but for his wife.

"Hello, captain, where are the boys?" asked Albert, extending his hand.

"Bill Anderson and Dick Poindexter, the two best men in the gang, have gone over to the secesh. I tell you, they're the worst men against us, specially Anderson. He's worth any five men in the world. They're with Price, and if we ever meet them it will be a fight to the death. Both being young I had some control over them when they were with me, but that day's past."

"Seen anything of Ed?"

"Why, man, you're ancient. Where you been? Ed's my first lieutenant. Got the crack company of the state, and no mistake. Come join us. First sargeant's the best thing left, but I'll give you that. Go right up to headquarters and be sworn

in, and then you're free. No one can touch you. Things were getting hot for me before this thing came up. Tell you it's a Godsend. I'm all right though now. I can snap my fingers in Bonney's face, and if he knows what's good for his hide he'll make himself scarce."

"It's a go, captain. Been pushed a little myself the last few days."


A half block up the street he came face to face with Edward, strutting like a turkey gobbler in a new uniform. Albert was a little nervous in anticipation of this inevitable meeting, but he had not counted upon everything in the past having been swallowed up in the feverish excitement of the present. He expected trouble, and was prepared for it, so his surprise may better be imagined than expressed, when Edward met him with a smile, saying:

"Hello, there, Al., you sneaking thief, what have you done with the little tow-head?"

"Keep mum, Ed., she's all right. No one can molest us now, and if those bloody rebels get her they'll have to come up with the coin, and it'll take ten thousand to get her, you hear me, and we'll divvy."

"That sounds to me," sang Edward, wagging his head incredulously. "But I'll tell you, my pretty cousin, I put the job on its pins, and if you get anything out of it and play me false, you'll live just long enough to regret it."

Albert laughed.

 LEAVING Bonney where he stood in the road, Henry sought food and shelter for the night, and the following morning turned his face sadly homeward. That hope that springs eternal in the human breast, lay dead within him. He had done everything that lay within his feeble power to find his child, only to meet with utter failure, to have the fates laugh in his face. Nothing but sorrow, one upon another, and disappointment had been his lot, until every incentive to struggle on was blotted out. Like a man in utter darkness, he knew not which way to turn. He had split with Bonney, upon whom and whose rare judgment he had so confidently leaned. But Bonney had accomplished nothing, he told himself over and over, yet he had leaned upon him, had great confidence in his ability. That prop was knocked from under him. The devil peeped into his soul, grinning, hideous, in the shape of the same old tempter.

“How long will you live and still know nothing? Have you lost the power to reason? Do you not see that you are tied to a stake, tethered to one little circumscribed spot? Have you not

gone to the end of your tether in every direction?"

He listened. Every word was true. As much as he is maligned the devil can speak truth when it best suits his purposes.

The old rebellious feelings welled up in him like anger, sudden and fierce. He stretched forth his arms to break the fetters that bound him, giving way, momentarily, to the onrush of his evil passions. His arms fell to his side, his chin sank lower and lower until it rested on his breast. He thought of those lines he had heard his mother sing with such abiding faith,

"It may be far, it may be near—
There is some hope, there is some fear."

"Yes, it may be far, it has been far," he said to himself, dropping the bridle-reins on the horse's neck, "and it may be a long ways to the end, but long or short nothing I can do it seems, can shorten it. The hand of God is in it, I will wait."

Slowly, unmindful of time or the blinding snow, he rode along immersed in his own bitter thoughts.

Arriving at Quincy he found the river blocked with ice and too dangerous to cross, until an opening or passage-way was made. That would take two days, so he concluded to remain in the town and pass the time as best he could. Passing along the street the next morning he saw a woman apparently in great distress, crying and telling her troubles to a policeman. Going near he caught a glimpse of her face. It was Mrs. Sells, with whom he had stayed over night in her desolate cabin in the bottoms less than a week before. He stopped

to hear what she was saying without making himself known to her. She had fled from her unhappy home only the day before, and had got that far on the way to her people in New York. Having very little money she had gone to a cheap boarding-house to pass the night, and while there had been robbed of every cent she had.

Stepping up he touched her on the arm. "Mrs. Sells, come with me. I have heard what you were saying, and know what has happened to you." Then turning to the officer he said: "I know this woman. She was very kind to me only a few days ago, and I will see that she is cared for and is sent on to her home."

"Thank God, it is you, Mr. Martin. I never expected to see you again."

"No! I you, but you remember what I told you at parting, that if I could ever be of service to you I would take great pleasure in repaying you for all you had done for me. That time has unexpectedly and quickly come."

He gave her the money to continue her journey in comfort, much more in fact than she had lost, and accompanied her to the train, seeing her safely off.

"I will return this money to you as soon as I get home," she said, tears of gratitude filling her eyes, and she was as good as her word. In less than a month he received a draft for the full amount, accompanied by a letter from her son, Harold Sells, thanking Henry for the kindness he had shown to his mother in her great distress.

When Henry got back to Palmyra it was not the old home any more. The people of the town were at dagger's point with each other, even

brother with brother, the excitement being intense. There was no business, the store was running at loose ends with incompetent help, and Mr. Martin was at home sick in bed. Henry set matters to right as best he could, and then rode out to Colonel Williams' to shake off the blues that oppressed him. But there he found everything decidedly more gloomy. Mrs. Williams was unable to leave her room, and the once genial Colonel, so buoyant and sanguine, was bent under the weight of accumulating sorrows and misfortunes. Once wealthy, he was now going into the decline of life, reduced to comparative poverty. His wealth was almost entirely in slaves, which at that time had no market value. His mental condition was indeed pitiable. The big rooms once so bright and attractive, were dark and cold, echoing every ghostly foot-fall. It was even more desolate than his own home.

He could not remain there. Riding back by Fanny's grave, which was banked high with snow, he hurried to the store to find that his father was worse. Two days later Thomas Martin passed away. Henry felt like a captive bird, beating its wings fruitlessly against the bars of its cage. The whole neighborhood had grown to be distasteful to his sight. When he cast his eyes in one direction, there was the river in which George Williams, the only true friend he ever had, was drowned. Down the street was the house from which the stark remains of his father had just been carried to their last resting place. Out a little ways from town was the white-stoned cemetery in which his heart and ambition lay buried under the drifting snow. And now his dear old mother, in

her trappings of woe, sat widowed in the chimney-corner of her desolate home. A human upheaval was at the door, parading the streets, fanning into flame the murderous passions of men, of which no man could see the end.

His two brothers had married and settled down in California. They wanted their mother to come and pass her few remaining days with them. What he could he would sell, the balance he would give away, and go with his mother to California. No, he could not go without first finding his lost child, but he would dispose of everything that had a market value, and send his mother to his brothers. This he did.

When the last property tie that bound him to Palmyra was severed he bethought himself of Ben Johnson, little Julia May and Mrs. Bronson. There was a home where he could hide himself and his sorrows, and thither he went.

Lexington presented a scene of utter confusion. The sound of the hammer was stilled by the clank of the saber. Horsemen were galloping to and fro excitedly. Ft. Sumpter had fallen, and the people rejoiced. The new rebel colors fluttered gaily from many windows.

Never did a homeless wanderer appreciate more keenly words of welcome than did Henry, when Mrs. Bronson met him at the door and told him her home was his home, and then little May, with a scream of childish delight, sprang into his arms. Then came Rolla Bronson, a tall and spiritual looking young man, who was just home for the summer vacation from his theological studies, to take him by the hand and bid him thrice welcome. A few moments later Ben

Johnson rode up. If Henry could have expressed in words his appreciation of the reception he had just received, the same would have applied to that extended to him by Ben. It would all remain a sacred memory as long as life lasted. When he saw the mortal remains of George Williams lowered into the grave he felt that the friendship there severed could never be enjoyed again, but he now realized that he was mistaken.

Henry was transplanted into a new existence which grew upon him by degrees, and as it grew he found less time to indulge his morbid thoughts. He began for the first time since Fanny's death to feel that there was still something in life to live for. Like some ship-wrecked mariner, buffeted by storms and waves until all hope had died within him, he was suddenly, by some miraculous power, wafted into port. Without the waters rolled high and the wild winds shrieked, within there was peace, harmony and love.

Young Bronson was a delightful conversationalist, with a broad and luminous mind. He spent pleasurable hours with him every day in his den with his books, discussing religious and moral problems, and when he was not there he was out romping with little Julia May, or wandering alone through the pastures and woodlands as he and Fanny had done.

The peace and love in this one sacred spot was in sharp contrast to the doings of men about it. The state was fast becoming one vast military camp. In the central and western parts the Confederates were recruiting and drilling their raw troops, while in the border towns and

cities the Union forces were doing the same. In every locality the lines between the two elements that were soon to come into deadly conflict, were being more tightly drawn. Families were divided, brother arrayed against brother, and father against son. Spies were abroad upon every hand, and one was at a loss to know if the stranger who came to one's door was friend or foe. Many of those who did not want to take sides were at a loss to know what to do. Among them were those who had all their friends and kinspeople in the south, while at heart they were strong Union men. It seems paradoxical to say that a man could be a Unionist and still sympathise with the rebel cause, yet such was the case in scores of instances in every neighborhood. Ben Johnson was one of these. He was at heart an uncompromising Union man, yet so far in the struggle he had kept his own counsel. He was set down by those who knew his southern extraction to be on that side, though he had never declared himself even to his most intimate friends.

"I am here this evening," he said, leading Henry to a secluded spot, two weeks later, "to acquaint you with the decision I have come to. Not that it is a recent thing, but the time having come to act upon it, I came out to break it to you first. I am, as you know, a southerner born and bred, but I abhor slavery. I cannot find it in my heart to blame my people who hold slave property to take up arms in its defense, but I cannot do it with them. I dread the horrors of war, but they are upon us. The die is cast, the struggle is inevitable, the country must be all slave or all

free. I know it must be all free. There is no half-way point, so I am going to cast my lot with the Union."

"Something has told me this all the time, in spite of the fact that you are a southern man, therefore I am not surprised. If I should take sides I would be compelled to go with the Union."

"I know you would, although I have never heard you express yourself before. I am going early in the morning, so I have come to tell you farewell. I somehow have a presentiment that I will never see you again, but that, I fancy, is a feeling every one has who goes to war. But however it may be ordained I feel that my soul has been exalted by your friendship. I must see Mrs. Bronson and sweet little May a moment," saying which he dropped Henry's hand and hurried away, not waiting to hear a word he was saying.

"The hardest part of my task is done," he said to Mrs. Bronson and Rolla. "I parted with Henry first. I have learned to love him as a brother, yea more, if that be possible. His is a sad but noble life. He will never enter either army. While he is not a Quaker, he has many of their peculiarities—a southern man opposed to slavery, a Union man opposed to the prosecution of the war; an Arminian-Calvanist in religion, holding to much in both creeds. As I see it there seems to be a point at which the circle will not complete itself, and yet no man has stronger religious convictions. A more lovable man it has never been my lot to meet."

Picking up little May he kissed her and was

away. His abrupt departure cast a gloom over them all, Henry especially, who walked the orchard road, his face to the ground and his hands locked behind him, until darkness drove him in.

But a few days later his heart was made glad by a letter from Colonel Williams. "Our long search is now ended," were the first words he read. "I would have posted off at once but for the illness of Mrs. Williams, and not have lost the time it will take to get this letter to you, saying nothing of the chances it must run of being lost in these troublous times. But you might have thought this was selfish in me in not notifying you the very first thing, so I send you Nell Brown's letter—"

He broke short off at this point and began to devour the letter from Nell Brown, which ran as follows:

"DEAR COLONEL WILLIAMS:—I have had a change of heart, and it shall be my constant effort from this time on to try to undo the many wrongs I have committed in the past. The first and perhaps greatest was done against you. It may not be of interest to you to know it, but I am now at home with my good father and mother. The day I left Keokuk I saw the old captain who came out to my house with you that time, and he told me of the heavy afflictions that had fallen on you and upon Henry Martin, the father of that dear child. Her innocent love for me was the first cause of my change of heart, and then I had trouble with Albert, who went away to the army. But I'll not go into that.

"It was through my scheming to get money out of you that Janie was stolen from Ed. Baker at

Nauvoo, and it was I who wrote you two letters signed John Smith, to neither of which you made any reply. I know you will not prosecute me now, for I write this to undo what I've done. Janie is with my sister, Mrs. Ford, in Ray county, six miles west of Georgeville. She is in good hands, and has been well treated. You will have no trouble finding the Fords, and there you will find little Janie. With the earnest hope that she will soon be with her grandparents and father, and that this letter will atone, in some slight manner, for the wrong I have done you, I beg to remain,

"Yours truly,
"Nell Brown."

Hurrying into the next room he thrust the letter into Mrs. Bronson's hand, a fervent thank God trembling on his lips. The day was far gone, but he could not wait a moment. Selecting the best horse in the stable he was in the saddle twenty minutes after reading the letter, riding like the wind for Ray county. At daylight he reached Georgeville, near which the Fords lived. There he refreshed himself and his tired horse, and prepared himself for the meeting with his long lost child.

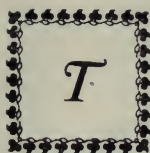
His state of mind can better be imagined than depicted, when he rode up to the house where the Fords had lived and found it vacant. His heart died within him. Reeling in the saddle, he slid to the ground rather than dismounted, and sat there in a semi-stupor for an hour. Then he bethought himself that possibly they had moved to some other part of the neighborhood. Springing into

the saddle he galloped feverishly to the nearest farm-house, where he learned that the Fords had fitted up a covered wagon, sold off all they had, and started to Salt Lake.

"They were Latter Day Saints," his informant told him, "and had been talking for some time of going out there to live. And then he had a brother-in-law come out here who was an abolitionist, and he did some talking that was not liked very well. A lot of men got together to hang him, and Mr. Ford took it upon himself to warn him so they did not get him. After that it got too hot for Mr. Ford, so he got out. I don't express no opinion either way, but it was a good thing for him that he went when he did, for the very devil was in these men."

Henry rode away, he had heard enough. Fate seemed to hold out to him the hand of hope, only to withdraw it at the very moment of realization. Many a man has had the pleasure of looking back upon the failure of some cherished plan, upon which he had set his heart, as the turning point in his favor. The defeat proved a victory, the failure a blessing. But where, to Henry Martin, was the least shred of consolation? Men are sometimes, against their most strenuous efforts, placed in the paths that take them up to the heights of usefulness and fame, but not a rift in the black cloud of disappointment was visible to Henry Martin's eyes. Had not Dante been banished from Florence the *Divine Comedy* would never have been written. But in many of these cases success came soothingly near on the heels of failure. Not so in this man's case.

Sorrow after sorrow and disappointment after disappointment had been his lot, until they had crushed him into the ground. Though he cried out from the dust wherein he lay, the old Adam nature was not yet broken.



HE Notorious Capt. Sells and his company, including the equally notorious Bakers, were mustered into the service and hurried to the front. They had a little taste of war in St. Louis, where Gen. Lyon dispersed the Missourians at Camp Jackson, but that only whetted their adventurous dispositions for some of the real thing. This they soon had. Being placed in Gen. Franz Sigel's command they went to the southwest, and at Carthage ran into a bunch of Confederates that gave them quite a brush. It was a little war in real earnest, but they were fortunate to come out unscathed. Then came the memorable battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, where Gen. Lyon was killed. The flower of Missouri's young manhood, beardless boys from the store, the manufactory, the school, scores of them, gave up their lives on this sanguinary field. They were chiefly from northeast Missouri, many of them on both sides known to the Bakers.

The battle was lost to the Union forces, and but for the Fabian tactics of Gen. Sigel in his masterly retreat, the defeat would have been turned into a disastrous rout. It was during this

retreat that the expression, which soon spread throughout the army, was coined, "You fights mit Sigel, you drinks mit me."

For personal bravery on the field of battle Capt. Sells was promoted to a colonelcy, thus, after many vicious years of outlawry, he began to atone for his misspent life by fighting his country's battles bravely. The two Baker boys, especially Albert, distinguished themselves in this battle, being publicly complimented by their colonel.

Immediately after the battle they were transferred, with their colonel, to the command of Gen. Grant, where they took part in the operations around Vicksburg.

After retreating into Arkansas, Gen. Price reentered Missouri and moved north towards Lexington, which town soon fell into his hands. War in all its hideousness now surrounded the Bronson home. Bill Anderson and his desperate band of cut-throats swept over the state, leaving death and desolation behind them. No man's life was worth but little. Union sympathizers protected their Rebel neighbors when the Federal troops came along, and the Confederates returned the favor when the Rebels were in possession of the neighborhood. In this way many lives and much property were saved. Bushwhackers came in Federal uniforms, followed by Federals dressed in gray. Under these circumstances it was impossible for the citizen to know what to say. If he spoke out his real sentiments, or those favoring the uniform worn by his questioner, he was often robbed of every thing he possessed, or promptly shot down in his tracks. Only the survivors of those dreadful years can

know anything about the horrors of such a war.

While the Confederates were carrying everything before them south of the river, Jamison and his Jayhawkers were doing about the same thing north of the river. The Fords were at first regarded by their neighbors as Rebel sympathisers, but after the action of Mr. Ford in warning Albert Baker of his impending fate, he lost even the respect of the southern people, so when Jamison came along he was pointed out as the rankest rebel in the county by his enemies. The Jayhawkers spared his life for the very good reason that they could not find him, but they took everything he had that could be carried away, destroying much that was of no use to them. Fortunately for the Fords, they had quietly disposed of almost all their movable property in anticipation of the raid, all that had a market value, their horses, wagon and bedding having been removed to the barn-lot of a staunch Union neighbor the night before, who promised to save them for him.

Under cover of the night Ford stole back to his denuded home, got his wife, two children and little Janie, and a Miss Borgess, a school teacher who was boarding with them, and left the country. Miss Borgess had a Gentile sister living in Salt Lake City, and at the last moment decided to accompany them, as any place was better than Ray county during the war that was being waged by first one side and then the other. If, by hook or crook, they escaped the Union Bushwhackers, they would fall a prey to the Rebel bushwhackers the next day. There was no choice, it was as broad as it was long. No one could tell what a day would bring forth. Miss Borgess had no home or friends to go

to, she had become greatly attached to Janie in the few weeks the little orphan had been there, so when Ford asked her to go with them she readily consented.

All haste was made to get as far away from the scene of their recent experience as possible. When day came they were across the line in Clinton county. There was no law and little respect for human life in the county they had just left, but the nearer St. Joseph they got the more peaceable the people seemed to be, which greatly allayed their fears. Crossing into Kansas they all breathed a sigh of relief, and it was then that Mr. Ford began for the first time to realise the great perils of the journey he had undertaken. Up to that time he had thought only of getting out of blood-stained Missouri. He was safely out of there, but before him were the Indian-inhabited plains, hundreds of miles in which there was not a human habitation, and the farm-houses were growing fewer and fewer as they journeyed westward. So far they were alone, he being the only protector of the two women and three children, but every mile of the way he was in hopes of falling in with a wagon party going to the far west, or with a freighting train bound for Denver or Salt Lake City. But he met with no such good fortune. His inexperience lulled his fears, and he kept them to himself. No mishap of any sort met them, the vast and silent plains, so in contrast with the strife and turmoil from which they had fled, invited them on.

A few wandering bands of wretched Indians were encountered, begging and somewhat insistent in their demands, but apparently friendly. The

Colorado line was reached and passed without any special hardships. Then some Indians were met who acted suspiciously. They were sullen and silent, stood around jabbering in a low voice to themselves at some distance from the camp, and then betook themselves away. The women were greatly alarmed.

Mr. Ford was a courageous man. He stood watching the painted and befeathered denizens of the plains until they disappeared over a great wave in the prairie in the gathering darkness, with gloomy forebodings of what would occur before morning. There were six in the party, six as treacherous looking red-skins as he had ever looked at, and he was only one to meet them, should they return. He turned to his wife, who was watching him, her eyes big with fright.

"I think we are rid of them."

"For the time being, but will they not return and murder us in our sleep?"

"No, we'll never see them any more," he said, assuringly. "If there were twice as many of them I would have some fear, as it is they'll not bother us. I think I could take care of six of the cowards."

But his words belied his real feelings. John Ford slept very little that night, at the slightest noise he was on his feet to meet an attack. It was a night of terror for all, even the two Ford children, who were older than Janie, partaking of the fear of their parents. But in spite of their fears and daily misgivings, they succeeded in crossing the territory of Colorado and entering that of Utah. It was little less than a miracle, that those as in-

experienced as was John Ford could not appreciate.

Just before dark they passed a straggling band of Indians, squaws, pappooses, tent-poles, camp equipage, dogs and all, skurrying over the prairie, the warriors bringing up the rear in an ugly mood. They had just had a brush with the troops, in which several of the warriors were wounded, and one or two killed. Not a word was said. Ford was just going into camp on a little stream, in the dry bed of which small pools of brackish water could be had for the horses. The Indians crossed the wagon-road, giving the camp a wide berth, and continued on down the stream, some of the warriors, however, rode near, taking in the whole situation, and looking covetously upon the horses and contemptuously upon their helpless and solitary owner. Ford felt the goose-flesh rise on his skin, he felt that their time had come. Camp was completed, supper prepared and eaten in silence.

As darkness set in their spirits rose perceptibly. The red men had passed out of sight, and nothing more was seen of them.

The warm still night was an ideal one, with almost a full moon to brighten the depressed spirits of the helpless travelers. Miss Borgess and Janie slept under the wagon, while Ford and his family slept in it. Just before daylight, after the moon had gone down, Janie awakened Miss Borgess, saying she was sick and wanted a drink of water. Taking a cup she went with the child down to the little stream, only a hundred feet away.

Scarcely had they reached the pool when the still night air was filled with yells, shots, and the mad galloping of horses. Miss Borgess darted in-

to hiding with Janie, knowing that the Indians had swooped down upon their sleeping victims in the wagon. From her place of concealment she heard the screams of Mrs. Ford, and the terrified crying of the two children. Then all was still. The bloody work was finished. Then all at once the firing, yelling and galloping of horses broke out afresh.

Taking Janie in her arms she hurried up the branch as fast as she could in her terror, knowing not whither she was going. Her only thought was to get away from the awful scene as far as she could.

Hearing the charging of horses she very naturally supposed, in her state of utter distraction, that they were other Indians coming to join in the brutal massacre, so she ran on up the stream in the darkness until she sank down completely exhausted. If she had, in her blind terror, run the other way, she would have fallen into the arms of friends, as the scouts in advance of the troops, camped not far away, had fallen upon the Indians as they were scalping their victims.

What a thin veil sometimes separates us from destruction on one hand, or happiness upon the other!

Rising from the ground where she had fallen, she staggered blindly on. The firing and tumult ceased. She stopped, and sinking down on the ground, took Janie in her arms and pressed her to her bosom. The child had scarcely whispered a word. She seemed to realize what had taken place.

Miss Borgess had no hope that any of the family had escaped. Now the most appalling situa-

tion that she had ever faced confronted her. She dared not dwell upon it, it would unsettle her reason. Her grief overcame her, and she wept piteously, but in spite of her sympathy for those who were so wantonly slain she could not help but think of the helpless situation in which she and little Janie were left. She knew not where they were even. All about them was a desolate plain, and only a few hundred yards down in the camp were the mutilated bodies of those she loved, weltering in their blood.

Frequently it requires great dangers to bring out the sturdy, resourceful character in us. Were it not for the trials and obstacles to be met with in life, many of us would go to our graves strangers to our latent capabilities. It is said that it takes the sun and every planet in the firmament to make one tiny blade of grass grow. However this may be, it requires momentous occasions to call out the greatness in the human soul. Perhaps it is true, as has been said, that the mainspring of all human effort, hope and aspiration, is faith. Perhaps, more definitely, not necessarily faith in an All-wise Creator alone, but faith in ourselves, that faith which comes to us in the hour of supreme danger, and inspires us with a courage that is equal to any calamity.

This faith had not yet come to Miss Borgess. She had fallen to the ground, partly from exhaustion, partly in prayer. Janie stood at her side, frightened into speechlessness, gazing with sightless eyes into the impenetrable darkness about them. The silence was dreadful. Miss Borgess continued to pray and cry hysterically. She grew silent. Strength was coming to her as

the immediate presence of an overwhelming danger seemed less menacing.

When she rose up, daylight was breaking in the east. Climbing from the sheltering banks of the stream she peered about her as far as the eye could reach. There was a feeling of great relief and of safety in the discovery that they were alone, followed by one of oppressive despair. Alone in the great American desert, surrounded by Indians and wild animals, ready to rend her to pieces, or carry her off to a worse fate, her heart sank within her. Tears filled her eyes anew, and she turned her face away that Janie might not see her weakness in the growing light.

"There is no hope for us but a lingering death from starvation, if nothing worse," were the words that struggled for passionate utterance, but she held them back. Janie was holding to her hand, and watching every movement she made, not having uttered a word, or even a whimper.

"Shall we go back to the wagon, auntie," she asked at length, her little voice trembling with the sobs ready to break forth.

"No, deary, not now; the Indians may be there yet. We are safe here for a while."

"Would they kill us, too?" she asked, innocently, and then twining her arms around Miss Borgess' neck and kissing her, she added with childish confidence,—*"But you wouldn't let them, would you, auntie?"*

That was too much. Her utter helplessness had not impressed itself upon her mind in just this light before. She burst into a flood of tears,

kneeling upon the ground with her face in her hands. Janie sat down before her in open-eyed wonder.

"What you crying about, auntie?" she asked at last, trying to pull Miss Borgess' hands away so she could see her face. "I'm getting cold, let's not stay here any longer."

Miss Borgess dried her eyes and took the child in her arms. As she did so Janie smiled in her face. She was so glad she had quit crying. This smile of love and implicit confidence brought courage to her heart. She felt that her prayers would be answered.

The top of the sun, red as blood, was just slipping in between the earth and the horizon, flooding the prairie before her and the low hills behind her with light. Not a living thing was in sight. From where she stood even the wagon from which they fled in the night, could not be seen. But she felt confident she knew its location, and decided to go to it cautiously and learn what had happened.

Taking Janie by the hand she crept back into cover of the bushes that grew along the stream to follow it down to the wagon. There was not a tree or landmark of any sort that she remembered to guide her steps, but that did not matter. She had followed the stream up and she could follow it down again to her starting point. For an hour or more she continued along the dry sandy bed, but every object that met her eye was as wild as it was strange.

Creeping cautiously to the top of a high spot of ground or sort of knoll, she strained her eyes in every direction in vain. The white-topped wagon

which had been their home for more than a month was no where to be seen. She began to feel that she was lost. Surely they had not run so far in their blind fright.

Retracing her steps to the place where she supposed she had set out two hours before on her quest, she undertook to go to the camp by a more direct route. It was noon when she had to acknowledge this plan was a failure.

In sheer desperation she decided to go back again to the first starting point. The greater part of the afternoon was spent in a futile effort to locate it. By this time Janie was crying with hunger. Night was coming on. The poor girl was at her wit's ends. Their condition was far worse than in the morning, still she was not beset by the helpless weakness that enthralled her then.


As she stood racking her weary brain for some plan that would promise success, the thought came to her to seek for their tracks in the soft bed of the stream and follow them. Hurrying down to the stream she found to her sickening dismay the virgin sand unbroken anywhere by a foot-print. This was her last resource. Janie was crying and begging for food. She walked along up the stream in an almost aimless manner, not knowing what to do. Her courage was fast slipping away. Suddenly, before her, were their tracks in the sand. No, they could not be theirs, they were coming down instead of going up as she knew she must find them. Then she remembered that the sun came up that morning just where she saw it set the night before. She was completely turned around.

In the flight they had gone down the stream, while she thought they had gone up. It was against her best judgment that she now set out to follow their foot-prints in the sand, to look for the wagon in the very opposite direction from where she believed it to be, yet, unreasonable as it seemed to her, they must take them to the camp.

They came at last to a spot where they had halted in the night, she recognized the shelving rock under which they had crouched. On a little ways farther they found the cup which they had dropped in their flight. Then the tracks disappeared. All at once the whole world swung around, and right there before her bewildered eyes was the spot upon which they had camped!

The wagon was gone! Going to the spot she found the ashes of the dead camp-fire trampled in the dust, then some papers scattered around. There were no scalped and ghastly bodies of the dead. Everything had been taken away. Then her eyes fell upon some pieces of bread hastily emptied on the ground. What a God-send! They ate the dry bread ravenously. Scraping up every scrap they could find, they went to the pool of water, soaked it and ate it with a relish that few can appreciate. Their hunger was only partially appeased, but Miss Borgess fell upon her knees and gave fervent thanks.

The wind that had been blowing all the afternoon grew more violent, filling the air with dust, so when night came it was black and cheerless. The loving-kindness of the sheltering rock, under which they had crouched that morning, beckoned her to come, and with Janie curled up in her lap, they both fell asleep.

FTER dosing fitfully for several hours, Miss Borgess, overcome by exhaustion, fell into a profound sleep. She awoke suddenly, with that feeling of horror which one has when some great danger, real or imaginary, is impending. The cold chills ran up her back, and the blood seemed frozen in her veins. Out in the darkness, apparently but a few feet away, she saw two luminous balls of fire, and heard a low muffled growl. Every muscle was paralyzed, she could not move or make a noise.

For some time, it seemed an age to her, she lay crouched against the shelving rock, gazing into those unchangeable balls of fire, expecting every moment to be pounced upon and torn into shreds. As the animal did not attack at once, her reason began to return to her. She remembered that she carried a small dirk in the bosom of her dress. Lifting her trembling hand slowly, she drew out the knife, determined to defend herself as best she could.

As it grew lighter, and her eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, she could make out the crouching outlines of what she recognized as

a large mountain lion. Having been told that they were inveterate cowards, unless cornered, she rose up quickly, screaming at the top of her voice. The lion bounded into the bushes and disappeared, much to her relief and astonishment. But for the instant crying of Janie, who was spilled from her lap on the ground and awakened by the scream, she must have fallen in a faint.

Day was coming, the dreaded night was past, and they were alive, though stiff and hungry and almost frozen. Again she took Janie in her arms and fell upon her knees in prayer for strength and divine guidance. Nothing but a miracle could save them now. Hunger gnawed at their vitals, they were face to face with inevitable starvation. Going over to the camp a few more crumbs of bread were found that had escaped them in the twilight of the evening previous, and a few grains of corn that had fallen from the feed-box, but not enough to appease their growing hunger. Janie ate almost all of it, and looked appealingly to her for more.

What next to do she did not know. There was no need of staying there, and they had no strength to go elsewhere. If they left there they would soon perish for water in the broiling sun. What could she do?

"We will die if we stay here, and we can but die on the road," she finally said aloud. "But which way shall we go?"

For the first time she happened to think to look for the direction taken by the wagon. It had pulled out on the way they were journeying—to the westward.

"Perhaps they were not killed after all," she con-

cluded. "Mr. Ford may have successfully defended the wagon against the Indians, and then fled from here in the night, thinking we had been massacred. But if they did escape they will certainly send some one back to look for us, unless they feel sure we were killed or carried away by the Indians. They surely did escape, for the Indians would have taken the horses and burned the wagon. They would not have hitched up and taken the wagon with them, and if they did they would have left the dead bodies. I can't make it out."

She stood there some time trying to untangle the knotted problem, but could make nothing more out of it. Then suddenly—

"Why didn't I think of this sooner? We might have been far on the road to meet those sent to rescue us, if we had started last night while we yet had strength to walk. We could have gone many miles in the cold of the night. But we will still do what we can, God helping us."

With this resolution to spur her on, she took Janie by the hand and started along the road to the west, following the tracks of the wagon.

By noon, weak and overcome by thirst, they sank down by the roadside. Janie was sobbing pitifully, begging for a drink of water and something to eat. Her little mouth was dry and her feet blistered. They would perish now before they could get back to the water, even if they were to try. Miss Borgess had no heart to make the effort. They would sit right where they were until death came as a welcome relief.

Resting her face in her hands she sobbed aloud in her great despair, and in sympathy for the in-

nocent child who was begging her for a drink. Her prayer was that Janie might die first, and not be left to suffer alone. Then her own sufferings became so acute that she could no longer remain quiet. Almost carrying the famishing child, she got to her feet, staggering along the road, aimlessly, blindly.

Reaching a high point of ground she looked back, and there, the blessed sight! were several white-capped wagons, coming along the road after them! Mingled with her tears of gratitude were the most fervent words of thanksgiving she had ever uttered. God was good!

When the wagons finally wound their slow and tortuous way up the hill to where they sat by the roadside, they were too weak to stand on their feet. They were in the hands of friends, though strangers, who gave them something to eat, and treated them with the greatest possible kindness.

It was only two days drive, a matter of fifty miles, into Salt Lake City. The good emigrants passed through the bustling little city, intending to camp on the farther side, and in going through drove by the home of Miss Borgess' sister, Mrs. Tolson. The parting between the two wanderers and the good men and women of the traveling party was as warm and affectionate as if it had been the severance of a life-long friendship, instead of one covering the brief space of only two days. But they had been thrown together by such a tragic and touching occurrence that every simple heart in that wagon-train warmed to the brave young woman and the little child.

One man, in whose wagon they had passed most of the two days, listened eagerly to the touching

history of Janie's brief life, so far as Miss Borgess knew it, took the child in his arms and kissed her tenderly at parting. "May God be always with you my child," he said, simply. His eyes were moist. Perhaps he had left one in some lonely cemetery back in the states. He didn't say.

Miss Borgess knocked at the door of the Tolsons with the air of an expected guest, not dreaming that the letter dispatched to her sister so long ago had not reached its destination. Mrs. Tolson could not at first believe her own eyes. The sisters had not seen each other for a number of years, yet the recognition was instantaneous.

After the surprise and sisterly greetings were over, Mrs. Tolson looked at Janie and then back to Miss Borgess in a way that demanded an instant explanation.

"You never told me of this," she said. "Perhaps the letter that didn't reach me would have explained it."

"Yes, I'm sure I spoke of the child in the letter," returned Miss Borgess, innocently. "Still I may not have said a word about her, as we were so torn up and worried over the danger we were in that I can't remember now what I did say. All I know for sure is that I told you we were coming."

Mrs. Tolson drew up a little haughtily, and stepped back to the middle of the room. Miss Borgess broke into a merry laugh. It came to her what her sister meant.

"She is mine, Blanche, the dear little homeless thing, by all the ties that can bind a woman to a child, except the sacredness of motherhood. God bless her!"

Then, taking Janie in her lap, she told all the

child's history she knew, up to the dreadful morning they fled together down the stream from the murderous Indians. Both women were crying before she had finished, and before Miss Borgess had completed the graphic story of their escape and subsequent sufferings, Mrs. Tolson had fallen on her knees before them, holding them both in her arms, sobbing.

"I think now they must have escaped and come on into the city," said Miss Borgess, after a space.

Mrs. Tolson shook her head. "No, the soldiers brought in the wagon and the four mutilated bodies for burial. I saw it in the paper. I remember the name, Ford. The paper stated that the entire little party was murdered, the two children being brained but not scalped. The scouts charged them before they had time to scalp the little ones."

"They were always so kind to me," said Miss Borgess, bursting again into tears. "What a cruel, cruel fate!"

Mrs. Tolson left the room a moment, and Janie slid from Miss Borgess' lap to amuse herself looking out at the window. The child had seen so much sorrow, and had gone through so many tragic scenes and bewildering changes that she had grown callous to them, as young as she was.

"I'm so glad to have you with me," said Mrs. Tolson, reentering. "I'm here all alone, and have been for several weeks. John is up in Nevada, prospecting. I had a letter from him last week, saying he would soon be home, and that we're going to go there to live. He says he has located a very rich property. So you got here just in time."

"Just in time to take another trip into a wild

and dangerous country. It makes my flesh creep and heart sink to think about trusting myself again to the dreadful dangers of a journey into an unknown country’.

“You’ll feel differently after resting up a few days. Besides, he says there’s no danger from Indians up that way.”

“But I fear there is,” returned Miss Borgess, the horror of her recent experiences upon her. “We did not think there was much danger when we started across the plains. I would rather remain here, if I can find teaching to do, or any respectable employment.”

“Dismiss both vain hopes from your mind. You don’t know Salt Lake City. A Gentile has no standing here, nor anything else a Mormon is bound to respect. The very atmosphere reeks with the curse of immorality. There are only two things here—Mormon intollerance and licentious polygamy. A more ignorant and fanatical set of people never existed. They hate a Gentile. You may not realize it, but I tremble for your safety if you should be seen alone in the street. You were in no greater danger out in that desolate prairie, with blood-thirsty Indians all about you, than you are in right here.”

“Why, Blanche, you frighten me, you must exaggerate it.”

“And well you may be frightened. You may think I overdraw it because of my antipathy for the people and their so-called religion, but I do not. If I were to sit here and tell you of their crimes for a week, I could not tell you the half of them. You would blush for the very name of man. It is prudent to say all this in whispers, the very

walls may have ears. All they want against a Gentile is a fairly well-grounded suspicion, a mere pretext, and frequently not even that, and it's good-by Mr. Gentile. The quicker he gets out of here the better it will be for him. The Mountain Meadow massacre is too fresh in the minds of the people, Gentiles, I mean, for them to entertain any feelings of security. And those Danites are as active as they ever were. Don't think for a moment of trying to stay here. It would be worse than suicide, the Indians are not in it with the Mormons."

"Why, Emma, you shock me. And all this in the 'Zion of the west,' the city of the Saints?"

"Saints, indeed," exploded Mrs. Tolson. "But I've said enough. If John were here he would have lushed me up before now, but I hate the very place they live in, and can't help it. I may be too hard on them, but whether I am or not, I'll thank my stars the day John comes to take me away. I don't feel like my life or honor was worth a cent in this place."

A week later, big, broad-shouldered, bronzed John Tolson arrived, the typical prospector and mountaineer, fairly bubbling over with the richness of his gold discoveries. Being a man of action, he was not many days completing his arrangements to start for his fabulously rich gold mine.

Miss Borgess did not climb up into the big covered wagon free from misgivings, but since hearing from her sister's lips such dreadful reports of the condition of social life in Salt Lake City, and believing them implicitly, she was ready to go anywhere and in any sort of a conveyance.



SADDER and more disheartened man never crept at a snail's pace along the cheerless country roads of Ray county than Henry Martin, on his return to the home of Mrs. Bronson. Twenty-four hours before he passed over the same roads in a sweeping gallop, urging the noble animal on to do its utmost, his eyes bright and his face flushed with hope. Now the bridle-reins hung loosely on the horse's neck, and Henry's sad face, lined by care and the most bitter disappointment, was bent to the ground. The keen crack of some marauding Bushwhacker's rifle, and the shock of a bullet in his breast, would have been a grateful relief.

A number of rough, suspicious-looking men passed him, some two or three of whom essayed to question him, but he scarcely raised his head. Another met him, turned his horse and rode along with him for some distance, in an attempt to drag him into conversation. Finally, being unable to get more than a mere monosyllabic reply, he asked him, pointedly:

"Are you a Union man?"

Henry shook his head.

"Are you a Rebel?"

Again he shook his head.

"Do you sympathise with either side?" persisted the man.

Raising his eyes slowly to the stranger's face—"My good man, if I had the sympathies of a thousand men, my sorrows would be sufficient to enlist them all."

There was such an expression of hopeless suffering and premature age in that young face that the questioner wheeled his horse about and rode away.

Some faint gleams of hope, and a little resignation, began at last to enter his darkened soul. Janie had been taken to Salt Lake City by the Fords. She was alive and well. That should have afforded him a world of relief, and he did begin to feel that he ought to be thankful for knowing that much. He had been sorely disappointed in not finding her, it was true, but much had been accomplished; he had found where she had been, had talked with persons who had seen her, and knew then where she was. Was not this something? Instead of being so completely cast down he began to think he ought rather to feel greatly encouraged.

He picked up the reins and lifted his face. There was but one thing to do—set out at once for Salt Lake City. In one brief moment the decision was made. Hurrying on home he acquainted Mrs. Bronson and Rolla of his purpose, after telling them as briefly as he could express it the story of his fruitless trip. They tried in every way to dissuade him from attempting to undertake the dangerous journey alone, pointing out to him that he would surely find Janie when he got there, and a few weeks mattered little, but all to no purpose. In an hour he was ready to leave.

Arriving at Leavenworth, Kansas, he learned that a freighting train would leave in two weeks, which would make it the last of August. He could do no better, so the two weeks must be killed in some way before the ponderous train, drawn by oxen, could get under way. At best they could not make more than fifteen or twenty miles a day, which was exasperatingly slow traveling for a man burning up with impatience, but it was the only thing he could do. It would be winter before he could hope to set foot in Salt Lake City, in fact, they would be extremely fortunate if they got there by that time, so the freighters told him.

It would weary the reader to go into a detailed description of this long and tedious journey overland, as it could but be a reiteration of what has been told so many times before. They took the old Platte trail, as it was known in those days, reaching Five Mile Pass about the middle of November. It was growing cold, every indication pointing to an early winter. The greater part of the freight was for Ft. Laramie, only a few of the wagons going on to Salt Lake City from the point where the separation occurred.

Two days later they reached Ash Hollow, made famous by Horace Greeley's book, "Beyond the Mississippi," written in 1858, three years previously. The great editor, sitting on the box of a six-horse stage, rode down into Ash Hollow under circumstances calculated to lift the hair on a more experienced man's head. In his description of this bit of experience he says: "The decline was so precipitous that I could not see the ears of the lead horses."

It may have been a little dark, and then Mr.

Greeley may have been a little near-sighted, or a little bit given to exaggeration on rare occasions, but however it all may be, no one has ever questioned the accuracy of the statement.

The road leading into the hollow pitches down at a frightful incline, and to make it all the more dangerous a blinding snow storm was raging when the little freighting train sought its shelter. An overhanging shelf of rocks ran along on one side like an awning, offering ample room for tents and wagons.

The storm continued for three days and nights with unabated fury, rendering it impossible for the train to proceed. They were prisoners. Henry chafed feverishly at the unavoidable delay. The first of December found them locked up as tight as a ship in an ice-floe. For more than three long months he had been on the road, and now he was snow-bound with little hope of being able to proceed before spring.

This was the gloomy view of it taken by some of the experienced plainsmen in the party, while others contended that the snow would go off in a few days. These hopeful prophets were thrown into confusion by another storm coming up, which piled up huge drifts in every direction. All hope of moving out of Ash Hollow before spring was at once abandoned. It was then a new and unexpected difficulty confronted them. The feed for the oxen was almost exhausted.

Henry sat over the wretched little fire, trying to keep warm, his eyes filled with smoke and his mind with gloomy thoughts. If he had to endure this much longer he would surely go mad. But good fortune unexpectedly favored them. The sun

burst through the clouds as warm as a spring day, driving the light snow into the dry ground of the prairies so that scarcely a vestige of it remained in two days.

The oxen were soon yoked to the wagons, and a happier set of men never pulled out of Ash Hollow. Although they suffered severely with the cold in the higher altitudes, they reached Salt Lake City safely in the early spring of 1862.

Henry's spirit rose high when he set foot in the city of the saints, to reach which he had made a perilous journey of almost six months of unparalleled suffering. None but the hardiest could have borne it, yet his fine and a rugged constitution had buoyed him up, and at last it was finished. He would soon be with the object of his search. That would amply repay him for all he had endured, and when summer came he would take her and go on to California to visit with his mother and his two brothers.

Bidding his rough and courageous companions good-by, he directed his elastic steps to the office of Col. Benjamin Davies, the United States commissioner, with whom he was well acquainted, the colonel hailing from north-east Missouri, and an old friend also of his father's. The colonel received him cordially, saying, as he held him by the hand:

"If there is anything I can do for you while you are in the city, command me. Make my office your headquarters, and yourself perfectly at home."

Then they talked of Missouri, of the war, and of people they knew for an hour. At last, a favorable opportunity presenting itself in their conversation, Henry told the colonel the purpose of his visit to Salt Lake City.

"Did you say your child was with a family named Ford, that left Missouri for this place last June?" asked the colonel, an expression of pain overspreading his face. "Did the Fords have any children?"

"Yes, two. The little party consisted of Ford, his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, and a Miss Borgess and little Janie. Miss Borgess was a school teacher who boarded with the Ford family. I understood from the neighbors there that she had a sister here, a Gentile. The Fords were Mormons, that is, leaned that way, and had some acquaintances here with whom they kept up a correspondence, but their names the people with whom I talked could not give."

Col. Davies was silent for some time, trying to untangle the riddle, and debating with himself what to say to this friend whom sorrows had made old in the years of his youth.

"The town is not large, and it ought not to be a difficult matter to locate them," Henry went on to fill in the silence. "An advertisement in the paper, perhaps, would be the quickest way to find them."

Alas! Col. Davies knew precisely where to find them, at least four of them, but which four he was unable to say.

"Henry, my heart is sore for you. I know a great deal about one family of Fords, and what I know is all against you, or at least, it seems to be."

"My God, Colonel, don't tell me I have come all this long distance to find my child is dead!" His head sank lower and lower to his breast, his face taking on a look of hopelessness, or unutterable woe that brought tears to Col. Davies' eyes.

He had had a presentiment that he would find her dead. In his dreams he had visited her grave in a strange cemetery.

"I won't tell you that, Henry, for I don't know. In fact, I may say there is some ground for hope."

Henry groaned aloud. There was little hope in these words.

"Last summer a man, woman, and two children, a boy and a girl, named Ford, from what we could find out, were murdered by the Indians east of here. No other bodies were found. The wagon and the four bodies were brought in by the troops. If there were others in the party they must have been captured and carried off by the Indians——"

"My God, have my sins been so great that they deserve such fearful punishment. Merciful Father, take my life and torture me no more. It is Thine, it is Thine, I rebel no more, nor crave other boon but to be blotted out of existence."

For a long time Col. Davies sat at his desk, watching the motionless figure before him.

"Henry, I think you are taking the darkest view of it. The scouts rushed upon the red devils so quickly they had no time to scalp only two of the dead or loot the wagon. If the young lady and your child were with them, which I some how am inclined to doubt, they could not have been carried off by the Indians. They didn't have time to get them. Is it not probable that the two stopped off somewhere back in Missouri? Or they may possibly have escaped into the bushes, and been rescued by others and brought into the city. From the description you give of your child I'm satisfied the one brought in was not she, as she was at least six or seven years old."

Although Col. Davies entertained less hope than his words conveyed, they carried some little comfort to Henry's aching heart.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," in a still more hopeful tone. "We'll call on Lieut. Dunn, who was in command of the squad. He may be able to shed some light on the mystery. We'll go to Col. Johnson's headquarters and see the lieutenant right away."

Locking his arm in Henry's the colonel held him back, while he talked of many things with which they were both familiar back in Missouri. Although the colonel delighted to talk, he did not keep his tongue wagging this time solely to gratify that desire, but to divert his melancholy companion's mind from its morbid condition.

"You remember, Henry," he said, dropping one subject with a comma pause to start off on another, the half of which his companion did not hear, "how we used to hunt deer at the drive near Spalding's Lick, back in the fifties. Your father used to be with us on many of those hunts, and he was a capital fellow to be out with. Amongst us we had three packs of famous deer hounds, kings and queens of their race they were, too. Not a drop of common blood in their royal veins. And sing! O, that was music to delight the soul. When those dogs would strike the trail, and swing around the circle, it was divine. No angelic choir ever made such music. It rings in my ears yet, and makes my blood fairly tingle in my veins when I think of it."

In his feverish anxiety to see Lieut. Dunn, Henry was pulling at the colonel's arm as one of

those eager deer hounds the colonel was talking about might have strained at his leash.

"Those were glorious days, the like of which we'll never see again. The hunters all deployed, like a squad of skirmishers, as you know," the colonel went on, walking slower than ever, to time the length of his story to their arrival at Col. Johnson's headquarters, "to take their regular stands. We all knew to a hundred yards just where the deer would run so about eight men covered the field. We had each man's stand numbered, drew for the positions, and then required them to remain at their post. Of course, some of them had to be disappointed, not even getting a glimpse of the game, while some other lucky fellow would get two or three shots. But that was a part of the sport, and no one complained."

Henry had ceased to try to hurry the colonel, and was plodding along in that submissive meekness that follows fruitless desperation.

"Some of the poor fellows, standing loyally at their post like the obstinate kid on the burning deck, after having given up all hope of getting a shot, would suddenly be confronted by a noble buck, with spreading antlers, fairly cutting the air. How his heart would bound! and then he would be so paralyzed with the 'buck ague' that he couldn't fire his gun. Before he could collect his senses, or control his trembling hand, the buck was out of range. Strange thing, isn't it? And how he would swear! I'll tell you what it is, Henry, the prettiest sight any man ever saw in this world is a deer bounding along ahead of the hounds, his majestic antlers thrown back, and his distended nos-

trils high in the air. Ah, it's a thrilling sight, and a pity to shoot him—but here we are.”

Lieut. Dunn was an affable young man, who became deeply interested at once. Before Henry had gone very far he broke in with a word that carried a world of relief to the father's heart.

“Your child is alive, and so is the young lady, and both are here in the city.”

Henry gasped for breath. Reaching for the back of a chair he steadied himself without saying a word, which he could not have uttered had he tried.

“In a famished condition they were overtaken by an emigrant train, and brought safely into town a few days after the massacre of the Fords, or whatever their names were. A cousin of mine was in the train, and during the few hours they spent here he related it all to me, even giving me the name of the sister of the young lady, which, unfortunately, I have now forgotten. But that is of little moment, as she can easily be found. The young lady is a heroine sure enough, having gone through some trying experiences after she and the child fled from the camp.”

During the recital Henry did not take his eyes from the face of the young man, his lips murmuring a fervent thank God at the end of every satisfying sentence.

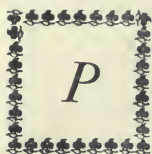
Before night set in his diligent inquiries were rewarded by finding the house where the Tolson's had lived, but alas! they were there no longer. A light burned brightly in one of the uncurtained windows. He stood looking in for some time before going to the door to knock. The Tolsons had moved away some months before, just when

the woman who answered his knock could not tell him. But she understood that they had gone to Nevada City, California.

"Yes," returned the woman, "there was a young lady with them, and a little girl, so I was told by the neighbors, who escaped an Indian massacre some time during the summer. We didn't know the Tolsons, but the neighbors knew them."

With a heavy heart he turned away to seek his lodgings. His disappointment was not so poignant as when he rode up to the vacant house in Ray county, and he was a little more inclined to be thankful to know that Janie was in good hands. "I forget the good, or overlook it, in my selfish grief in not finding her as I expected to do," he said, reflectively, as he walked along. "Such is the root of all my discontent. Perhaps it is yet all for the best. If my mother was here she would say so, but I can't see it."

After consulting his map he was pleased to find that Nevada City was near where his brothers lived. "How much happier the re-union will be there than here, where my mother and two brothers can join me in my great happiness," he exclaimed, walking up and down the room. "I'm getting a taste, bitter though it is, of the mysterious ways in which wonders are performed."



POOR Old Missouri," as some modern Republican politician has sighed, when viewing the Democratic majorities rolled up against his party, was a fit subject for human sympathy in 1862. The once beautiful state, rich in every natural resource, was swept by the besom of destruction from one border to the other, and rational men in times of peace were crazed by blood, plunder and assassination.

All the untold horrors of a beastly warfare, of that sort where neighbor lays in wait for neighbor, and brother for brother, were upon these people.

No one could promise himself when he saw the sun sink to rest that he would ever see it rise again. It mattered not where one stood or where one was, what one's personal worth, age or opinions, the danger was the same.

The summons came in the dead of night to the trembling occupant of the lonely farm-house, and then the fusillade of bullets. A mangled corpse was left in the door-way. He may have been a friend of those who fired, or he may have been a foe—what mattered it? The report had gone out that he had fed some Rebels, or he had whispered a word of warning to a Federal friend. He had

paid the penalty, the score was settled and the incident closed.

These murderous guerillas wore blue coats and gray coats, butternut coats, no coats, and coats of rags. They were on murder and plunder bent, their coats giving no idea of which side they favored. In one hand a gun, in the other a torch, and hearts devoid of mercy or human feeling. Their ears were deaf to the cry of the homeless orphan or the prayers of the bereaved widow. The latent instincts of the devil were in the ascendancy, and death and destruction marked their way.

It was about this time, when the storm-center was shifting rapidly from one point to another, that one of the most amusing incidents of the war occurred, at Monroe City, in Monroe county, of which history gives no account. Perhaps it was omitted to give place to events of more serious import, or to save from lasting ridicule the names of those engaged in it. However this may be, it was a most ludicrous incident in the conflict in north-east Missouri.

A wild-eyed report was carried into Quincy, Illinois, that the Rebels were concentrating at Monroe City, preparatory to making a descent upon Quincy. At this time Federal troops were being hurried into Missouri by Col. U. S. Grant, over the Hannibal & St. Joe railroad, but the exigency of the occasion demanded instant action. So ex-Governor Wood, of Quincy, unfurled his guerdons of war and started to the Rebel rendezvous, determined to do or die. He took possession of the town, with the few companies of raw men under him, to the enlivening strains of martial music, quartering them in the old brick college. Up to

this moment not a drop of blood had been spilled. The legions of Rebels reported there had vanished. But there were a few men in and about the town who sympathised with the south, and they got an old cast-iron cannon, used in former days to celebrate the Fourth of July, mounted it in a favorable location and touched it off. The aim was unerring—the ball tore a ragged hole in the brick college. Consternation ensued. The Rebels, in overwhelming numbers (?) with a powerful battery, were upon them. Commander Wood was panic-stricken, and so were his men!

The only way to save their lives from the inevitable massacre that threatened, was to surrender, and this the commander was on the point of doing, when some one reported to the handful of Rebels, that reinforcements were coming to the aid of Col. Wood. The scene of panic shifted. The Rebels skedaddled, and the war, so far as Col. Wood was concerned, was over.

In many cases, where these roving bands came together, bloody battles were fought and prisoners taken, the number of killed and wounded being out of all proportion to the numbers engaged, but in no case was quarter asked or expected. In what is known as the battle of Kirksville, Col. John McNeil took seventeen prisoners, amongst whom was the brave Confederate, Lieut.-Col. Frisby McCollough. Col. McNeil ordered them shot. When they were lined up for execution, McCollough gave the word of command to the Federal firing squad, who shot himself and comrades. With the word of command still on his lips, and facing the guns, he fell, pierced through the heart.

A little later Col. Joe Porter's three hundred

Confederates took possession of Palmyra, issuing an order that no citizen was to be seen in the streets, under penalty of being shot. Capt. John W. Shattuck was in command, and he gave it out that they had come for Andy Allsman, an old man, who, it was alleged, had been carrying news to the Federals of his southern neighbors. Allsman was found and made a prisoner. Nothing was ever heard of him afterwards. How he met his death, or where his body was buried, no one ever knew.

Gen. John McNeil issued an order to the effect that if Allsman was not given up within ten days he would have ten Confederate prisoners shot in retaliation. Allsman was not returned, the ten men were shot, and thereby hangs a tale, one of the blackest and most damnable, it may be said, enacted in that part of Missouri during the war.

Amongst the ten men selected to be shot was a young Confederate who had a beautiful wife. She went to Provost Marshal Strachan, who held the order for the execution, to plead for her husband's life. Strachan looked upon this weeping woman, on her knees before him, with lascivious eyes. She was beautiful even in her grief, and this heartless man proposed to her that if she would come to his room that night and surrender herself to his brutal desires, he would save her husband. Love for her husband, who was to be led out and shot at sun-up, prevailed, and with tears streaming from her eyes that loyal young wife paid the awful price exacted. A young man of the name of Smith was substituted for the doomed Humphries, and Smith was shot.

This foul deed blackened the names of McNeil

and Strachan and tracked them to the grave. Strachan died a miserable death in New Orleans, not long afterwards, execrated by all honorable men, and the wretched McNeil fell dead in the St. Louis post office in 1891, going to a hishonorred grave, unwept and unsung.

But it is time to follow Colonel Sells and his proteges, the Baker boys, to their camp before Vicksburg, and in doing so it carries the story far into 1863, to that memorable third of July, when the doomed city struggled hopelessly with her aggressive foes. Her walls were crumbling under the frightful fusillade of shot and shell, and her brave defenders lay dead and dying on every hand. To continue the struggle were useless, for no human power could withstand the onslaughts of the Federal hordes, who pressed forward with shouts of triumph in their mouths. On the following day, the glorious anniversary of our liberties, she fell exhausted and shot to pieces.

In the final assault, the brave Col. Sells, leading his men to the breastworks in that hell of shot and shell, fell mortally wounded. The Baker boys picked him up and carried him to the hospital where the surgeons hastily dressed the ragged wound. His life-blood ran in a stream from the table upon which he lay, and he rolled his head from side to side in agony as the arteries were picked up and tied, and the shreds of flesh clipped away. Albert Baker remained with him until he was carried to a cot near by, then going back to the young surgeon he asked if the wound was mortal.

"He has lost a great deal of blood, and the shock is severe, but he's a strong man and may pull

through," the surgeon replied hastily. "Can tell you more about it later on."

Tossing and moaning with pain, that even the powerful opiates administered could not wholly alleviate, he passed the night, the whole of his reckless and misspent life intruding itself upon his fevered mind. Early next morning a young lieutenant in blue, carrying a bandaged arm, passed near the improvised cot of the wretched man. There was something in the face of the younger man that attracted the attention of the other, a bearing that seemed familiar, a manner that was unmistakable. Despite his sufferings, Col. Sells noted them, and racked his sluggish brain to recall where he had met the young man.

Beckoning the hospital steward to him, Col. Sells asked him who the young man was, and where he had seen him. "It may all be a dream, caused by this infernal medicine I'm taking, but somehow I can't help but think I know that young fellow."

"His name is Sells, Lieut. Sells, I think," replied the steward, who had assisted in dressing the young man's arm the evening before. "Likely young fellow he is, but he's got a bad arm, a big chunk of it carried away by a piece of shell that tore his clothes all off of him."

"Sells, Sells," muttered the mentally benumbed man, keeping his eyes on the steward as he moved off down the isle between the crowded cots. "Can it be possible?—can he be my boy, my only son? I deserve very little of what better men than I am or ever was, call God's blessing, but if that is my Harold sure enough, grown to be a man, and in an officer's uniform, here to be with me at the

last, then God has not forgotten me, as bad as I am."

"Say, doctor," motioning to the surgeon in charge, "I want you to bring that young Sells to me. I believe he's my only son that I haven't seen since he was a boy. Don't look at me that way, and shake your head. I know what I'm talking about, dock, and my time's short. It's Harold, my only boy, and all the stuff you've squirted into me can't make me think otherwise. A kind Providence has sent him to me in my last hours—a Providence that never got any consideration from me when I was on my pins. Will you bring him, dock?"

"I'm sure you're mistaken, Colonel," said the doctor, kindly, "but I'll see the young man, and if he is your son, I'll bring him to you."

Ten words were not exchanged before the doctor knew that young Sells was the son of the dying colonel.

"Do you think you would know your father if you were to meet him?" asked the doctor.

"I might not, but I think I would. It has been a long time since I saw him, and he may be greatly changed, but if he is not I would know him instantly."

"Well, my boy, he is here in the hospital, badly wounded, and has already recognized you—"

"Where is he—take me to him," broke in Lieut. Sells, excitedly.

"That's the very thing I want to guard against, the possible excitement that may come from the meeting. If you see him at all you must be cool. He's dangerously, perhaps, fatally wounded—no I won't say fatally, but seriously at least. He must

be kept quiet, a little excitement might prove the worst thing. Cool yourself off, take a turn outside, and come to me in twenty minutes."

Reluctantly the young man, impetuous by nature, turned away. He would have to do as he was told, there was no help for it.

"I have talked with him," said the doctor, noting carefully the effect it was having on the colonel, "and I think he is your son."

"Thank God!"

"There you go. Lie still now. I will bring him to you only on the promise that you are to remain perfectly quiet and not move, and that he can stay with you ten minutes."

"My God, dock, don't you know I can't live! Have you got the heart to take him away in ten minutes? His being with me won't hasten the end—may prolong my life."

"We'll see. I'll bring him, and we'll see how you stand it. It all depends upon how you act how long he can stay." With this he stepped to the door where Lieut. Sells was impatiently waiting his return.

"It is my Harold! my boy!" feebly cried the wounded man, reaching forth his trembling hand. The handsome young lieutenant bent over and kissed his father. In that affecting meeting the sins and shortcomings of the wayward father were forgiven by the son. Their eyes filled with tears, and they were silent for some moments, the doctor standing in the background.

"I've been thinking I was not long for this world, but now you've come I may get over it."

When the doctor heard this he walked away to pressing duties elsewhere.

Sinking down on the ground by the cot, Harold held his father's feverish hand, gazing sadly into his sunken eyes.

"I've been a bad man, Harold, and I want your forgiveness. No boy ever had a better mother, or a man a better wife. But I treated her shamefully. If I knew she could forgive me I could die happy, but I fear she can't. I led her an awful life of poverty and disgrace, never appreciated her, yet she stood it, saintly woman that she was. I took her from her friends and a good home to a cheerless cabin in the river bottom. For years she stood it almost without a murmur, lived in a hovel with cut-throats and drunken horse thieves, and made the best of it. Only an angel could do that—and live with a devil. I didn't see things then as I see them now. I was reckless, and cared for nothing or nobody, not even her who was so loyal to me. God pity me!"

He turned his face away. Harold smoothed the gray hairs back from his forehead and murmured, brokenly:

"Father, I forgive you all from the bottom of my heart, and if mother were here she would do the same. I know she would. She loved you and always spoke kindly of you, saying you had been led away by bad and dissolute men. But let us not refer to this any more. You must get well, and we will go home together, where mother will receive us with joy in her heart."

Col. Sells shook his head. "Oh, my son, if I could live, how I would atone for what I've done, but it's too late now, too late. The bullet plowed through my vitals, I can feel it doing its deadly work. A few hours more and I'll be where there

is no waking, or where I must answer for what I've done. I'd prefer the former, but I'll take my medicine if it turns out to be the other way. I've never squealed yet, and I won't begin it now."

The son pleaded with him to be of better cheer, and did everything that affection could suggest to save him, but it was all in vain. He grew weaker hourly.

"My good old father whom I've not seen for twenty years," he whispered, "died about a year ago, leaving a great deal of property. Half of it is mine, and now it will be yours. I disgraced him by my life of drink and crime, so I could never look him in the face again. He plead with me to be a man, but I laughed when his back was turned. It all comes back to me now when it's too late to mend it. The desire to go to hell was strong within me, too strong to overcome. When you go home, Harold, you will be a rich man. Make your mother happy—that's all I ask. I didn't, but you can."

The greater part of the day he hovered between consciousness and semi-consciousness, his mind wandering. Just after dark he roused up, looked about him wildly until his eyes rested on Harold, who had not left his side only for a few moments at a time. Motioning him to bend closer he whispered something in his ear, and then kissed him.

Half closing his eyes he sighed deeply, then his lips moved forming the audible words, "My son—my son." He never spoke again.



HEN Henry's brother went with the first hardy gold-seekers over the unknown plains and mountains into California, many years before, they wrote back graphic descriptions of their adventurous travels. These letters, so full of interest, Henry had carefully preserved. They were of great value to him, now that his mind was made up to follow their tracks into the golden state in search of Janie and the Tolsons. She was with them and Miss Borgess in California, at Nevada City, the woman had told him. There was such a place, and thither he would go as fast as horses could take him.

The insuperable barriers so long in his front appeared at last to be melting away. He fancied he could see the end of his searching. He had followed her across a quarter of the continent, and now he knew just where he could lay his hands on her. Fate, possibly, had tired of its merciless inflictions.

These happy convictions were strengthened the following morning. He found a man who was going through to California, a whole-souled, adventurous young fellow, who was more anxious to secure a genial traveling companion than about his

destination in the state after he got there. Any place near Sacramento would suit him. He had two good horses and a wagon. Henry purchased a third horse and loaded the wagon with provisions.

Thus, with a lighter heart than he had carried in his breast for many a long month, he set out on what he flattered himself would be his last journey, with his brothers' letters as a guide. The first place he recognized from the diary was Soda Springs, on Bear river, north of Salt Lake. He read from the diary:

"We camped at Soda Springs one day to rest our tired animals, where we fell in with Hudspeth's train of fourteen mule teams, and sixty wagons drawn by oxen. Myers, an old trapper and guide, was with Hudspeth, so we concluded we would go with them. A large party like this one offered so much more security. The old road beyond here is in the shape of a horse-shoe, making a great bend by way of Ft. Hall. Hudspeth has conceived the idea of cutting straight across at the heel of the shoe, thus, if it is practicable, saving a hundred miles or more."

It was only twelve years since these lines were written, and before them was "Hudspeth's Cut-off," now a plain and well-traveled road, the old one by Ft. Hall no longer being traceable.

Henry continued to read: "In going by this new route we came across a poor old Indian squaw, decrepit and feeble, who had been left by her heartless people under some stunted willows to die of thirst and starvation. We gave her some food and water and passed on, never learning what became of her." (Nearly forty years afterwards some one in the train, who had an artist's eye, furnished a drawing

and description of this poor old squaw to one of our leading magazines).

“ The next place of interest were the headwaters of the Humboldt, which has no outlet, but is swallowed up in a swamp. In the summer the swamp dries up, leaving the mud cracked and turned up in great flakes. These flakes reflect back the sunlight like waves on the water, looking for all the world like a beautiful lake in the distance. Many a foot-sore and thirsty forty-niner has trudged on with newness of hope, only to find it was a deceptive mirage. After leaving the Humboldt river the next water we came to was the Hot Springs. One of these springs is twelve feet across, and a big rock tied to all the ropes we had did not reach the bottom. But the water is not good. We had to dig holes in the ground to get water by seepage, and even then it was full of alkali. Passing Goose Lake on ‘Greenhorn’s Cut-off,’ we struck the headwaters of Feather river. It was here we saw some of the most sublime scenery on the trip,—canons in perpetual twilight, and mountains sheer to the clouds! We came to the beautiful Sacramento river at Larson’s ranch, about three hundred miles from the town of the same name, which latter we reached September first. It was only a town of tents, inhabited by a wild and reckless set of men.”

Twelve swift years, as years are measured in gold camps and frontier towns, had wrought wonderful changes. When Henry and his companion drove into Sacramento it was a thriving little city, in no noticeable particular different from other cities of its size in the States.

Bronzed by travel, and made rugged by a camp

life that agreed with him, Henry hurried to the post office to post some letters and inquire for mail that should have passed him on the way. The clerk shook his head, there was none for him. This, with the insistent presentiment that was growing upon him, that again he was to meet disappointment, depressed him greatly. But he turned away, trying heroically to reason himself into a more cheerful frame of mind. It was only a short distance to Maryville, where his two brothers lived, and with them he would find his aged mother.

It was like an oasis in the desert, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, to this heart-sore wanderer to walk up through the cool, spacious grounds of his brothers' home into the arms of the loved ones there. Their sympathy and love was a balm of consolation. In that beautiful home, where all was peace and sunshine, he could have been happy but for the shadow on his life, the worm of disappointment that gnawed hourly at his vitals.

One sweet day was all he could be content to spend with mother and brothers. Only a few more miles and a few more hours intervened between him and the fruition of his fondest earthly hopes. He drove into Nevada City with his heart in his throat, making inquiries about the Tolsons of every one he met. They shook their heads. No one of that name lived in or near the little town. His heart sank within him—his presentiment had come true. It was the same old disappointment, grim and relentless. This last blow, though he had partially discounted it, took all the heart out of him. His first impulse was to turn his face to heaven and curse God until he dropped dead. The sweat stood in beads on his blanched face, and he bit the blood

from his tongue to keep his better self in control. Then he buried his face in his hands and wept.

From the Missouri river to Salt Lake City was a journey full of danger to try the stoutest heart, and hardships to test the courage of any man. From Salt Lake City to California was little better. He had made them both, buoyed up by a hope that had at last deserted him. He was ready to lay down and give up the fight.

It was then not like it is to-day, when one may step into a luxurious sleeper and be whirled away thousands of miles, in the enjoyment of every comfort. Contrast three days with three months; a dining car with a tin pan of greasy bacon in the smoke and sand; a cigar and a book in an upholstered seat with a cramped up position in a wagon behind two worn-out, suffering horses in a dust storm; and then a downy bed in a sleeper with a sanded blanket on the rocks with the rattlesnakes. No mention in this inventory is made of hostile Indians, eager to lift one's scalp at all hours of the day and night, but the contrast is sufficiently impressive with the Indians left out.

In the depths of his despair it came to him like an inspiration—it was Virginia City, Nevada, instead of Nevada City, California, where the Tolsons had gone. This stood to reason, the woman had gotten the two names mixed. He lifted his head, the anchor of hope was again grappling for a hold. The Tolsons had not been here, they were in Nevada Territory, not in Nevada City. It would be necessary to retrace his steps to Salt Lake City, there learn the exact truth of where the Tolsons had gone, and follow them.

“If I had not been too eager and too sure I would

have made more careful inquiries when there," he chided himself. "But all my life I've been the victim of profitless post-mortems and aggravating hindsights, the result of jumping at conclusions."

He bade his genial traveling companion an affectionate farewell and turned back to Maryville to seek consolation from his mother and brothers. They pleaded with him to despatch letters of inquiry to his friends in Salt Lake City, and at the same time write to the postmaster of Virginia City, to ascertain if John Tolson got mail at that point. In this way he would be sure to locate him. Like a drowning man, catching at straws, he agreed to this plan and reluctantly settled down to await replies to his letters.

"Your trip from Salt Lake City here, Henry," said the elder brother, one evening, as they all sat out on the porch in the twilight, "was not a marker to ours. You came over a fairly well-traveled road, with a touch of civilization here and there, while we actually pushed into the unknown, blazoning a way in many places. I remember one day I got separated from the train and almost died of thirst. While lost, my throat as dry as a powder-house, and eyes and mouth filled with alkali dust, I met a small party going east. They had a barrel of water, and I offered them five dollars for a pint of it. The man shook his head. Then I begged him for ever so small a drink to moisten my mouth, and again he shook his head. This made me so mad that I forgot my thirst. Pushing on, muttering imprecations against this hard-hearted man, I came up with the train late in the evening not half as thirsty as I thought I was when I was begging for the water."

Other reminiscences of those stirring times

crowded into his mind, and he went on. "When we got here we had no idea of the value of anything. Five dollars seems like a big price for a drink of water, and it would be in some places, but when a man is dying for a drink it is not so out of reason. Why, we had an old scythe we brought along, which was hanging on the back of the wagon. We threatened to throw it away a hundred times, and the boys made all manner of fun of me for bringing it. We had a lot of other things as incongruous, apparently, but we soon began to wish we had brought a wagon load of them. Now you will smile. A man rode up and offered us a hundred and fifty dollars for that scythe. Of course it changed owners. We'd have taken ten dollars just as quick, and after we sold it we found that we could have gotten more. Think of that, a hundred and fifty dollars for a two-dollar scythe! And a day or two later another thing happened that may seem equally as incredible, from two points of view. We had quite a lot of bacon left over, and a stranger offered us fifty dollars for fifty pounds of it. He said arily that he didn't have the money right then, but he would pay us when we met in 'Frisco. The price was so tempting that we let him have it, even if it was on credit, and to a man we had never seen. We didn't even know his name, but he went away with the bacon. Three years later I met the man in 'Frisco and he paid me!"

"Do you imagine he had the least idea of paying for it when he got it?" asked Henry, who had less faith in frail human nature than the tenderfoot boys who had parted with their precious bacon to an utter stranger on credit.

"To be sure he did. I didn't ask him for it. He

recognized me on the street, and handed me the money without a word, as if the bargain had been made only an hour before. Cynics will say that times were different then, which is true, and that men were more honest in the past than they are now. I doubt that, for I believe men are about the same in all ages, under the same circumstances."

Henry grew restless in spite of the efforts made to entertain him and divert his mind. But at last, after six long months of waiting, the answers to his letters came. As he was convinced, a mistake had been made; the Tolsons had gone to Virginia City, Nevada. The postmaster at that place replied that a man named John Tolson had worked at a mine near there, but had moved away. This information was not wholly discouraging. The threads of promise that were snapped asunder at Nevada City were again in his hands. Perhaps the Tolsons had moved to some other mine or town near by, at any rate from his neighbors he could learn definitely where they had gone. From there it would be little trouble to trace them up.

Meeting an old friend from Marion county, Missouri, who had brought a drove of mules to the California market, sold them and was on his way home, Henry joined him, and was soon back in Salt Lake City again.

Great changes had taken place. Col. Albert Sidney Johnson had resigned his commission in the United States service and joined the Confederate army. Col. Davies was relieved of his title as commissioner by President Lincoln, and had gone back to Missouri. His friends were scattered, new and strange faces were in their places, but in spite of this he felt that fortune had not wholly forsaken

him. He found a party of rugged prospectors going to the mines in Nevada, where rich strikes were being reported almost daily.

After an uneventful journey of several weeks, the greater part of the distance he was compelled to walk, he found himself in Virginia City. Calling upon the postmaster no further information was elicited beyond that contained in the letter. John Tolson had lived there several months, but received very little mail, and had taken his family and moved away without leaving instructions for mail to be forwarded. That was all the postmaster could tell him. But a miner was found who boarded with them, a light-haired, strapping big fellow, who was not long in letting it out that he had fallen in love with Miss Borgess. Well, he was a great admirer of her, anyway, which was a later modification he tried to impress upon his questioner.

"And it's the little girl you're interested in," said the miner, whom Henry felt like taking in his arms and kissing. "She's a beautiful child, and as sharp as a splinter. I've romped with her for hours at a time. As a rule, I'm not much for children, but, by George, I hated to see her go away. They never told me much about her, but I knew she didn't belong to them, Miss Borgess told me that. You see, Tolson came up here from the Lake, thinking he had the world by the tail, with a down-hill pull, in a mine he discovered, but it turned out to be no good. He's a miller by trade. He worked a while in the mill here at the mine, and then bundled up everything and lit out. His wife was used to older settlements, and was dissatisfied all the time, and a man's not liable to stay where his wife's dissatisfied——"

"But where did they go?"

"They didn't seem to know for sure just where they would go. That's the mischief of it. I wanted to write to them—that is, to her—but I don't know where to write. She said she would write to me when they got settled, but I haven't got any letter yet, so they must not be settled. They've been gone about five months. They talked like they would go to St. Joe, Missouri, and if things was too hot there they'd go on into some large town where he could get a job in a mill. Mrs. Tolson will never be satisfied until they get back into the States. And then I think Tolson has got enough of the west. When his mine petered out he was sick."

"Do you have any idea where they went from here?"

"Yes; they went to the Lake from here, but where they stopped the Lord only knows. I'd like to know that about as bad as you do. Miss Borgess was a beautiful young woman, and had an education—why, she knew everything."

With this meager information Henry had to be content. He talked with other men in the mill who worked with Tolson, but nothing more could be learned. He was a man who had little to say, kept his business to himself, but a number of them heard him say that he was going back to Missouri to live as soon as the war was over.

The war was now over. He might be in Missouri, he might have gone on into a large city. The problem assumed vast proportions, to which Henry felt wholly unequal.



FEW glimpses of the sad drama that was drenching Missouri in blood, in the latter part of that terrible year of 1863, will not be out of place in this work, especially as one of them presents, as a principal actor, one of the most lovable characters in this book—Ben M. Johnson, whom the reader has not forgotten.

Following closely upon the heels of the famous raid and fiendish massacre at Lawrence, Kansas, by Quantrell's men, which stands out as one of the most unparalleled acts of brutality in the annals of war, came the famous, or rather infamous, "Order No. 11," by Gen. Ewing. A most desperate effort had been made, with indifferent success, to rid Missouri of the Bushwackers, bandits and desperados that infested the state. These men were sheltered and fed, willingly or unwillingly, by the scattering farm-houses, given information of the movement of troops by those friendly to them, or through compulsion at the muzzle of a pistol, and aided in their murderous work in a thousand ways. Their sources of supplies must be destroyed, at whatever cost, so said Gen. Ewing in explanation of the following order:

"All persons living in Cass, Jackson and Bates

counties, Missouri, and in that part of Vernon county included in this district, except those living within one mile of the limits of Independence, Hickman's Mill, Pleasant Hill and Harrisonville; and except those in that part of Kaw township, Jackson county, north of Brush Creek and west of Big Blue, including Kansas City and Westport, are hereby ordered to remove from their present places of residence within fifteen days from date hereof."

This order, said to be a military necessity, was dated August 25th, and all hay and grain found in the proscribed district after September 9th was to be destroyed. The border warfare, between the bushwhackers and the jayhawkers, had become so vindictive that many of the people in those counties affected by the inhuman order had either been murdered or moved to places of greater security. But among those who were left, and there were thousands of them, the order spread consternation. They were almost all southern people, or at heart southern sympathisers, which, in a great measure, prompted Gen. Ewing to issue the order.

Many and heart-rending were the scenes of suffering occasioned by this inexcusable military measure, some of the saddest of which were transferred to canvass and made immortal by Geo. C. Bingham, the noted Missouri artist, in his celebrated painting, "Order Number Eleven." Few men can look upon this picture dry-eyed.

So severely were Generals Schofield and Ewing criticised for this extreme measure, and so much public censure did it bring upon them, that the former issued this statement in 1877, as a sort of defense for the part he took in it:

"The savage guerrilla warfare that had raged there for two years had nearly depopulated the farming districts, and those farmers who remained were, whether they would or not, mere furnishers of supplies and shelter to the outlaws. Civilization and humanity alike demanded the suppression of this border war whatever might be the means used to suppress it."

To this Mr. Bingham, the artist, a strong Union man himself, replied:

"Gen. Schofield ventures to assert that the order was an act of wisdom, courage and humanity, by which the lives of hundreds of innocent people were saved, and a disgraceful conflict brought to a summary close. That not a life was lost, and that the necessities of all the poor people were provided for. I was in Kansas City when the order was being enforced, and speak from a personal observation, that the sufferings of those unfortunate victims in many instances were such as should have elicited sympathy from hearts of stone. Barefooted and bareheaded women and children, stripped of every article of clothing, except a scant covering of their bodies, were exposed to the heat of an August sun, and compelled to struggle through the dust on foot. Men were shot down in the very act of obeying the order, and their effects seized by the murderers. Dense columns of smoke arose in every direction, marking the conflagration of the once happy homes. There was neither aid nor protection offered to the banished inhabitants by the heartless authority which expelled them from their rightful possessions."

A more terrible indictment could not be penned than this simple statement of Mr. Bingham's

which, taken with the picture he painted, must forever hold up to infamy the two Federal generals who issued and enforced the order.

When Ben Johnson left his friends at Lexington he went into northeast Missouri, where he raised a regiment for the Union army of young patriots, like himself, who were uncompromising in their advocacy of the Union cause. He was promptly made major of the regiment, which was known as mounted infantry.

Those daring young Missourians, like their intrepid commander, were as inexperienced as they were impetuous, and ready to lay down their lives for what they believed to be right. And they did it, almost to a man.

The details of the annihilation of Maj. Johnson's command, and the death of the commander, present one of the saddest pages in the history of the war of the Rebellion, and it stands out as the crowning horror in that bloody state where horrors were an every-day occurrence.

It has been said by those who have tried to frame an excuse for Bill Anderson and his awful work on that day, that Maj. Johnson's men carried the black flag, but this is not true.

The morning of that memorable September 27th opened calm and ominous. There seemed to be a feeling of oppression in the air, a something that portended evil, whispered of destruction, as a stifling atmosphere tells of an approaching storm. The storm came before the day was many hours old, and the dead and mutilated bodies of scores of men were left stiffening in its wake. Perhaps no better account can be penned than that given by an eye-witness, who says:

"About ten o'clock in the forenoon seventy-five or a hundred of Bill Anderson's men came into Centralia and robbed two stores and the railroad agent; breaking open boxes and trunks at the depot, and taking whatever suited them. About eleven o'clock the stage from Columbia came in with eight or nine passengers. When near the depot a squad of these guerrillas dashed up to it and ordered the driver to halt. They dismounted and ordered the passengers to shell out their pocket-books, and at the same time placed cocked revolvers to the breast of each passenger, who, being unarmed, gave up everything he had. At 11:30 the passenger train arrived from St. Louis. Anderson's men formed in line near the track, threw ties across it and fired at the engineer, after which they robbed the passengers and the express car's safe. There were twenty-three Federal soldiers on this train, and notwithstanding the fact that these men hoisted the white flag, they were taken out, placed in line and shot. Several of them attempted to escape, and others begged for mercy but all to no purpose. Two of them were scalped.

"Anderson's men then burned the depot and a number of cars, fired up the locomotive and sent it on a wild career towards Sturgeon. It ran about three miles and stopped.

"The work of destruction being complete, Anderson and his men mounted their horses and, with savage yells, started in the direction of their camp. These men were the most famous revolver fighters of the war.

"The passengers who were on the train left the town in wagons, buggies and on foot. It was a wild scramble to get away, and none of them could get

away, apparently, fast enough. But the saddest part of this day's awful work is yet to tell.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon Maj. Ben M. Johnson of the 39th Regiment of Missouri Volunteers, came into Centralia with from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five men—sixty under the command of Capt. Smith, thirty-eight under command of Capt. Thies, and fifty under command of Lieut. Jaynes. Maj. Johnson's men were poorly mounted, and armed with rifled muskets with bayonets, but no revolvers. Centralia is in the prairie, two miles from the timber where Anderson's men were camped. They were not long in making their appearance, and Maj. Johnson ordered his men to dismount. The engagement at once commenced, and the horses of Maj. Johnson's command became unmanageable. Many of them broke away and fled, leaving the soldiers on foot in the prairie. The guerrillas being finely mounted and heavily armed with three and four revolvers each, charged madly, producing confusion. They rushed down upon the soldiers, shooting them down in every direction. Those who remounted, retreated, but many of them were overtaken and killed.

"The road from Centralia to within a short distance of Sturgeon was strewn with the dead. Maj. Johnson was killed, and of his command one hundred and thirty-nine were killed and four or five wounded. The guerrillas had two killed and three wounded. Sixty-eight of Johnson's men were killed on the field immediately after their first and only fire. After the slaughter, and Anderson's men had retired, the dead bodies were gathered up. One soldier's body was mutilated, and the

severed private part stuck in his mouth. Most of them were buried near the railroad track in a trench. It is said by those who saw him that Bill Anderson rode away with a scalp hanging from each bridle-bit, and with six revolvers buckled around him. This last statement I know to be true, and I have no reason to doubt the other one."

Thus ends the simple story of this man who witnessed that day's frightful work, in which as brave a lot of young men as ever lived were shot down, robbed and mutilated. Maj. Johnson's men adored him, as did all who came in intimate contact with him. His father died a tragic death on a Mississippi steamer, and the son, in the flower of his young manhood, died miserably on the prairie at Centralia.


But Bill Anderson's bloody career was a short one. An avenging God was on his trail. Just one month to a day, about ten miles from Richmond, in Ray county, Col. Cox of the 33rd Missouri Militia met him and evened up the Centralia massacre.

Coming up to Anderson's pickets he drove them in. Dismounting his men he threw out an infantry force to support the cavalry sent in advance to feel for the foe. The cavalry soon engaged Anderson's men, fully three hundred strong, who feared neither man nor devil, led by the famous bandit himself. These outlaws raised the Indian yell, which sent terror to the hearts of their enemies on former occasions, took the bridle-reins in their teeth, and with a revolver in each hand came on at full speed, shooting right and left. Nothing more sublime and bloodthirsty than this impetuous charge was seen during the war. In the midst of

this charge Bill Anderson was killed, a bullet piercing his cruel brain. His band of cut-throats were badly worsted, many of them being killed, the balance scattering to join other bands of desperados infesting the state.

After the battle Anderson's body was found, and upon it were three hundred dollars in gold, one hundred and fifty dollars in greenbacks, and six revolvers. Thus ended the career of one of the most blood-thirsty desperados of the war.

There are those, friends of Anderson, who have plead in extenuation of his deeds, that he was driven to it by the wrongs he suffered, and if what they say is true, it was almost enough to make of him a fiend incarnate. His aged parents were murdered and his young sisters outraged by Kansas soldiers.

 JOHN TOLSON did not make up his mind to accede to his wife's constant pleading to leave the west and go back into the States until after he grew heartily sick of chasing the illusive will-o-the-wisp of fortune in the mines. When he found, after spending all the surplus money he had delving into the rocks, that the vein which promised so much on the surface, grew barren fifty feet below, the mining fever abated and he was more than willing to take up his old trade and give up forever the idea of growing suddenly rich in the mines. But his means were about exhausted. They could not fit up horses and wagon, and pay traveling expenses, without money. Thus it was that he accepted the position in the mill, and Mrs. Tolson, to hurry on the consummation of the wish nearest to her heart, took in boarders, denied herself of every luxury, and worked like a slave to add to the family exchequer. Money was easily made in those days. In a few months they had saved up as much as they came with, even more.

An outfit was purchased, and, packing what little they cared to take with them, which were the barest necessities of camp life, they set their faces joyfully to the east.

They had company through to Salt Lake City, where they expected to remain a week or two, but finding a strong party going east the very evening of their arrival, they joined it and passed right through the town without stopping. Two days later, a little before sundown, they came to the spot where the Fords were murdered, camping there over night. The horrible spot was burned upon the memory of Miss Borgess, every rock, bush and contour of ground being familiar to her. She shuddered to recall what had taken place there that night, and grew sick at heart when she thought of all she and Janie had gone through with in the hours that intervened between their flight and the rescue. Taking the child by the hand she walked down to the little pool of water in the branch, and then down the stream for some distance. There was the shelf of rock that sheltered them that fateful night following the massacre, and the bush under which the big mountain lion crouched to spring upon them. She stood there, gazing sadly into the past, her eyes brimming with tears. Janie remembered vaguely when she was so hungry and cried for a drink, but little more.

Going back to camp Miss Borgess located, to her own satisfaction, the very spot where she and Janie had slept under the wagon, from which they had been gone only a moment when the Indians came charging across the prairie, yelling like demons and firing as they came. In relating it in minutest detail to those who gathered about her that night, she became so greatly wrought up that sleep was out of the question. It was with a feeling of infinite relief she left the haunted spot the following morning.

Arriving in Denver, then a lively little village of

some promise, huddled on the banks of Cherry Creek, at its confluence with the Platte river, they found several of their old friends who had been robbed and driven out of Missouri much as the Fords had been at the beginning of the war, who prevailed upon them to make that town their home until matters settled down a bit in the States.

Miss Borgess was soon in her element, with a bevy of nine little pupils about her, of which Janie was one, and Mr. Tolson had no trouble in finding a lucrative position to his taste. Mrs. Tolson was mollified with the promise that they would go on as soon as it was safe to locate in Missouri.

Sitting at home one sleepy Sunday afternoon, with Janie on her knee, Miss Borgess was toying with the little gold locket that hung about the child's neck. It contained a picture of a sweet-faced woman whom they always supposed was Janie's mother. The locket was there when she came to them, suspended by a delicate gold chain, and it had never been taken from her. The side facing the picture was blank. From what Janie could remember her mother was dead, yet where she died, or when, or what her name was, the child could not tell. It was a beautiful face, that in the picture, the big, sad eyes seeming almost to speak to the observer, and Miss Borgess never took the child on her lap that she did not fish out the little locket and gaze upon that face.

"What a beautiful woman your mother was, if this was your mother, and I'm sure it was," she said, holding the picture up before them. "You should open this locket twenty times a day and feast your eyes upon that sweet face, and learn to love it

more and more. It was your mother, sweet one, and some day it will speak to you—Oh!”

The exclamation was elicited by the picture and its delicate frame, coming loose in some way from its fastenings and falling to the floor. Although it was only a glass negative, set in a black mat, it did not break, and lo! the prediction of Miss Borgess was verified, even before the words were grown cold. There before them lay a lock of hair, and on the back of the picture, as it lay face down on the floor, was some writing on a paper. Miss Borgess seized it eagerly, and read. In a fine, feminine hand were penned these words:

“When my little daughter is old enough to understand, I want her to be called by her middle name, Orpah, and be taught to love her native state and its people. F. O. M.”

Miss Borgess read it over a second time, turning the picture over to look into the sweet, approving eyes.

“It is a message from the grave—see the big eyes sparkle! This is her hair, it is the same as in the picture, and this is her message to you. F. O. M. are the first letters of your mother’s name, and the O must have been for Orpah, the same as yours. The F may have been for Frances, or Fannie or—but what was the M for? That is the more vital question. Of course, there are a thousand names beginning with M. It may have been Mills, Miller, Martin, Mahan, or some name not so common. But we will know some day, dearie.”

The child stood looking at her auntie in open-eyed wonder as the latter examined the little lock of hair, turned the picture over and over, and talked away almost in a strained whisper, as if the dead

woman were in the room with them. Then she called Mrs. Tolson and showed her the find. "But, so far as I can see, it only adds to the mystery. The mother must have had some premonition of death, or that the child would be taken away from her, or in some unaccountable way they would be separated, else she would not have written such a request upon the paper on the back of the picture. How could she know that it would ever be discovered there? It might have gone on for years but for the accident of its becoming loosened and falling to the floor."

Mrs. Tolson shook her head. "There's something about it we don't know."

"To be sure there is, a great deal, and more than that, we may never know, still I have always felt that the whole thing would be straightened up some day."

"I think it makes one thing clear," said Mrs. Tolson, after a pause, "which we have discussed a great deal, and that is that there was a reason for the other side of the locket being left blank. It was not a mere accident, as we have sometimes thought, but left blank because the child had no father whose picture could honorably occupy a place with the mother's, or else he did something that caused the mother to take it out. But whatever may have been the reason, I am satisfied, and always have been, that the little thing is not a child of the lower class."

"So am I," assented Miss Borgess, quickly, who had grown to love Orpah fondly. "I know nothing about it beyond what that man Baker and his alleged wife told Mrs. Ford, when they brought the child there. He said she came of a wealthy family

in Missouri, and they came from Keokuk, Iowa, all of which might have been untrue. If it were true, how did they come to have her? If she came of a wealthy family, where were her people that they would permit such a couple to take the child? At first I believed she was Mrs. Ford's sister's child, but as she grew older I have doubted it more and more, for that woman was a vain, hard-faced creature whom I could not even respect. Her language was coarse, and her manners were not of the educated and refined people of Missouri. I believe Baker, or whatever his name was, was hired to steal the child or put her out of the way, and this little note in the picture confirms that belief."

"If she were the illegitimate child of some aristocratic old slave-holder's daughter, the mother may have suspected that she would be taken from her, hence the surreptitious request she penned on the back of the picture. But why did she not tell her name, and say what was her native state? It is all a mystery which I can not pretend to fathom."

"No matter, she's a lovely child, and her name's not Baker," said Miss Borgess, bending over and kissing the child and calling her by her new name. "She will grow to be a beautiful woman, as beautiful as her mother was. If there was any sin, which I do not believe, surrounding her coming into the world, she is innocent and pure herself. That is all I am concerned about at this time. What the future has to unfold will be made plain in its appointed time, just as the picture fell from its fastenings to give us this message from the grave."

That night, when Mr. Tolson came home from his work, the whole thing was canvassed over

again for the hundredth time. But whatever mystery was unsolved, the finding of the note settled two things definitely—Janie should be called Orpah, and she should be taught to love her native state, and that state, from what they could gather, was Missouri.

The name was decidedly awkward at first, and Janie did not take kindly to it, but the task imposed to teach her to love her native state was wholly superfluous, as the child had a longing desire in her loyal little heart to go back to the old home of her babyhood. She had a vague recollection of many things that happened there, which had shaped themselves in her childish mind like some fairy tale, among which was the kindly-faced old black mammy who used to chase her along the big porch, through the rooms and round the chairs; the big tall man who carried her out into the yard among the trees and tossed her up in his strong arms; and the grandmother who took her in the big chair where she sat all smothered with white pillows, and held her when she was crying for her mama. She knew the porch was as long as from their house over to the next one, which was more than a hundred yards, and the big man who tossed her up was almost as tall as the cottonwood tree that stood in their yard. No three men, all spliced together, as she expressed it, could reach to his arms, he was so tall. This was her memory-picture of her grandfather.

After they went to their room that night, and Orpah was asleep, Miss Borgess sat with her knee between her locked hands, wrapt in thought. The name Orpah came to her in all its strangeness. Where had she heard it? She surely had never

known any one of that name. Taking up her bible to read a chapter before retiring, she turned the leaves carelessly. Her eyes fell upon that beautiful first verse of the third chapter of Ruth.

"Then Naomi, her mother-in-law, said unto her: my daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee?"

It then flashed across her mind where she had seen the name Orpah, and turning to the first chapter she read on down to the fourteenth and fifteenth verses.

"And they lifted up their voice and wept again, and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her, and she said: behold thy sister-in-law has gone back unto her people and unto her Gods: return thou unto thy sister-in-law."

"How passing strange all this is. That note on the picture, penned by a hand now cold in death, and these verses, coming right together, make me feel like some other unlooked for thing is going to happen. Orpah's mother must have been in deep trouble, and reading this chapter for consolation and then wrote those words, which is a request to those into whose hands the child should fall to call her by that name, and teach her to love her native state and its people. If the child was to grow up in her native state, amid the surroundings of home and its influences, it would have been unnecessary to write that request."

These and a hundred other theories crowded one after another through her mind, after she had retired, driving all desire to sleep away. A noise below her window arrested her attention. Rising quickly she crept stealthily to the window. A ladder was placed to the sill of the window, and a

man was coming up towards her. She did not scream, as most women under the same circumstances would have done, and fall on the floor in a dead faint. She had been in too many dangerous situations to do that. Her presence of mind was as active as a man's, and as resourceful. A painter had been painting the house during the day and left his ladder where he had climbed down from it. The burglar coming cautiously up towards her had found things to his hand. The open window above and the ladder standing near may have caught his eye, but the ladder was full short. He had to place it almost perpendicularly to reach the sill. All this was taken in at a glance by this fearless and resourceful young woman. The man was half way up the ladder.

Seizing the ends of the ladder she pushed it with all her might from her, landing the burglar on his back, with the ladder on top of him, fully ten feet away. He scrambled to his feet slowly, evidently being somewhat stunned by the fall, and scampered away, more than likely expecting to feel a bullet plow through his back every moment. Miss Borgess smiled at his awkward predicament, and went back to bed, feeling secure so far as that particular prowler was concerned. Perhaps he smiled too, at escaping so fortunately, for in those early days on the frontier people were always well armed, and thought very little of shooting a man down when caught in the act of committing a crime.

Just as day was breaking she fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed that a tall and beautiful woman, dressed in pure white, came to the bed, stooped over and kissed little Orpah at her side. Then the woman stood over the child and smiled.

She awoke to find it broad day light, and when she turned to look at Orpah a sweet smile was playing over the little one's face. She, too, opened her eyes, continuing to smile.

"A beautiful lady came to me, auntie, and kissed me," said the child. "She had big eyes, and long brown hair hanging down her back, and was as white as her white dress. She whispered my new name to me and smiled."

"I saw her—I dreamed the same thing," exclaimed Miss Borgess, sitting up in bed, "and at the same time you did. Surely it was more than a dream," pondering over the strange coincidence. "And the woman I saw is the same as that in the locket. She was your mother, Orpah."

The child was thinking of the vivid dream, which was quite a reality to her, and said nothing.

"Orpah, can't you remember more about your mother, your home, and who was there, some of their names, and all that?" She had asked the child the same questions a hundred times before, but the double dream, the disclosures of the locket, a message and a veritable visit from the mother, impressed her with the belief that other miracles were about to occur. Perhaps the little brain was about to awaken with disclosures that would clear up the whole mystery.

"You have told me you could remember your papa—how did he look?"

"He was in bed in a great big room, with curtains hung every where, and a man took me away. He was pale, and had black eyes, awful big eyes, when he looked at me from the bed; and he had whiskers on his lip, and a little on his chin, like Uncle Tolson has. He didn't say a word when the

man took me away, just looked at me. Then he took me on a horse—”

“Was that the same man that took you out of the room?”

“I don’t know, but I think it was. We went through the woods and ever so far. I cried, and he squeezed me and kissed me, and I pushed his sticky face away and kept right on crying. We came to a river, and went into a house on the water and took the house in too. Then the house went out on the water, and then after a long time it went back again. The man stopped at a house and got some candy, then at another house—I don’t know how many. Then we went to a house where there was an old woman, and no one else. It must have been a long ways off, as we rode and rode and rode, he holding me on the horse before him. Another man took me on a horse. I don’t know when he did it. I thought I was falling out of bed, and when I did fall I was on the horse almost smothered. He went to a big town where his wife was, and told me to be still, that he was taking me to my mama, but it wasn’t my mama but his wife. She was in a big wagon, and I loved her. That’s all I know until I was with you in another wagon, and we ran in the sand to keep away from the Indians.”

Miss Borgess knew this simple story by heart, she had heard it over and over again, not always precisely the same in its sequence of events, but essentially the same story.

“Can’t you remember the names of any of these people, the name of the river, or the big town?”


Orpah shook her head. “O, yes, his name, the man that took he on the horse, his name was Ed-

ward. The old woman called him Edward, and he called her auntie, the same as I call you."

"What about the big house you lived in, was it in a town, or on the river?"

"It was a big white house, with a long porch, ever so long, and trees, and lots of houses and negroes all around it. I don't know if it was a town, but I think it was, there were so many houses. And the rooms, you could never go into all of them, there were so many, and big! why, auntie, this house could go into one of them and not half fill it. Just one after another, one after another, I don't know how many there were, but I would know the house if I were to see it, and the big rooms too. If you'll take me back to Missouri, auntie, I'll show it to you. When I see the long porch, and the negroes all over the yard, I'll know the place, I know I will."

"Yes, dear, I hope to take you back there before very long, I want to go myself and get away from this wild un-Godly frontier life, where all one sees is rough men, saloons and gambling houses. We may not find the place, for there are many big white houses in the broad state of Missouri that have long porches and negroes in the yard. The porches may not be as long as the one you have treasured in your little mind, nor the house so big, but I believe you would know it if you were to see it. The war is over now, and the country is settling down so it is safe to live in, or will be by the time we get there. The big house may be in ashes and its inhabitants murdered or scattered, but we will go back there and make an effort to find your people."

 **I** T is fate, relentless, merciless fate, and the hand of God is in it." sighed Henry Martin, sinking down on a rock by the roadside that led up to the little cluster of houses on the hill where the Tolsons had lived for almost a year. "But for what purpose I do not know. All I do know is that it seems to be destined that I shall never find my child. Oh, God, it is cruel, cruel as the mirage to the famishing traveler, who summons his last waning strength to reach the water and quench his burning thirst, only to find it a delusion and a snare. But there he dies, while even that poor boon is denied to me."

He rose quickly to his feet, setting every muscle tense in his body. The old feeling of rebellion welled up strong within him, the blasphemous words battering against his teeth for exit to curse his fate, but he closed his lips upon them with an effort. The old Adam man was a power within him, strong as upon that other pitiful day, when he demanded of his Maker by what authority He had despoiled him of his wife. His one impulse was to destroy his life that had been such a miserable failure, hurl his sickened soul into the presence of his God and demand instant judgment.

Then he hung his head in very shame, in penitence for the wicked words he had thought but had not uttered. But it was a penitence of the mind and not of the heart, a penitence that reasons the utter futility of attempting the impossible, of changing the unchangeable, in which the heart took no part. He sat down again, resting his face in his hands.

"I have traveled thousands of miles, fraught with every danger and hardship, spent thousands of dollars, accomplishing nothing. Five years of my life have been devoted to the task, and I'm no nearer finding little Janie today than when I set out down the river. She is just within reach, and when I put forth my hand she's gone. If it's God's will that I shall never find her, why should I, poor puny man that I am, race over mountains and plains in this fruitless defiance of what is to be? Should I submit, sit down and see the years glide by and not turn my hand over to find her? I can't do it. The power that holds her just beyond my reach, sends me on headlong in the search."

He rose to his feet and walked down the hill wrapped in contending thought, first one side in the mastery and then the other. "I will try no more—I will submit,—Thy will not mine be done," he said aloud, stopping in the road, but the words were spoken more in anger than in submission.

He decided he would go back to California, where his money was invested in fruit lands and ranch property, and there watch and wait. When he felt the desire come upon him too strong to be reasonably resisted, to take up another clue and go in search of the lost child, he would go, but if

he continued to feel as he did then, he would never go again.

This uncontrollable inspiration to take up the search again he did not assume would be a manifestation or materialized spirit direction, but rather a consciousness or influence that some times impels one to act. Why or how it comes, no one knows. One knows only that it sometimes comes. On this mysterious influence, which he did not pretend to analyze, he would wait, and if it never came to him he would never make another effort.

Almost heart-broken and utterly weary of life, he made his way back to California, where, on his brother's porch for months, he sat and gazed pensively into the blackened past, or walked aimlessly in the orchard with his hands locked behind his back. Though the children played about him, shouting and laughing in childish glee, and his white-haired mother stood at the back of his chair and talked soothingly to him, he remained mute to every advancement. He lived with his sorrows in the past. Nothing could drag him from them.

Then, after months of lethargy he began to lift his face from the ground. The property in which he invested, increased greatly in value, demanding his attention. The old money-making nature, so long smothered, began to assert itself, and unlocking his idle hands from behind his back his awakening mind set them to work. A year went swiftly by. Henry Martin, though still silent and smileless, was a changed man.

The man who was his traveling companion from Salt Lake City to California the first time, a bright and most jovial fellow, with whom he parted with so much reluctance at Nevada City, was married

and settled down only a day's drive from Maryville. He sent a pressing invitation by passing neighbors a number of times for Henry to come down and make him a visit. This Henry finally decided to do, not dreaming what pleasure was in store for him only thirty miles from where he had spent so many months of his hermit-like existence.

It was a perfect autumn day when he turned his spanking span of clay-banks into the lane that led up to the village near which his friend lived. He was struck by the familiar scenes about him. Surely he had never seen the place before, yet there stood the old blacksmith shop just as he knew it ought to be, and there was the spreading chestnut tree. Then his mind went swiftly back to his boyhood days in the little village in Delaware. The picture before him was the same as that burned upon his childish memory. And then, to climax his astonishment, when he drove nearer, there was the same shop and the same forge, in which his father labored so many years, and about which he played as a little boy. He drew his horses up and feasted his enraptured eyes upon the old familiar scene. While sitting there, back in his boyhood's home, listening to his father making the anvil ring, the stage-horn was heard up the lane, and when he turned his astonished eyes, he saw the same old stage coming down the road as it used to do in Delaware. He could scarcely believe he was not dreaming. And there on the box was a driver, the life-like image of Jem Howie, only older.

• "Hello! Tim, Billy's cast a shoe," sang out the driver, sticking his long whip in the stock and kicking on the brake.

"All right, Jamie boy, I'll have it on in no time."

Precisely these words and these names he had heard when a boy, and in precisely the same sort of a place. His curiosity was now beyond control.

"And you are Tim?" he asked, stepping to the door.

The blacksmith looked up from his work and nodded affirmatively.

"I can't hardly believe my own eyes and ears," said Henry, half to himself. "What's your father's name?"

"Robert Howie."

"Where is he from?"

"From Ohio, sir," returned the grimy blacksmith, raising up with the air of one who would answer all the questions that were going to be asked by the inquisitive stranger before he tried to go on with his work.

"Was he reared in Ohio?"

"No, sir, he went from Delaware, near Wilmington, to Ohio."

"Is your father living, and your mother, too?"

"Yes, sir, they live right over there on a ranch."

"Would you take me to them? I think I'm an old friend of your parents."

"Soon as I put on Billy's shoe," said Tim, eyeing the stranger curiously. It was now his time to ask questions, but he went on with his work, saying nothing. The horse was soon shod, and getting into the buggy the blacksmith pointed out the way to Henry. Old Mr. Howie came to meet them. Though nearly twenty-five years older, and only a stripling of a boy when Henry last saw him, he recognized him instantly.

"And this is Robert Howie of Delaware," said

Henry, springing from the buggy and going up to him with extended hand. "It has been many a long day since we parted, many a long day since you were the young village blacksmith under the spreading chestnut tree."

Mr. Howie rubbed his glasses, and studied the face of the stranger keenly, but shook his head.

"I see it is like father like son. Your boy Tim has taken up the good old trade."

Oh, God bless you, I see it now," he cried. "You are my old boss, Tommy Martin's son," and he threw his great strong arms about Henry and hugged him with delight. "And I believe you are the youngest one, Henry, Henry, that was your name. I never expected to see you again."

They repaired at once to the house, where Mrs. Howie was equally as glad to see him. It was in fact a veritable family re-union, and far into the night they sat there and talked of old times and old friends back in little Delaware, when Tim, now growing old, was a young apprentice.

"Do you remember, Henry," asked Mr. Howie, "when you all were looking for your father to come back from Missouri, and you got up on the top of the big gate-post, and had to be dragged off by your mother to be put to bed?"

"Yes," laughed Henry. "I was a little shaver, but I remember it distinctly, and how I kicked and squalled to be let alone."

"And when you were called to dinner the day before your father came, you yelled out to the other boys, 'nobody's to get my place while I eat.' I never will forget that expression, and the tone of voice," and the old man laughed heartily.

And so the happy hours sped by, and broad day-

light would have found them sitting there talking over the past had not Mrs. Howie broke in to remind them that it was then two o'clock, and high time to go to bed.

The next morning Henry told them of the death of his wife and the stealing of his child, and of the unsettled, wandering life he had lived since then. These two great afflictions that enveloped him in a shadow as it were, touched deeply their simple hearts. They knew some great sorrow had met him in life, touching every expression in his face to sadness, but with one accord they waited for him to relate it to them or keep it locked in his breast according to his own pleasure. They listened with bowed heads. From that hour on there would be two more devoted Christian souls appealing to the Father with unfaltering faith for the restoration to the father of the long lost child.

Just before noon Henry's traveling companion, whom he was on the way to visit, drove up with his wife and baby. His wife was Mr. Howie's youngest daughter, and here was another pleasant surprise. Henry was now in a frame of mind not to be astonished at anything. If the Tolsons had come up the road in a mover's wagon, with little Janie perched on the front seat, inquiring for him, it would not have been an unlooked for event of the many surprises he had met in the last few hours. In fact he found himself, time after time, looking down the road to see them coming, but among the miracles that had contributed so much to his pleasure, the sudden appearance of the lost child was not to be one.

"How is it, Mr. Howie," asked Henry, as they walked over to the shop that afternoon, "that

everything here, even to the stage and the lay of the country, is an exact counterpart of the place we lived in back in Delaware? The shop is the same, an exact duplicate I might say, and above it is the spreading chestnut tree, though, perhaps, not so large as the one back there."

"Well, Henry, it was a fad of mine, I guess. I'm what they call a sentimentalist, whatever that is, and you know I grew up at the forge. Everything I know your father taught me, and I may say that I thought more of him than of any other man I ever knew. He loved that sweetest of all poems, *The Village Blacksmith*, and you remember you taught it to me, little tad that you were. I couldn't read very much, had very little learning and no chance to get any, so I learned it by heart. I said to myself that if I ever own a shop I'm going to have it as near like that one back there as I can make it. We went to Ohio, after you left, and several years later crossed the plains and came here. The place struck me the moment I saw it. There were a few houses here, and while I was looking around at the whole lay of things the stage came rumbling down the road. That settled it. This was the very place for me. And then there was a good sized chestnut tree, under which, if I could buy the ground, I decided to build the shop. You see it all. I was the Tim who took the shop back there when your father left it, and my Tim took this one when I got ready to give it up."

"It is certainly a faithful reproduction," said Henry, looking about him. "Of course the other houses are not the same, but standing here in the

road, looking into the shop, I'm a boy again and my father's at the forge."

"I verily believe that the reading of Longfellow's poem, and the veneration developed for it among ourselves and our children, has been a blessed leaven of righteousness to us all. It has made them better men and women, and I have always told them that it was you who taught it to me. No sermon as insrumental in giving us a higher conception of our duty to each other, and to our fellow man. It is one of the chapters in our bible, we all know it word for word." And standing there by the forge, his hat on the anvil, Mr. Howie repeated in a most touching way those simple lines:

"Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The Smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

"His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns what'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
He owes not any man.

"Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,

Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

“And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door,
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

“He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

“It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

“Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earn'd a night's repose.

“Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought,

Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.' ”

Henry's face was bowed to the ground, and the tears dripped into the black dust at his feet. It was his father's voice, "Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—" Aye, so he had gone through life.

"Be of good cheer, Henry," said Mr. Howie, laying his rough hand heavily on Henry's shoulder. "God is just. The day is coming when you will hear your daughter's voice, singing in the village choir, and then your heart will rejoice."

"I pray God your prediction may come true," returned Henry, fervently. "And let me say to you, in the language of the last verse, 'Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, for the lesson thou hast taught.' ”

At the last bugle-call of the war only Major Harold Sells who had been promoted for gallant services, answered from the scarred and serried ranks. The two Bakers having gotten their fill of war, refused to re-enlist and were mustered out of services at the expiration of their time, and Col. Sells slept the sleep that knows no waking in the cemetery at Vicksburg.

Returning to his old home in north-east Missouri, Edward found out from a friend that Colonel Williams was intent upon having him called to account for kidnaping little Janie, so, with very little ado, he slipped out of the neighborhood and started west, landing almost a year later in Denver, where we shall have occasion to see him again.

The old detective, Bonney, was dead, and so was Mrs. Williams, after an invalidism of thirty years, and proud Colonel Williams, once rich and powerful, was left with almost nothing. The contending hosts stripped him, as they did thousands of others, of everything but his house and the bare land. Even the fences and outbuildings were burned. He was not only a financial but a physi-

cal wreck as well, his tall handsome form being bent as by extreme old age.

Old Uncle Mose and Aunt Mandy passed through the storm of fire and blood unscathed, and were living in the same place in which the war found them, very little if any older than then, a contented and happy couple. They were called old at the opening of this story, nearly eighteen years ago, and long before that were known as Uncle Mose and Aunt Mandy. Worthy and faithful negroes before the war were called uncle and aunt as a mark of esteem and affection on the part of the whites, but the younger generation that began to grow up and feel their freedom scorned to be recognized by any other appellation than Mister and Mistress. And to refer to them as negroes was to offer them a deadly insult—they were colored ladies and gentlemen.

But between the true southern men and women and the old household slaves who had spent the best part of their lives in honest and faithful service, there existed a strong bond of sympathy and love which war, or poverty, or proclamations of freedom could not obliterate. Old Mars knew full well that Sambo would purloin his chickens, and when standing round diffidently in the kitchen, hide away little luxuries that caught his eye and appealed to his sometimes fastidious stomach, but when Sambo was accused and hung his head with that familiar grin of guilt, old Mars had to pardon. But he never pardoned without first making Sambo believe that his wretched life was to pay the penalty. Amidst the tearful promises that he would never, no never, do it again, absolution was granted with a mighty show of reluctance, and Sambo,

after many years of fruitful experience, slyly winked the other eye. He knew it took just so much whine, and so much tears of repentance, to extract a full pardon. It would not have taken a very keen observer to have found him prowling, perhaps, in the neighborhood of the chicken-roost that very night. Of course, if not caught with a fowl in his hands, he would be out chasing a weasel that was bothering the chickens, or scaring away the audacious hoot-owls that were hovering about the coop.

But it would be a revelation to those who read and religiously believed in the inhuman cruelties of Simon Lagree, and through those exaggerations execrated the slave-holder, if he could see the broad grin on Sambo's face when he would meet his old master, after having been long separated from him; see him take off his hat and come up to shake hands with Mars. John, with genuine affection beaming from his good-natured face.

When these old landmarks of that happy time before the war pass from earth, and their ranks have now grown thin, they will be gone never to return. The environments that produced them have been swept away, and they, both white and black, are fast following. "De cotton pickin' an' de co'n huskin'" have passed into the sweet bye and bye, and with them those lovable characters, Sambo and Dinah, the kings and queens of "de banjo, de fiddle an' de ho.'" One will never stand in the pensive twilight and hear, coming up through the warm summer air from the pastures or shadowed woodlands, that sweet old negro song,

“Hang up de fiddle an’ de bo’;
Hang up de shubble an’ de ho’;
Dar’s no mo’ work for poo’ ole Ned,
He’s gwine whar de good niggahs go.”

There has been a vast amount of sympathy in this world at times that slopped over and went to waste. Whether the negro who was torn from his sunny home in Africa and brought to the enlightened shores of America, though in slavery, was worse off than his brother left behind, is a question even amongst those who never did believe in slavery. Of course, the brother naked, and in his native wilds, had the better of it in one respect. He was left “On the burning sands of Timbuctoo, where he could eat a missionary, hat boots and hymnbook, too,” as an occasional diversion, when his regular diet palled on his palate. But even that rare privilege could not outweigh many opportunities afforded his transported brother which began to be enjoyed at the beginning of his freedom.

But however time may settle the question, one of far more vital importance met the impoverished people of Missouri at the close of the dreadful conflict. Those who were fortunate enough to pass through the war alive had little left to them but the salubrious climate and the undeveloped soil. With the courage and determination of their forefathers, who hewed out homes in the forests, they set about the disheartening task before them. Homes were built, school-houses thrown together, rude though they were, and the fields that had lain fallow for four years soon blossomed as the rose. Mines were opened, and great chimneys sprang up as if by magic. The hum of factories mingled with

the song of the husbandman. Grand old Missouri was herself again, pushing towards the front rank in the sisterhood of states.

Ah, but there was a stain in the minds of some, poisonous as the foul breath of suspicion breathed against a fair girl's reputation. Missouri had been a slave state. The immigrant from the north or east stopped before he reached her contaminated borders, or passed around her with averted nose to seek a home farther to the west. This was not a loss to Missouri in every instance, as the last thirty years have proved. It retarded her growth at first, in comparison to other western states, but many undesirable people passed her by, leaving the generous soil unoccupied for those more tolerant and congenial in their make-up. Thus it is that Missouri is today one of the states that can boast of a people as free from bigotry, and as truly American as can be found anywhere in the Union.

It was in this dark period, immediately following the war, when people were naked and struggling with starvation; when they were building up their wrecked homes and fencing their fields, organizing courts of justice and bringing to punishment the outlaws produced by the four years of internecine strife, that the notorious James boys gave the state an unsavory reputation. The Hon. Carl Schurtz, in an impassioned partisan speech, stigmatized it as the robber state, thus unjustly indicting a whole people for the lawless acts of a half dozen men. And even to this day there are timid souls in the provincial east who would tremble for their lives if they had to cross Missouri in a Pullman car. Of course, all this is ignorance gone to seed, inexcusable in an enlight-

ened country, where everybody should know that Missouri is almost the only state in the Union whose courts have sent to the penitentiary the powerful wreckers of banks, and hanged a millionaire for murder. But this may be why they fear.

Over in the western part of the state, almost on the very border line of Gen. Ewing's infamous "Order No. 11," lived the Bronsons. All about them were gaunt and blackened chimneys, pitiful reminders of once happy homes, sticking up like shafts in a cemetery, or dismantled spars of sunken ships, yet their peaceful home escaped without a scar. The death angel, seeing the sign of the covenant on its lintels, passed it by. Little Julia May Thompson, the waif of the explosion on the Mississippi steamer, whom Henry Martin brought to Mrs. Bronson, was now almost a young lady. The same destiny that bereft her of one mother, gave her another in the person of Mrs. Bronson, and they were as devotedly attached to each other as mother and daughter. Despite the conflict that raged about them, Julia May had been permitted to pursue her studies, as Mrs. Bronson promised Henry she should, by private tutor in the two closing years of the war and in the rehabilitated public school near by since then.

Rev. Rolla Bronson had completed his work and was ordained into the ministry, and was in charge of a growing church in a neighboring river town. But like many eager students, he had applied himself too closely to his studies, thus sowing the seed to be reaped later in life in a broken down constitution.

After this short call at the Bronson home it will be proper to follow Edward Baker, who, after

wandering from place to place, finally landed in the little frontier town of Denver, a year after the close of the war, not much better than a vagabond and tramp. There he was in his element, consorting with the reckless, dissolute characters that gambled, drank and caroused the day and live-long night through. But he must do something more than hang around the saloons and gambling dens. He had no money with which to gamble, and if he had had he would have been a lamb amongst those wolves whose lives were spent at the gaming tables. Going from one place to another, watching the play and capping an occasional tenderfoot, would not bring him a living in this isolated town where a mere existence required almost the income of a prince. He must do something to earn his bread, in those days worth as much as its weight in gold. But he had no trade, knew nothing in which he was skilled enough to turn his hand. But it was easy to make a living. Even the commonest laborer was paid princely wages, but Edward Baker despised labor. Want forced him to it.

Representing himself as a skilled painter, he took a job that was offered to paint houses. There were few houses in the straggling little town at that time to be painted, yet one of these was the house in which the Tolsons lived, and Edward Baker, with his paint-bucket, brush and ladder, reluctantly began the work. He was not there long before a brilliant idea burst into his head, shrewd and alert for criminal scheming.

"She called her Janie," he said to himself, "and if that ain't Janie Martin, grown to be a great, big girl, then I'm a goat. Let's see,"—and he

held his brush still while he made a mental calculation,—“that’s right—she’d be about that big, but by George! it don’t seem possible. But I thought she was killed by the Indians, she and the Fords together. That’s the way I got it. Mebbe that was a mistake, or else she got away. There’s a screw loose in it somewhere, for that’s Janie Martin as sure as shooting.”

He painted away slovenly as a man who hated the work and knew nothing about handling the brush, dropping more on the ground than he got on the house, but however poorly his hands were doing the work, his cunning brain was active.

“Indian stories or no Indian stories, that’s the girl I’ll bet my life,” he said, glancing up at the declining sun to gauge its height for quitting time. “I made a beast of a blunder before, and now she’s within my grasp again, offered to me, it seems like, for a second trial. But what good would it do me now, with no dough in sight. Old Colonel Williams, once my beloved uncle, is dead broke, sitting back there in the ashes of what used to make him so proud, with not enough money to wad a shot-gun. Ah! but there’s her daddy, proud, young buck with his nose in the air, I’d forgotten him, and yet he’s the last man on earth I should forget. They say he’s rich as cream in California. Don’t look so bad after all. He always was a money-maker. God Almighty always did give money to just such men as he is, while I paint houses.” Then he looked his work over and smiled. “No, I don’t paint ’em. Guess that’s a mistake—I just daub ’em over. But it’s good enough for this jay town. He just bought a lot of land out there, some old sandy stuff that

nobody else wanted, and it started right off on a gallop to make him rich. If I'd bought it the sage-hens wouldn't have lived on it any longer, but Henry Martin, the superb, as soon as he got it everybody wanted it. That's the way it goes. But so much the better, when I come to think of it, for if he had nothing this chance to get the girl again would be worth nothing. I'll bet he'll give more for her than I'd a got out of the old Colonel, and it'll be easier done. By George! I'm glad his land made him rich after all."

He nodded his head approvingly, with one eye squinted shut. "The next thing is to copper the kid, and then turn her over to her doting daddy for a couple of thousand. That will beat painting houses. How the guys will open their eyes when I pop in on them with a bank roll like that. I'll be the whole thing for a while anyway."

The plans began to shape themselves in his mind. His Aunt Betsy Morgan at Nauvoo, when he was in high favor with that excentric individual, had told him of her husband's brother going with his wife to Salt Lake City with the Mormon exodus. He was dead, but his widow was still living, and he could claim distant kin with her. Her name was Morgan, and he knew much about her. She was well off, had a good home and considerable property, and thither he would take Janie. He would write back to a friend in Missouri for Henry Martin's address that very night, and then from Salt Lake City he could conduct the negotiations under an assumed name. It was easy, unfolding itself like a story before him.

The next day he painted and watched and lis-

tened. Nothing escaped him. The family was named Tolson, and Janie called the two women aunt and the man uncle. She leaned out of the window as he worked near, and he talked with her when no one heard them. From her he learned a few things which settled beyond question her identity. That night he made his first daring attempt to steal the child, by climbing to the room in which she and Miss borgess slept, with the result known to the reader.

In the fall he threw his right hand behind him, dislocating his shoulder. This laid him up for some time, and another man finished the painting. With his arm in a sling he drifted back upon the charity of his gambler friends, cursing his bungling fate and perfecting his plans against the day his shoulder should permit him to put them into more successful exeution.

During this lull in Baker's operations, John Tolson received a letter from a friend in Salt Lake City, telling him that some vacant property he owned there was becoming very valuable, and advising him to come and see after it. The town was growing towards it, in fact all around it, and the friend suggested that it would be wise not to dispose of it in a lump, but to come and cut it up into lots and sell them himself.

This letter and its advice created a tremendous uproar in the peaceful Tolson home.

"Sell it for what you can get for it," said Mrs. Tolson in tears. "Don't never think of going back to that place again. I will never give my consent to it, besides, we couldn't stay here while you are away. It might take you three months to dribble it out to this one and that one. Dis-

pose of it in a lump, no matter if you do get less for it."

"No, it would not do to leave you here alone," said Mr. Tolson, meditatively. "And it would take some time to cut it up and sell it out, perhaps six months or a year, but think how much more it would bring us that way. It looks like a shame to turn our backs on Dame Fortune the first time she knocks at our door."

"Six months or a year!" cried Mrs. Tolson. "Don't begin to talk that way, John, for we will never go back there if it would make millionaires of us all. I would rather pass my days in poverty and die in the poor house than to live with a million with those treacherous, lecherous Mormons."

"You will not have to live with them very long," said Mr. Tolson, quietly.

"No matter, a month is a life-time there. And then think of the danger of the trip, and what we will have to put up with. No, no, no, don't talk about it. The very idea makes me shiver. I will never consent to go, and you must not go."

So they talked and argued and plead, Miss Borgess joining in with her sister, and Orpah adding her tears and sobs, but John Tolson said very little. He was convinced that it would well repay them for the undertaking, to go back, lay the property out in lots and sell them himself. In a quiet way he affirmed as much a day or so later. Upon this Miss Borgess declared she would not go, but her sister took on so over going back alone that she finally relented. This removed the last obstacle.

"We'll stay only long enough to sell the prop-

erty," said Mr. Tolson, well pleased with the turn affairs had taken. "If I can sell it all at once for a good price, I'll do it, and then we'll go straight back to honey Missouri where you are all set upon going."

After a good cry all round they departed for the city of the saints, sadly, reluctantly, and with many misgivings. Miss Borgess' heart was in her throat all the way out, and her nights were practically sleepless, yet the peril was not so great as it was six years before when the Fords were massacred.

They reached Salt Lake City in safety, after a long and fatiguing journey, and found a house in a remote part of the town from that in which they formerly resided. Mr. Tolson soon learned that it was the church that wanted his property, so he set a big price upon it, saying as a threat that he would cut it up into lots and dispose of them before he would take less. The church would not give the price asked, and refused, through its agent, to have anything more to do with the dog of a Gentile. So for a week the matter rested.

Another buyer came to him, at the end of this time, saying he would take the property at the price named, and urged Mr. Tolson to go with him at once to the office of a lawyer where the deeds could be made out and signed. As they were passing along the street two men came tumbling out of a door, fighting. Two others followed them closely, trying, apparently, to separate the combatants. In the melee, coming upon them so suddenly, Mr. Tolson and the buyer of the property were knocked down. A great crowd instantly collected. The buyer scrambled

to his feet and disappeared, while Mr. Tolson lay upon the ground, groaning and writhing in agony. In the excitement he had been fatally knifed, the blade reaching his vitals in two places. In a few moments he was dead.

Two men were arrested, and an investigation immediately held, where it was proven conclusively that the dead man arrived in the city only two days before to assassinate a prominent elder of the church, and was on his way, heavily armed, to carry out his deadly purpose. As the dead man lay there in the room, where he had been hastily carried, his body not yet cold, two pistols and a dagger were found upon his person. The evidence was unquestionable. As an enemy of the church his property was confiscated.

Two men were called to one side, where they were given whispered instructions, and quickly left the room. Making their way to the Tolson home they knocked.

"Mr. Tolson sent us to have you come up and sign the deed," said one of the men, when Mrs. Tolson came to the door.

"Can't it be brought here?" she asked. "I am not feeling well to-day."

"No, it's necessary for you to go there and sign it. It will take you only a few moments. And you better have the young lady go along with you to witness it."

The two women, with Orpah, followed the two men up town, overjoyed at the prospect of selling the property so soon. They would be ready to leave for the east in a day or two.

"This is a strange place in which to sign a deed," whispered Miss Borgess to her sister, as

they were led into a dark, forbidding looking building.

"Yes, it is," leered one of the men, who overheard the remark, as he pushed them into a room and swung a barred door to behind them. "You'll just make yourselves at home, ladies, until the deed is brought to you."

"My God, Emma, we're in a prison," cried Miss Borgess, clutching the bars as if she would tear them from their fastenings.

* *W* *

HEN Henry returned to his temporary home, which he called that with his mother and two brothers, he told them of the old-time friends he had met, and of the two delightful days he spent with them. His mother was for starting off at once to pay the Howies a visit, but several months went by before a day was set apart for making the trip. Perhaps it would not have been arranged even as soon as it was but for the fact that Henry was growing restless. The spirit was moving him to go once more in the quest of his lost child. Nothing had come to him to create this desire, it is true, no new clews that held out any promise, yet he was strongly moved to go. But where? He could answer the question no more than he could the day he sat on the rock in Nevada, looking up at the little house where Janie had lived so many months. From that point the Tolsons had vanished with the child into the unknown, leaving no trace of where they had gone.

"Here I am, settled down in a rut month after month, making no effort to find her, when, if I had not given up, I might have found her long ago. The war is over and peace reigns again in

Missouri. The Tolsons have friends back there somewhere, some of whom are in communication with them, or know where they are. It ought not to be any great task to find some of these people. I'll never find them sitting here."

When he told his mother his determination it was decided that the long contemplated visit to the Howies should be got through with, immediately after which he would set out for Missouri.

The buggy was brought out, and an early start was made. The two spirited horses, not having been driven much recently, were fractious and hard to manage, but Henry was such an expert horseman that his mother expressed no fear, if she felt any. Going down a steep hill the buggy pushed hard upon them. A frightened bird fluttered out of a bush almost under their heels. The wild animals leaped into the air, and away they flew at a break-neck speed down the hill, with the bits in their teeth, defying all restraint. All Henry could do was to keep them in the road and let them run. His mother slipped her arm through his and clung to him in silence, being too much frightened to utter a sound. At the foot of the hill the road turned sharply to the left. Henry fully realized the danger. At the speed they were going they could not make the turn. Bracing his feet against the dash-board, he threw his weight upon the lines to check the maddened horses. One of the lines snapped at the check! With his weight on the remaining one the horses were veered from the road, the wheel striking a rock and overturning the buggy. In the fraction of a second Henry and his mother

were hurled among the ragged rocks, and into the gulch twenty feet below. The blind and maddened horses sped on down the mountain road, smashing the frail buggy into splinters.

Two ranchmen they had just passed came quickly to their assistance. Henry was dazed and sitting up, wiping the blood from his face, but unable to rise to his feet, while his mother lay very still among the rocks just above him. She was breathing heavily. Henry found that his leg was broken just above the ankle, both bones being snapped short off. They were carried up to the road and taken on a short distance to the nearest house, where a doctor was summoned with all haste to care for them. Mrs. Martin was frightfully cut about the head and face, bruised and injured internally. She never regained consciousness, but passed away a few hours later as peacefully as a babe falls to sleep in its mother's arms.

The fracture of Henry's leg was reduced and bandaged after a fashion by the country doctor, who possessed more hat and whiskers than anatomical knowledge, so it was months before he was able to leave his bed, and even when he was he had a foot that turned in because of the bones knitting out of proper juxtaposition.

As soon as he was able to ride in a wagon he completed his arrangements and departed for another long and tedious journey half across the continent. The night air smelled of autumn when he reached Salt Lake City, urging him to lose no time in getting over the mountains before winter closed in upon him. He had experienced one winter in the mountains, and he was not anx-

ious for another one. For this reason he hurried on, remaining only one day in Salt Lake City to lay in fresh supplies and rest his tired horses. He left only the day before John Tolson was brutally murdered in the street, and Janie and the two women thrust into prison. Had he stayed one day longer he would most surely have heard of Tolson's death, as quiet as it was kept, and Janie would have been restored to him!

The second afternoon out he came to the familiar spot where the Fords were killed by the Indians. It was a sad and sacred spot to him, a spot where his lost child had suffered all the pangs of starvation and death from thirst. Making camp for the night he hobbled on his crutches over much of the ground where Janie and Miss Borgess had wandered in their flight from the Indians in the darkness.

Late in the evening a freighting train, making a forced drive to reach the water, came up in a cloud of dust and camped near by. Amongst those in charge of the train, or the teams rather, was a rough looking man not over thirty, who had evidently seen better days and better employment than driving a heavily loaded wagon across the dusty plains. His face was covered with a three or four weeks' growth of black beard in which the impalpable alkali dust had settled and whitened until he looked like a man tottering into old age. Henry did not recognize him, neither would any one else have done so, even though they had known him only a month before. This dust-covered, bewhiskered man was Edward Baker. Going down by the Tolson home a few

days after his fall from the ladder he was surprised to find it for rent. The Tolsons had gone. Upon making inquiries he learned that they had gone to Salt Lake City. This was just to his liking, though he did not at first see it in that light. If he had succeeded in stealing Janie he intended to take her there, so now she was on the road there, in the hands of her friends, thus relieving him of all that trouble. That was just where he wanted her. The more he thought about it the better he was pleased. There was nothing to keep him in Denver now, so the first freighting concern for Salt Lake City that needed a driver got his services. He never thought of meeting Henry Martin, in fact was not anxious to meet him, and the thought farthest from Henry Martin's mind was that he should accidentally stumble upon Edward Baker. So it was that these two men slept close together on the plains and passed on, one going west and the other east. What a pity it is they did not recognize each other!

Wonderful changes met Henry's vision upon every hand before he had crossed over more than half of the new state of Kansas. Though it was a state when he passed through it before, it having been admitted to the Union in 1860, its broad prairies were inhabited only by the antelope and the buffalo, of which there were millions. Now cosy homes dotted the beautiful landscape in every direction, fields were tilled and roads were made.

At Kansas City, a flourishing young metropolis in the bluffs of the river, the growth was beyond all belief. It was a sight that filled him

with wonder. Little did he imagine, standing there on the bluff and gazing down upon the cars, that when he returned to California he would cross the plains and sweep up through the rugged canons of the mighty Rockies in a passenger coach, drawn by one of those black, screeching monsters of iron. He marveled as he looked about him—it was a different world he had come into.

Mrs. Bronson, good soul, had changed little. She met him with that sweet motherly smile he loved so well, and with that affection and sympathy that had endeared her to him. He could greet her when he came, but he could not bear to bid her good-bye. When he got ready to leave he would decide upon the day, and then walk away without looking back, as he had done before.

And Julia May, a great big girl! She came bounding to him and threw herself in his arms, kissing him many times. How she had grown, and how beautiful she was. He held her from him and gazed upon her with moisture in his eyes. His lost Janie would be as big as she—if she were living.

"There is no one she talks of so much as you, Henry," said Mrs. Bronson, dabbing her apron into each eye surreptitiously. "Since you wrote her almost six months ago that you were coming to see us, she has lived for this day to come."

Rev. Rolla Bronson was expected that afternoon, having sent word that he would ride up and spend a day or two with his mother and sister, as he always called Julia May. His church had in its membership a large number of farm-

ers, hard-headed, thinking men, who had been reared under the patient and careful training of straight-laced Calvinistic Presbyterian parents. Many of them were bible students and critics of no mean ability. When the enthusiastic young preacher leaned too far over towards Arminianism, they took savage delight in bringing him up with a short turn, and when he swung too far, as they looked at it, in the other direction, they sprung the word on him with diagrams and specifications too strong to be questioned. The young minister, in the exuberance of his youth, rather enjoyed "kicking the fat in the fire," as one of the older elders called it, as the discussions that followed tended to broaden his ideas and develop his ability to analyze and grasp the subjects in controversy. One of the knotty problems he met in his early work was to harmonize to his own satisfaction man's agency and God's sovereignty. When one of the headstrong old predestinarian elders would quote scripture to show the fixed decree of God in His dealings with man, the young pastor parried it by saying that God did many things and permitted others in the furtherance of the Divine and Allwise purpose.

In very truth he was as much of a Calvinist as any of his congregation, but in order to keep in line with the trend of public opinion in religious thought, he tried hard to convince himself that Calvinism in its strictest construction, while it might be, and evidently was, the true interpretation of God's word to man, was not the best light in which to present the truth to the unbeliever, so when these doctrinal points were brought out clear and strong he was always ready

to sidetrack them. In doing so he lowered his foil in such a way as to lead the old elder, with whom he held many heated controversies, to flatter himself that he had gotten the best of his pastor, and that he was gradually, by force of superior reason, winning the brilliant young man over to the truth, when in fact the pastor was already there, but was making a desperate effort to get away from any line of argument that savored of a fixed destiny for man.

"If you believe in foreordination or predestination, you should preach it," the elder said with great earnestness. "Don't waver or curry favor with either side by going a part way with one, and then fall into the ranks of the other. Look at the men who profess to believe that they can be good or bad men at will and tell me what you think of their religion. Is it not vigorously correct at one time, and recklessly bad at another?—which seems to sustain their position that they can be either at will, and to prove it they are both. That is a soft Arminianism that is all right for soft people, but I don't believe in it, and I don't believe you do. There is a happy-go-lucky flavor about it, shout and sentiment, tears and momentary repentance, suitable to the young and spasmodic followers of John Wesley, but it won't do, Mr. Bronson, it won't do. As a man grows older and the end comes near sentiment wanes, and the clap-trap that would interest him in his immature years will no longer appeal to him. He begins to question his conscience and square his opinions with what the bible really teaches. To my mind, Mr. Bronson, it is not a question of what certain people may like to hear,

or what they would like to believe, but what the bible teaches, what the inexorable, unchangeable law of God requires."

These vigorous views touched a responsive chord in the young minister's heart, reared as he had been by a strong Calvinist mother, who never wavered in her faith, and he rarely said more than acquiesce in them, yet there was an inward struggle to break in some way, in his own mind, the iron bands that held man to a fixed and unchangeable destiny. Pondering this question seriously, as he did hours every day, he walked on to his home where his horse stood saddled for the visit to his mother and sister. When he arrived there he was overjoyed to find Henry Martin, whom he loved as a brother.

"You must go home with me Saturday," said the young minister to Henry the next day, as they strolled in the orchard, discussing religious matters. "I am going to preach a doctrinal sermon that I have been preparing for more than a year, which will widen the breach between a part of the members and myself, that is already beyond healing. Some of my older parishoners say I am entirely too liberal, and too full of new-fangled ideas, as they call them. They want a man to stick to the old theory as laid down by the fathers, and I feel myself drifting from it in places."

"Perhaps you have unconsciously grown too liberal," suggested Henry, who, since he stood as a little boy at his mother's knee, was an uncompromising Calvinist.

"No, I feel sure of my position. I would not preach it if I did not, and feeling sure of it I prefer

an open rupture to the state of muttered dissatisfaction that now exists."

Henry did not trust himself to express the sorrow he felt at so young a minister running counter to the settled views of the older members of his church, but at once accepted the invitation to be present at the sermon, and the matter was not referred to again.

The church building, quite a large and imposing structure for the size of the town, was crowded beyond its liberal seating capacity. Such a congregation had never before gathered to hear the young minister, many of whom were attracted from a distance of a dozen miles or more. It was plain to be seen, even to an unobserving outsider, that the members were split in two factions, one of which was restless and uneasy, while the other was smiling and confident. The latter was the Bronson faction, nearly all of whom were young people.

The young minister rose pale and nervous, yet with a look of confident determination in his smoothly shaven face, which was at once strengthened by the inspiration he got from the expectant faces of his numerous friends. He gave out his text from the fifteenth chapter of Genesis:

"And he said unto Abram, know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a strange land, and shall serve them, and they shall afflict them four hundred years; and also that nation whom they serve will I judge; and afterward shall they come out with great substance."

"My friends, you will observe that this language, as recorded in my etxt, was spoken five hun-

dred and fifty years before Joseph's relatives were called to Egypt to buy corn to sustain the starving people. Does any one for a moment suppose that this was a chance prediction of the Father of Abram, or does any one believe that the famine one hundred and fifty years later was just a matter of course? No, my friends, the hand of God was in them both the same as it is in the happenings of this, our day. If you do not remember those wonderful words spoken by Joseph to his brothers, when they went down into Egypt to buy corn and unexpectedly met him, then the chief officer of the powerful Ramesses the Second, turn to the forty-fifth chapter and begin at the third verse. Let me read what Joseph said upon that memorable occasion :

"And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph ; doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither : for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land ; and yet there are five years in which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God. And He hath made me a father to Pharaoh and a lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt."

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"Do you think that Joseph's brothers were only following out the desire of their evil hearts when they took their young brother out of the pit and sold him to their cousins, the Midianitish merchants, as they were passing by? In one sense they were, in another they were the instruments in the hands of the Father to work out this great plan of preparation—that of preparing a people by sufferings to make them vessels fit for the occupancy of the earthly Canaan. . . . Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor? Yea, verily . . . Joseph's brothers doubtless imagined they were following their own uninfluenced wills in selling their helpless brother into slavery, as much so as man today believes he is following his in all that he does. But were they? Are they today? Yet who will admit that he is influenced directly or indirectly by anything but his own sweet will? No more than Joseph's brothers would have admitted then. When Reubin purposed in his heart to shield Joseph, and had him placed in the pit, his other brothers stole him out in Reubin's absence and sold him, and they lied about it to Reubin. . . . At every point, except where God wanted them to succeed, these wicked men were thwarted. No wonder they trembled with fear in the presence of that brother whom they had betrayed, grown to be the most powerful man in the land. . . . My friends, do you see the hand of man, free to any appreciable extent, in any of this history, so far as I have gone? It was there, but God was behind it. In the day of my power, I will work on my people both to will and to do, ac-

according to my good pleasure, so sayeth the Lord. He worked upon the brethren of Joseph both to will and to do, and in the betrayal of their brother, and in his selling, they were acting as the servants of God."

The old elder and his following, the anti-Bronson faction, exchanged significant glances. This was strong enough to suit even the most strenuous.

"'And they shall come out with great substance,' so sayeth the text. Pointing to the jewels and gold they took from their neighbors on the night of their flight from the land of bondage, it has been asserted that they came out with great substance, and this despoiling of their masters has been justified upon the ground that they had been held as slaves for many weary years without remuneration. Do you think such a point well taken? Were they not serving out a condition predicated upon the necessities of coming events, told to Abram five hundred and fifty years before it all came to pass? . . . Now, my friends, they did come out with great substance, but it was of flocks and herds, enough to feed these two million people two and one-half months from the time they left Egypt until the manna began to fall from heaven. . . . Observe now what became of the gold and jewelry they borrowed from their neighbors. Moses, the servant of the Lord, went up into the holy mountain of Sinai to receive the law of God upon the tablets of stone that was to be engraved eventually upon the hearts of the people. In his absence the people, giving way to the old desire to worship mammon, persuaded Aaron to permit them to take the

gold and jewelry and cast it into a golden calf. Then what became of it? It was ground to dust, sprinkled upon the waters and lost! . . . Let us sum up some of the points and see how much the Jew had to do with the bringing about the important historical facts here so inseparably connected with this people Israel. God called Abram out from Urr of the Chaldees. Aside from the call of God, which he could not disobey, do you believe Abram would have started for a strange land to become the father of a great nation? . . . Out from the burning bush on the mountain top God called Moses, and told him to go down and deliver his people Israel from the bondage of the Egyptians, the period of four hundred years, as told to Abram in the text, having almost expired. The Egyptians were a powerful people, Moses was a timid man. He refused, pleading his slowness of speech, but his objections amounted to naught. . . . But for this call of God, who equips His servants for the work they are to do, do you believe Moses would have ever become the great law-giver, after successfully accomplishing one of the most herculean tasks in all history? . . . These two cases present convincing proof that the Jews are the chosen people of God. But chosen for what? Chosen to be the headstrong, disobedient occupiers of the earthly Canaan, from which they were to be driven disgraced into strange lands, to be scoffed at, and be spit upon, and then in the end to be utterly lost because they rejected the Messiah who was to come. They were blinded, and blinded purposely, as Joseph's brothers were blinded to what they did. . . . It was a part

of God's great and mysterious plan. They did not understand that the Jew was to be blest through fact—that the Christ was to come through his line to enlighten and lift up degraded man; that the world, through the teachings of a Jew, might know how to live. But the Jew, through his headstrong egotism, perverted this idea and proclaimed that he and his people were the chosen of God, singled out and elevated above all mankind, and therefore possessed the only true religion. . . . The principles presented by Christ constrain men to obey the higher and nobler impulses of their nature and not their animal passions, and the Christ-teaching, when obeyed, is the leaven which shall pervade the whole earth. . . . The Jew did not and could not understand this, and more, it was not meant that he should. This being true, and the facts will not permit you to escape the conclusion, can you condemn him for doing that which he was compelled to do, and in doing it he was carrying out the great Divine purpose? I do not believe you are ready to do so. . . . See what Luke says in the thirty-fourth verse of the second chapter: 'And Simeon blessed them and said unto Mary his mother, behold this child is set for the fall and raising again of many in Israel.' This was when Jesus was only a month old, and his parents had taken him into the temple to be blest. Just previous to this the infant Jesus had been circumcised, which two facts, I may say parenthetically, do not dove-tail in with infant baptism to any great extent. . . . And then let us see what Paul says, who was writing to these people about their calling, reverting to the effect

that this calling of the Gentile would have upon his own people, the Jews: 'God hath not cast away His people which He foreknew. . . Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh for; but the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded. . . I say then, have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid: but rather through their fall salvation has come unto the Gentiles for to provoke them to jealousy. Now, if the fall of them be the riches of the world and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fullness? . . . For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery. . . That blindness in part is happened to Israel until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in.'

"Friends, we are the beneficiaries of the fall of the Jews, and we should be the last of God's people to try to make it appear that these people are lost. As for myself, I believe that somehow, in God's own time, the Jews will be saved!"

Closing the bible, he called upon his favorite elder to close the services with prayer. The elder followed in his supplication the tolerant substance of the sermon, appealing eloquently for peace, harmony and brotherly love, after which the vast congregation was dismissed with the benediction by the pastor.

It was instantly apparent that the last sentence was a veritable bomb-shell. Smiling and satisfied faces took on an expression of austere disapproval, and little groups gathered in the aisles in heated discussion. The young pastor had passed the pale, he had signed his resignation.

If the reader has ever seen a bumblebees' nest

torn to pieces, and seen the bees tumble out looking for the foe, with their black legs hanging down, then he can form some idea of how the angry human bees came out of that gospel hive on that beautiful Sabbath day.



S Miss Borgess shook the barred door and called to the men to return and release them, Mrs. Tolson gave a faint little cry and sank to the floor in a swoon, it being the only thing she could do befitting the occasion. Miss Borgess was not made of the material that faints and sinks down in despair, but rather that which is keyed up to deeds of heroism under stress of great misfortunes. She turned from the cruel bars to give her attention to her sister, speaking words of cheer and comfort to Orpah, who set up a wail of terror that echoed sepulchrally up and down the dark, noisome room.

It grew darker and night came on. Mrs. Tolson sat swaying from side to side, her face buried in her hands, crying softly, and Orpah crouched near her, her eyes big with the terror of their situation. Not a word broke the silence. Miss Borgess groped her way from one part of the room to another, vainly trying to find some avenue of escape.

A key grated in the lock, and a man with a basket in his hand stood before them.

"What have we been put in here for?" demanded

Miss Borgess, advancing from a dark corner of the room.

For answer the man held the basket out to her.

"Are you going to let us out?"

The man made no reply, but stood holding the basket for her to take it.

"Why don't you answer me? Will we have to stay in this foul den all night, with no where to sleep?"

The man sat the basket on the floor and turned to go.

"If you can not or will not answer me, will you be so kind as to see that a note is taken to my brother-in-law, to inform him where we are that he may come to our assistance? We have been thrust in here without warrant of law, and have committed no crime, or given any one cause to treat us in this cruel manner. Surely you will not refuse so small a request."

He made no reply, but pulled the barred door open wide enough to admit his body and pushed himself into the opening. She flew at him like an enraged leopardess pouncing upon its prey, but stopped as he faced her in an attitude of defense.

"If I were a man I'd tear your tongue out of your mouth, or make you speak. You, silent wretch, cowering before a woman, helpless in a dungeon, are the kind of stuff they make Mormons out of, and then disguised as Indians, to whom you are a disgrace, you go out and murder innocent women and children! Remember the Mountain Meadow massacre. You are the kind of man who did that. You go to people's houses and lie to them, deceive them and lure them into

jail. You lure innocent girls to your homes and consign them to slavery and a life worse than death."

Mrs. Tolson took her sister by the arm. "Hush, Blanche, you will only make our situation worse. Perhaps this man had nothing to do with our coming here."

"He's one of the set—they're all alike. Our situation could not well be worse than it is. If he had the least spark of manhood in him he would at least make some reply to me."

Through the thickening gloom they saw a leer on his face as he closed the door, and went off heavy-footed down the echoing corridor.

The basket contained food, enough, perhaps, to keep soul and body together for the three, but it was pushed aside almost untasted. Orpah ate a little of it. Miss Borgess threw herself down on a stool and gazed into the future through the darkness. She was too much worked up, and too much absorbed with a new idea that came to her to think of eating anything. The little pearl-handled dagger that gave her such a world of courage when the mountain lion crouched before her in the bushes that dreadful night on the plains, was in her bosom. She had not thought of it until that moment. If she had put her hand on it when the man stood leering at her in the half open door, she would have plunged it to his heart. She made it a practice never to go out without it, so when she went to change her dress to come down town that evening she placed it in her bosom. How thankful she was that she had it. It would be the means of their deliverance, perhaps; if not, woman that she was, she would

spill the blood of one vile Mormon with it before it should be taken from her.

The silence grew too oppressive to be borne further. "John will find out some way where we are," spoke up Mrs. Tolson, hopefully, "and when he does he will get us out of here."

Alas! if she only knew! At that dark hour of the night, John Tolson, rolled up in a blanket, was being buried like a dog under the bank of an irrigation ditch out near the river.

The following morning the same man, as silent as the night before, came to them with another basket of food, but he did not come inside the room. He motioned to Orpah to bring the other basket to the door. She understood him and started to obey.

"Don't you take it to him, Orpah," said Miss Borgess, sharply. "Let him come in and get it, coward that he is."

"All right, sweet tigress," he said, the first words he had uttered. "If that basket is not brought here, this one will not go in."

"I am hungry," said Mrs. Tolson, taking the empty basket to the door. "Perhaps this man, now that we know he can talk, will treat us kindly and tell us why we have been thrown into prison. That would be some poor consolation. We have done nothing to deserve such cruel treatment. Won't you tell us, please sir, when we are to leave this awful place?"

He shook his head and handed her the basket.

"We have done nothing to earn your hatred, and surely you have a heart in your breast—"

But he did not wait to hear her out. Slamming the door to he turned the key and went

away. They gave up all hope of getting anything out of this man, who, perhaps, was no more than a common jailer, and doubtless had positive instructions not to say a word to the prisoners.

The day wore wearily away, and not a soul came to them. The basket of food was intended evidently, to do them until the following morning. The only sounds that came to them were the faint patter of horses' feet, and the rumble of an occasional wagon on the street without. Another horrible night was lived through. No word came from John Tolson. They could not imagine why he had not found where they were and come to their rescue. The three days and awful nights grew into three more just like them. The confinement, suspense and anxiety began to tell fearfully upon them, especially upon Mrs. Tolson, who began to suspect that something had happened to her husband.

"He would have found us long before this if he too were not in jail. They have some purpose in this that we have not yet suspected. For if they are mean enough to throw us into jail they are mean enough to throw him in too."

While they were wondering, crying and languishing in prison, and hoping against hope for some familiar foot-fall to approach their door, Edward Baker, looking like a tramp and outlaw, arrived in Salt Lake City. The first thing he did was to draw his pay, clean up, shave, and get inside of a new suit of clothes. Then, looking like another man, he set out to find the Widow Morgan with whom he must claim kin. He went over the family history, as much as he knew of it, to brighten himself up on who this Mrs. Morgan

was, got together in the most plausible form the little story he would relate to her, and prepared to present himself at her door in the best possible light. As he feared, she received him somewhat coldly, as her sister-in-law in Nauvoo had done, but like that other worthy woman, she invited him into her home. That was the main stake he was playing for. Sufficient unto the day were the many other favors he expected to worm from the Widow Morgan. The first and most requisite necessities were a table under which to put his feet, and a cosy bed in which to pass the nights. These, for a while, were his. And then, as the good woman began to ask him about himself and his people, none of whom she ever knew, he began to imagine she was right glad to see him. She was childless and lived all alone, had considerable property and a good comfortable income, so if cunning Edward Baker did not make the most of these things he had lost his shrewdness.

"It's up to you, old man, to be the whole cheese in this ranch, if you know how to play your cards, and I think you do," was the way he put it to himself as he followed Mrs. Morgan to the dining-room that evening. "If you lose this fat lay-out you ought to go out and eat shucks with the swine. The old gal's a little bit finicky, and stuck on herself like an old spinster, and is in the habit of having her own way about everything, so the proper caper is to get onto her curves and then just let her curve. Think I can do that all right. Nothing pleases a prim old gal like her so much as to sorter look up to 'em, and look wise when they're talking sense. Join in

all their little fads, and make 'em believe you recognize them as the whole thing."

In the sanctity of her own room that night, with the door tightly locked, Mrs. Morgan took off her shoes in the same precise way she had unshoed herself for fifty years, and then leaned back in her big easy chair to think. She was trying to work up some pride in this handsome nephew of hers, as he called himself, childless as she had always been, and childish as she was growing to be, but he had such a careless, devil-may-care air about him that she was not prepared to like him very well at first sight. She fanned herself nervously. "He comes of such a worthless set, so my husband always said, but he looks like a right smart sort of a man. I ought not to expect too much of him the very first day, but I'll like him better after I get used to his ways. The army life made him that way, I guess. He was a brave soldier, and fought for his country. That's that much in his favor, but the army is a bad place for a good young man," and the good old lady tapped her closed fan on her knotty forefinger affirmatively.

Edward Baker was no deadhead in any dark or questionable enterprise, and his cunning brain had several anchors cast to windward before he was in the town two days. By the evening of the third day, as dark as it was kept, he learned that John Tolson was dead, and that the two women and Orpah, or Janie as he knew her, were in prison. The reason for their being there was not clear to him, though he was well aware of the one given him by the man who claimed to know all about it. He shrugged his shoulders,

"It's a mixed up mess into which I'd better go carefully. I don't want to mix with these fellows with a hundred wives and a regiment of kids the very first dash out of the box. They'd be too many for me. And then the old lady's a Mormon, dyed in the wool. I'll be rubbing her hair backwards the first thing I know, for whatever the old elders do is all right with her. But whatever their purpose may be in holding the women in jail, they won't want the kid, and she's the only part of the lay-out that I want. If they'll let me have her they may do what they please with the other two. It looks as easy as calling the turn of a card to make a deal of that kind, where the other fellow's got no use for the very thing I want, but how am I going to work it?"

Walking along slowly, with his head bent down, he revolved a hundred plans in his mind, not one of which gave him any promise of success. Raising his head he walked along faster. An idea struck him. Going home he told his aunt as much of what he had learned as he deemed prudent, giving her the same account of Tolson's death as was related to him, and a little of Janie's history, making it as sad as he knew how to paint it. He told her that these people were wholly innocent of any wrong-doing, that he knew them in Denver, from which place they had just come only two or three weeks ago. They were respectable people, and the whole thing was evidently a case of mistaken identity. Mrs. Morgan's sympathies were instantly aroused. He insisted that she go at once to the women in prison and find out as much as she could. It was a shame for the child to be there in that noisome

den, and if she could possibly persuade them to consent to it, she ought to bring the little girl home with her and keep her until the two women were released. Mrs. Morgan agreed with him fully. The army may have had something to do with changing his manners, she told herself, but it was only superficial. He had a noble and a sympathetic heart. It had not changed that. So she changed her dress and set out for the jail.

When she presented herself at the prison door the guard refused her admittance. His orders were positive, he told her, not to permit any one to see the prisoners. She insisted, telling him who she was with an air of great superiority, but he turned a deaf ear, saying something about it not making any difference who she was the order applied to her just the same. This nettled the old lady considerably, she was not accustomed to such treatment. Twisting her skirts about her meager form she posted off hotly to see what could be done with the higher powers.

Very soon she returned with a permit to enter the prison, signed by Brigham Young himself, the sight of whose signature was sufficient to unlock any door in Salt Lake City. With an air of scornful triumph she held it up before the guard who turned obsequiously down the corridor, followed by the bearer of the precious document, her heels cracking on the stone floors, as good as to say—"Ah, ha! you didn't know who I was, eh?"

A man, unobserved by Mrs. Morgan, followed her from Elder Young's office, and tip-toeing his way past her as she stood waiting for the door to be unlocked, took up a position where he

could hear every word that was said in the room she was about to enter.

"I come to you as a friend," said Mrs. Morgan, groping her way into the darkness of the room to which her eyes were not accustomed, "being fully aware that if you ever needed a friend you need one now."

Miss Borgess met her, taking her by the hand. "We believe you, and we hope and pray you may be able to prove yourself a true friend to us in our dreadful predicament. It is seven days to-day since we were cast into this foul place, infested by rats, and a dungeon where murderers are confined, without having committed any crime whatever."

"It is the result of some mistake, or some misunderstanding, I am sure," said Mrs. Morgan, hopefully, "which will be made right as soon as it can be investigated. I was asked to come to you, but I did not come so much in obedience to that request as in response to a singular impulse that impelled me to come the moment I knew of your trouble. It must have been this sweet child that brought me, a little waif whom God has protected and cared for—"

"Then you know her history," broke in Miss Borgess.

"I know she was stolen from her parents in Missouri when she was a tiny little thing, but by whom, or for what purpose, I know not. Her parents were—or grand parents, perhaps it was—were wealthy slave-holders and all that, but their names, or in what part of the state they resided my informant did not know."

Miss Borgess looked into her sister's eyes

much pleased. Perhaps their prison experience would yet turn out a blessing.

"I may be able to find out more about her, but that is of minor importance right at this moment. The thing to find out is, what have you been put in here for, and then to get you out. Elder Young said it was a very grave matter, but I don't believe he is correctly informed. There's a mistake somewhere; and the bad intentions or misdeeds of others should not be visited upon your innocent heads."

"We have done nothing, neither against man nor Mormon, that we should be lied to and jailed." And then Miss Borgess related everything that had occurred since their arrival in the city from Denver, eighteen days before.

"We had a few friends when we lived here before," spoke up Mrs. Tolson, partly in reply to Miss Borgess' statement that they knew no one in the city. "But I have no idea if they are here now. Some were in business, and some were mining, but they might not be able to help us even if I knew they were here yet. Oh, if John only knew where we are he could do something. These doors would open before him or he would batter the walls down. He will be crazy about us, I know he will, but you will go to him at once, Mrs. Morgan, for God's sake do, and tell him where we are."

"Rest assured that I will do everything for you that a woman can do, and I can do much. My husband was high in the councils of the great men in the church, and Elder Young will listen to me or I will appeal to a power that will command his attention. Be as cheerful as you can,

do not give up. The confinement is dreadful, but depend on me. I will see that you get better food and treatment, and may be I can get you in a more cheerful place pending what investigations are to be made, which I shall demand be set on foot at once. I have little doubt you will be set at liberty very soon, but while that is being done I think you should permit me to take the little girl from this depressing place into the sunlight and the cheerfulness of my home. These impressions that come to us in childhood last through life. Her tender mind should—"

"I should like to be out of this place, where the big rats frighten me almost to death, but I will not go and leave Auntie Borgess and Auntie Tolson here alone," spoke up Orpah, decidedly. "I will stay until you can get us all out."

The two sisters smiled their approval in a glance they both understood. They had not given Mrs. Morgan a decided refusal, but both had made up their minds when the request was first made that they would not permit the child to be taken from them even though it would insure their immediate freedom.

"Very well, my dear child," said Mrs. Morgan, going to Orpah and patting her lovingly on the cheek, "it shall be as you wish. You are loyal to those who have been a mother and sister to you. I love your spirit, and shall get you all out. Then you can come and see me." Kissing Orpah, and taking the two women warmly by the hand, she left the prison. Outside of the door, and in the light, she stopped to write a note back to Mrs. Tolson, telling her of the death of her husband, which she could not summon the

heart to break to her in any other way. But no sooner did she finish it than she tore it up and threw the pieces from her. "She has enough to bear without having that dreadful news broken to her. It would be doubly cruel to let her know it now. I will wait until they are out of prison."

Mrs. Morgan's threat to appeal to a power that the head of the church would respect, was a fatal error on her part. She referred to the Territorial authorities, and her words were instantly carried to Brigham Young. Such independence of church authority on the part of a Mormon woman was rank treason. And in her conversation, every word of which was overheard, she referred to her nephew, a brave soldier in the Union army, who had just arrived to pay her a visit. He was a man on whom she could depend, if her pleadings with the elders of the church should prove of no avail. This also was carried to his superior, with frills and additions, by the eavesdropper who was there to catch every word that was said. The impression was conveyed by Mrs. Morgan that this nephew was a formidable personage, so much so that it was thought best to put a shadow on him, with instructions to place him at the first opportunity where he could do no harm.

It was two hours or more after Mrs. Morgan left her incarcerated friends in tears before she turned her face homeward, the time being spent talking with two of her nearest and most influential friends, from neither of whom, however, did she get much satisfaction. They laid great stress upon the charges against these two innocent women and the murdered man, which she did

not believe were true, and cautioned her sternly that nothing must be said about their incarceration. She was made to understand that if it leaked out she would be held responsible. To this the old lady, upon the verge of defying church authority, tossed her head defiantly. She knew the result. An immediate investigation upon the part of the Gentile authorities would follow, which would involve some of the leading dignitaries of the church. It might come to that, with her as the informer, she said to herself, turning from the last of the two friends upon whom she placed so much reliance to assist her in securing the release of the two women. She was loyal to the church and its constituted authority, devoted to it in fact, but she was a resolute woman who would have her way in some things, even if she had to—no, she would not dare to say that, but she would see Elder Young again the first thing in the morning.

"Is Edward here?" she asked the servant girl, who met her at the door.

"No, mum; he jest went away with a strange man, an' didn't say when he'd be back."

"What sort of a looking man was he?"

"I don't know, mum, only he was jest like one of them fellers you see hangin' round the temple, doin' nothin'."

"You don't know what kind of a looking man he was?"

"No, mum; jest like a man, that's all I know."

"Did you hear what he said to Edward?"

"No, mum, not much of it. He jest walked up to him an' asked him if them wimen in jail, or wherever they are, was friends of his, an' Mr.

Edward, he said they was, an' he asked him if he wanted to see 'em, an' Mr. Edward, he said he did, an' with that they jest up an' went away."

Mrs. Morgan was too busy with her hopes and fears, especially with the latter, to question the girl any further. With a few crusty orders as to the supper, she went to her room, where she sat down to think. These women were nothing to her, and why should she be throwing herself into a fever in her old age, and make enemies of those with whom she had lived in the church for a life-time, on their account? That was one side of it, the selfish side. They were Gentiles, and had no business in a Mormon town, yet they were women, innocent women, she was sure, and there was the sweet little girl. She had embarked in the undertaking and she was going to see it successfully through, no matter if they were Gentiles. They were her sisters, and in trouble. That was enough. She sat up until far into the night, waiting for Edward to return, but he did not come. She finally retired with her suspicions fully aroused. He had been detained somewhere, and the man he went away with came after him for that purpose.

After a few hours of troubled rest she was up early next morning. As soon as she knew she would be permitted to see him she went to have an interview with Elder Young. She was admitted to his august presence, and they talked and talked and talked some more, but the prisoners were no nearer their liberty when the talk was over than when it began. Elder Young was profuse with promises, but it was wait, don't be in too big a hurry. Great bodies move slowly,

but be patient, it will all come out right in time. The women were being held more for their own safety and protection than anything else of a definite character, so he told her. The charges made against them were of a serious character, but investigation might prove them to be unfounded. The dead man, Tolson, was guilty beyond doubt, and the two women were probably accessories, but she was advised to go home and patiently await the investigation that was being set on foot. Mrs. Morgan left the room sick at heart, feeling herself wholly incapable of coping with this suave and brainy man. Going by the place where Mrs. Tolson and Miss Borgess were "detained," as Elder Young put it, she sent in a note to them, couched in as hopeful a tone as she could command. She felt too down-hearted to meet them, her despair might prove contagious.

"Has Edward been here since I left?" she asked the girl.

"No, mum, but I seen a man awhile ago jest like him, but it wasn't him."

"You are always seeing people 'jest like' somebody else," returned the old lady, considerably out of humor. "Who are you 'jest like'?"

"They say I'm jest like my pa, but I can't see it."

"Did you hear Edward say if he knew any one here?"

"No, mum, he jest said you was the only one he knowed in this salty town, an' then he said he would be blowed if he wouldn't leave here quicker'n scat if he had the money to go on. That's all he said."

"Did he ask you if you wanted to go with him?"

"No, mum, he didn't ask me that, but he wanted to know if I didn't want to go back to old Missouri where they didn't have a lot of wimen all married to one man."

"And, of course, you told him you would like to go."

"Yes, mum, I told him I'd as soon go as not."

"Did the man who came here for Edward say anything to you?"

"No mum, he didn't say a word, only jest grinned an' winked at me. I knowed what he meant—jest to be quiet, that it was all right."

Mrs. Morgan turned away in deep disgust. Then turning on the stairs, she asked:

"Is your father in town?"

"Yes, mum, jest in the edge, a little outside."

"Has he more than one wife?"

"Yes, mum, he has jest one wife, but she's been dead a long time."

"What does he do for a living?"

"Why, he jest traps, an' shoots, an' scouts, an a most any thing that turns up. He's a French-Canadian, an' a mighty smart man. He can do jest anything that any body wants him to do."

"What is he doing now, do you know?"

"Yes, mum, he's jest a doin' nothin' now at the present time."


"I want you to go out there this evening and tell him to come and see me. You can stay all night and come in with him early in the morning. I can stay alone one night. His name is Ray, the same as yours, is it?"

"No, mum, not jest the same as mine, for his name is Anthony, Anthony Ray, an' they call

him Tony for short, an' I'll bring him here in the morning."

Mrs. Morgan had a plan, if Tony Ray was a man who could carry it through. All she knew about him was what the girl, who had been with her only two weeks, told her, but if he proved to be any thing like his silly daughter, she would have to look elsewhere for a tool to do her delicate bidding.

"My pleadings with Elder Young came to naught. I will try one other scheme, and if that is not successful, I will go to the Federal authorities with the whole thing. That will be rank treason to the church, but I will do it, let the consequences be what they may. Those innocent women must be set free, if it takes the United States troops to do it. And if it comes to that they will do it mighty quick."

RS. MORGAN was alone, nervous and restless, after the departure of the girl, Laura, who begged to go home early in the afternoon. The plan for releasing the prisoners was fully matured in her mind, and she was impatient to put it into execution. Here was where she missed Edward. He would be the very man for the work. Elder Young told her that none of his agents could be connected with Edward's disappearance, and, of course, they could not be, after the great man had assured her, but Edward was being detained some where and by some body. That was sure. He was not staying away of his own accord. He had been all through the war, was as keen as a briar, and could be trusted with a hazardous undertaking, such as she had in mind, as delicate as it was. The next best thing was Tony Ray, and perhaps when she sized him up she would find him utterly unfit.

She paced the floor nervously. How she did long for a strong, courageous, brainy man to lean on, to consult with her, and then go forth to carry out the plans they should decide upon.

"If I can't find Edward," she broke out, "and

this man Ray is worthless, there is one way I can settle it—lay it before the Territorial authorities. They would be only too glad to go after Gov. Young and his secret agents. But—but—but that would be disloyalty to the church in which my husband, blessed be his memory, believed in so devoutly, and loved to his dying hour. No, I couldn't be a traitor to the church, I could never forgive myself for doing that. The other way is the best."

She walked to the window and looked out. "It is two hours yet till dark. I will go and see Elder Wirts and learn if he knows anything of Edward."

Putting her bonnet on she left the house in the direction of Elder Wirts' home, or rather one of them, where she felt most sure of finding him. While she was on the way the good and pious old elder was following the guard to the room in which the prisoners were confined. The first the disconsolate women knew of the elder's call the key turned in the lock, the door was pushed open, and in he walked.

"Ladies, I have come to cheer you up," he said in a soft voice, "to bring you good news, as it were. I come as a friend, and I want your good-will to start with."

"We are in need of a friend, if ever two poor helpless women needed one," said Miss Borgess, earnestly.

"Yes, you are, and that is the reason I came. You are far more in need of a friend, one who has some power and influence, than you can imagine. Now, listen to me. You are resting under serious charges—"

"Well, I would like to know what they are," blurted out Miss Borgess. "We have been told that two or three times, yet no one has said what they are. My sister and I have done no wrong."

"No matter what they are, they are lodged against you just the same, and you will have no way of disproving them. You have no friends, therefore no witnesses. Those who have filed the charges stand ready to prove them."

"Certainly they do, I understand it all. These lascivious Mormons who live in open defiance of the laws of God and man, and who make of women their immoral and most servile slaves, are capable of anything. The swearing of a lie is nothing to them. They can convict us—"

"Not so fast, my black-eyed belle," said the old elder, wincing. "As I told you, I have come to you as a friend. I am here to see that you are released from this place, so you should treat me at least with common civility."

As he was saying this, Mrs. Tolson moved over to the side of her sister and whispered to her to hold her tongue, that she would turn this man against them right at the moment he was to be of the greatest service to them. Elder Wirts went on:

"Not only do I propose to see you released, but elevated to honors befitting your station—"

"In the Mormon church!" cried Miss Borgess, paying no attention to the nudges in the ribs Mrs. Tolson was giving her.

"To be sure, and the only church, and in the family of your friend and visitor, Elder Wirts. Now think of what all that means, to be out of here, no charges against you, and be es-

tablished in my beautiful home, the favorite—"

"Mr. Wirts, if that is your name, you have said enough to make your purpose clear," said Miss Borgess, with austere dignity. "We spurn your proposition and your hypocritical friendship. You will greatly oblige us by leaving the room instantly. We are only two women, languishing in prison, and in a measure helpless in the hands of men who know nothing of honor or justice, but we spurn you, defy you!"

"That is fine, my little beauty, full of fire and the spirit I like," said the old elder, approaching Miss Borgess. "But you fail to realize your position. You are wholly in my power. I presumed you would jump at such an alliance, by doing which you and your sister will escape an awful fate."

"Nothing could equal that you have dared to offer."

"O yes it could, my untamed gazelle. But you did not permit me to finish. There are two ways of doing things,—peaceably or forcibly,—both of which we some times employ. I offered the first in good faith. By your refusal you have compelled me to resort to the last. I shall tame your proud spirit, and take great delight in doing it."

"Never, as long as there is breath in my body!"

"Now, come, don't be so dramatic," advancing a step, with a smile on his face.

"Stand back!" thrusting her hand in her bosom. "Lay your vile hand on me and it will cost you your life!"

Mrs. Tolson stepped between them, pleading with her sister not to become so excited, and

Orpah began to cry. "Don't say a word back to him. What he says will not hurt us, and what you do or say may make our lot a harder one."

The elder stood looking with unfeigned admiration at the defiant young woman, pale and beautiful in the defense of her honor.

"What a sweet girl you will be, after you get these fool notions out of your pretty head. You will sleep tonight in the place I have prepared for you, and I will kiss you now to seal the compact."

With this he reached out to take her in his arms. She had stepped back to the wall, and stood there rigid and determined. As he took her by the left arm to draw her to him, her right hand shot forward with a glint of polished steel in the uncertain light, a sickening thud, and Elder Wirts staggered back with a cry of pain and sank to the ground. Through his fingers, holding his side, the blood slowly trickled. With terror and triumph on her face, like some avenging angel, Miss Borgess stood with the bloody dagger in her hand.

Hearing the cry of pain, the guard came rushing into the room. In a moment he was followed by another. They raised Elder Wirts to his feet and assisted him out of the room, he moaning as he went—"I'm stabbed to the heart! I'm stabbed to the heart!"

"O, sister! sister! whatever possessed you!" wailed Mrs. Tolson, wringing her hands and walking the room as one distracted.

"I prefer death to dishonor, and as long as I've got the strength to strike, I'll defend myself."

"But think, if you have killed him, what will they do with us!"

"They can do no more than kill us, and I prefer that to being either in here or helpless in their power. Let them do their cowardly worst."

The two guards entered.

"Give up that dagger, you she devil."

"Only with my life!" backing against the wall.

"It will go hard with you if you don't."

"It will go hard with you if you come within my reach."

The two great strong men hesitated, then bounded upon her. Before she could strike they had both arms pinioned. She was powerless, though she writhed in their strong grasp like an athlete to free the hand that held the bloody dagger. Mrs. Tolson gave one piercing scream and fell to the floor in a dead faint.

In a moment the dagger was wrested from her, and she sank to the floor on her knees, her forehead resting on the cold rock floor, weeping. She was now helpless indeed. The dagger was her anchor of hope, her only defense.

Mrs. Morgan came back by the prison, with the intention of visiting the prisoners, just as Elder Wirts was being led out. Utter confusion prevailed. The guard pushed the old lady aside with scant ceremony, paying not the least heed to her questions. Admittance was positively refused her. All she could learn was that one of the women stabbed the elder, and that he was in a dying condition. She turned away and went home with a heavy heart. She had been unsuccessful in finding any trace of Edward, and now one of the prisoners had stabbed the leading

elder of the church. Their position was now helpless indeed. Little sleep came to her tired brain that night. The hours were precious, if she saved them from the fate that was now surely in store for the prisoners. What was to be done must be done quickly.

The light was struggling with the indolent darkness when she left her sleepless couch to begin the execution of her plans. Scarcely had she dressed before there was a knocking at the kitchen door—Laura and her father had come, early as it was. Mrs. Morgan hurried below. Tony Ray stood before her, a tall, angular man in middle life, bronzed as an Indian. His nose swayed in from bridge to tip like the radial side of a shoemaker's thumb, his sparsely bearded chin being broad and strong.

In an instant she had sized him up, though she was but a poor judge of human nature, her eyes traveling from his peculiar face down to his feet, and then back up to his face again. Inviting him in she took another good look into his face and restless gray eyes. One was bigger than the other, and set higher in his head, and he had a habit of talking out of the corner of his mouth under the high eye, but he had very little to say, and that little came out of him awkwardly enough.

"Come into the front room, Mr. Ray, where we can be all alone. I've got a hundred things to ask you while Laura is getting breakfast, none of which you must ever breathe after you leave this house."

"I'd feel more at home if you'd call me Tony,"

he said tumbling down in a heap in the first chair he came to.

"Very well, that suits me better. I don't like formalities, anyway, and if we come to terms the business in hand will bring us too closely together to have any mistering in it. How long have you lived here, and what do you know about the country in one or all directions from here?"

In his quiet way he told her that he had been employed as scout and guide for fifteen years, and had trapped and hunted over almost every mountain and valley in the Territory. She had to drag it out of him by piece-meal, but this rather strengthened the favorable impression she was forming of the man. She began to feel that she could trust him, so she went to the core of her scheme.

"There are two women friends of mine, and a little girl, in the prison down here, that is the old shack down there where the Mormons keep people they want under lock and key. I want to get them out of there, and out of the Territory. Do you know anything about the place and the guards who stay there?"

"Yes, mum, I know some about both."

"Well, you go down there as soon as we have had breakfast, and find out all you can. One of the women had trouble with Elder Wirts last evening, and stabbed him, from what I could learn. They must be got out of there tonight, if it can be done. You look over the ground, talk with the guard, and form your plans. I have two, one of which is to bribe the guard, and the other is to saw into the old prison. You may

decide upon some other and better one, but keep these two in mind, and be careful what you do and say."

Tony smiled at the cautioning injunction. "It's pretty dangerous, mum," observed Tony, shaking his head, to whom it was a new business, this breaking into prisons and bribing guards. If it had been the discussion of plans to capture a grizzly, his eyes would have reflected the enthusiasm he felt, but this was a little out of his line.

"I think not, if shrewdly handled. It is simple enough, and, besides, there will be good pay in it for you. Some risk can be taken for a big reward, but, remember, I am paying you more for brains, honesty and a still mouth, than for taking risks."

Tony's low eye took on a peculiar squint. It was the calculating, shrewd eye, and it was taking a survey of the whole thing, from the prison to the run for the Territorial line with two women and a good big girl on his hands, to say nothing of who or what was in the rear. He rose to go. If Mrs. Morgan had sent for him to go and bring in a couple of grizzlies, dead or alive, and a nest of cubs, he would have set out much more light-hearted and sure of his game. He said not a word. Mrs. Morgan looked at him hard enough to drag the words out of him, but there was not a sound, only an awkward shifting from one foot to the other, and an exploration of his pockets with his long bony hands.

"What do you think of it, Tony?" She waited a moment for a reply, but the corner of his mouth under the high eye that did all the talking showed

no disposition to become active, so she went on:

"You don't think it is impossible to rescue them, do you?"

"I can tell you better, mum, after I creep up and peep into their camp." With this he went away to make a preliminary reconnaissance, reluctantly and beset with doubts, but when he returned two hours later he was in better spirits, still far from expressing a sanguine opinion that the thing could be accomplished. Mrs. Morgan was not only disappointed, but somewhat annoyed that she had intrusted the matter to so weak a man. She did not know Tony Ray. A braggart with half the brains and none of his cunning shrewdness would have impressed her far better, and have enthused her with confidence.

"You see, there's two of them guards on all the time—two at night and two in the daytime," he began. "I know one that goes on tonight, but I don't know the other one, and I don't know how much I could do with the one I do know. With a little of the yellow stuff I could give him a whirl, and if it didn't work I could try something else."

"But what is the something else you speak of? Is it to saw a hole big enough to get them out?"

"I don't e'zackly know, mum. It all depends. I've tried making plans to do things, and then found they wouldn't work. I think the best way is to get 'em out, and the way to do that is to get 'em out, taking things as they come. That's the easiest part—then comes the real work. To hide two women and a girl, keep 'em still and out of sight and not get caught—that's what worries

me. If they was men it would be dead easy, but women, liable to squeal or fall down at the very time they ought to stand up and be still, I don't know so well about."

"Then you think it will not be hard to get them out?" said Mrs. Morgan, enthusiastically. "But they must be got out of town, that is true," she observed, taking up that feature of the undertaking to which she had given little thought.

"Yes, and there's the dogs. They can track a man after he's been dead three days, and mighty little mercy they'd give him after he was caught."

"But the first thing is to get them out, Tony."

"Yes, but that's not half. The next thing's to get 'em out of town, and two women and a girl would be as easy for dogs and Danite scouts to find as a white elephant. I wouldn't want a easier job than to find 'em with half the men they'll send out."

This was discouraging, indeed. Mrs. Morgan said nothing for some minutes. "But they must be got out of there, no matter what comes of it," she then said in sheer desperation. "We will trust to good fortune after that. Will you undertake it, Tony?"

"Y-e-s, I guess so. But I'll not come back here any more, for some of 'em will see me and connect me with it, knowing you 've been to see 'em. That's why they've got your nephew penned up somewhere under their eyes. They're slick all right enough, when it comes to scheming. I'll get everything ready and make the break tonight."

"It must be done tonight," said Mrs. Morgan, excusing herself to go up stairs to her strong

box. "Here is a well-filled purse, with plenty to do the work and get them away. I trust it all to you. After it is done, come to me, and if you are caught, I will come to you."

With not another word Tony slipped away, with a basket on his arm which he picked up in the kitchen to make a vegetable peddler of himself.

Once in the outskirts of town, Tony was another man, swinging the basket in his hand and gliding along at a rapid pace, his keen eyes taking in everything in sight. During the day he was nowhere to be seen. When night came he glided into town as stealthily as an Indian upon a sleeping foe, directing his foot-steps to a little groggery where he was not known. It was near the midnight hour when he turned his bleary, blood-shot eyes up the street in the direction of the place where the prisoners were secretly detained, drunk as a lord, and rattling Mrs. Morgan's gold in his pocket. That is, what was left of it. From side to side, in the middle of the street, he staggered, scarcely able to keep on his feet. If his employer could have seen him now she would have realized upon what a broken reed she had built her hopes.

"Hello! Mart, old pard," he mumbled, thickly, holding on to the door-jam of the prison, as he peered into the darkness.

"Hello, yourself," came a voice from the darkness. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Nothin', nothin', you know—got all I want—only come by, hic, to—to—see you, old pard."

"O, it's Tony," snickered the guard, coming to him, "drunk as a biled owl."

"No—no—pard, hic!—only three sheets in the wind, as they say in Mont'rall, you know—an' I've got the stuff—an' don't you forget it."

"You'd better go home, Tony."

"Yes, old pard, that's—hic!—where I'm goin'—but you must have a drink be—be—before I go."

"No, Tony, thanks, I never drink on duty."

"Duty to the devil—Mart—I say Mart—duty to the devil—but I'll never—n—never go till you have a drink. Here's the good stuff—Mart, it'll make your hair curl. Hic!—drink Mart—drink with me, old boy," handing the guard a full bottle of whisky.

"Don't be 'fraid—to—to hit it Mart—I've got 'nother one—an' the stuff, too."

The guard, to please the drunken man, took a light swallow or two, and handed the bottle back to him. Tony held it up between his eyes and the light, staggering into the corridor.

"You didn't—hic!—take any, pard—just put it to your lips. That won't do, you know—when you drink with Tony—old pard. I'm—hic!—drunk—but you can't fool me. Now take—a—drink—it'll do you good. That's the stuff—now ca—call 'tother man. I don't—hic!—know him, but he mu—must take a snifter to warm his—bones."

The other guard, hearing the talking, came up. It was not necessary to insist upon him to be sociable. He took the bottle eargely and drank deeply.

Tony, staggering against the wall, fell heavily to the rock floor, where he lay in a drunken stupor.

"Come, Tony," said the guard, kicking him gently, "get up and go home. You musn't go to sleep in here."

"All right, pard, I'm comin'."

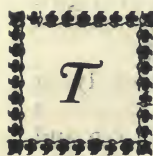
"You say you are, but you don't move. Think you're past moving, but you musn't go to sleep in here, it's against the rules."

"Yes—Mart—hic!—I know the rules. Don't say word—Mart—fer hour, then I'll be all right. Gone to my head, pard. In—hic!—little while—pard—little while—don't kick me, pard."

The guard turned away and left him lying sprawling on the cold floor, to walk off a strange drowsiness that was coming upon him. Up and down the long corridor he walked briskly, but the drowsiness increased momentarily. He felt so tired he could not move his feet one before the other, or hold his eye-lids up. Sitting down in a chair he laid his head on his arms on the table before him. Soon his breathing grew deep and regular.

Tony lifted his head, listened intently, and then rose to his feet as agilely as a cat. Every sense was alert. Tip-toeing his way to the back of the building, he put his ear to the door and listened. A smile stole over his swarthy face.

"That's what they call spiked whisky. It don't take much to do a man when it's got morphine in it."

 ONLY came back to the sleeping guard at the table and shook him gently to make sure he was unconscious, and then, as he was breathing heavily in his cramped position, lifted him from the chair and laid him at full length on the floor.

"I can get at him better to find them pesky keys," he said, bending over the prostrate man, "and to tuck in his pocket this little token of my regards."

Saying which, after he fished out the desired keys, he took from his own pocket two envelopes, one of which he put back, the other he thrust into the pocket of the snoring man. In this envelope were three twenty-dollar gold pieces, and a note, which read: "Keep this money in your pocket, and your tongue in your mouth. Say that two masked men, with pistols at your head, did the work—no one will ever know different."

Hurrying over to the door he found that the keys would not fit. One would go into the little lock, but it would not turn the bolt. He was not to be foiled so easily. It was only a small staple, a very meek affair for so ponderous a door. Taking up a chair, a clumsy, home-made

cross between a stool and a chair, he quickly pried the staple out with one of the legs. Pushing the door open he entered the room, calling in a low voice for Mrs. Tillman, meaning Mrs. Tolson, whose name he had forgotten. The two women were awake, having heard the drunken man and the prying off of the staple in the door with feelings of alternate hope and dread. Orpah was asleep.

"Who are you, and what do you want? There is no Mrs. Tillman here."

"I'm your friend, come to take you out, whatever your name is. So talk low and get a wiggle on you."

"How do we know you are our friend?"

Tony snickered. "That's a woman for you. But if you'll come out here in the hall and see what I've done for this here guard of your'n, and then broke into jail, it'll make you sorter think I am."

"But all that could be done to take us more surely into the hands of some one of these evil men. We doubt the friendship of any man."

"Well, I'll tell you, Miss, we've got no time to chew the rag. I'm not around breaking into jails for nothing, risking my neck and all that. Mrs. Morgan, your friend, put me up to it, and the pesky Mormons, when they catch me, will put me down to it, so we've got to skedaddle or all I've done won't be worth much."

"I think he is all right, Blanche," whispered Mrs. Tolson. "Whatever comes, it can't be worse."

"You're right, lady; you'd better get out of here, and lose no time about it, either."

Not another word was said. Orpah was rudely awakened, and the four stole out of that vile hole, Tony in the lead. Going to the rear of the building, Tony told them to halt a moment while he paid his last respects to the remaining guard. Finding the man lying fast asleep against the wall, he took out the envelope and tucked it securely into his pocket, where he would find it as soon as he came to, if he ever did. In the envelope was the same amount of money, and a few scrawled words, warning him to keep his mouth shut.

"Now I'll tell you the same as I told that feller—keep your mouth shut. Don't open it, even to breathe, no matter what comes up. Use your legs for all they're worth, but don't say a word. If you'll mind me, we'll get away. If you don't, you'll go back there a scootin', and then it will be all day with you. Now hit the trail, right behind me."

Through the alleys and across lots, they were soon almost clear of the town. Miss Borgess stopped, catching her sister and Orpah by the dress.

"If Mrs. Morgan had anything to do with our escape, why don't you take us to her house?"

Tony came back to them, with his hand to his mouth. "My God, Miss, we'd be found before sun-up. They'll have dogs and men on our trail in two hours from now. That would never do to go there. She'd be in jail too, for having you in her house. You must do just as I say if you want to escape. There must be no more flyin' back from a cold collar or I'll drop you right here."

The flight was taken up again, single-file, Tony's long lank form bending along in the lead at a terrific pace. In the darkness they stumbled along for some time in silence, following up an irrigation ditch that was running swiftly bank-full.

"Now, I've got to ask you to do a thing that'll test your metal," said Tony, stepping into the water up to his waist, "I'll carry the girl, but you'll have to do as I do. It's a little cold, but you'll have to do it."

"But isn't there some place where we can cross," asked Miss Borgess. "My sister is sick now, the cold water will kill her."

"No, it won't hurt her one bit. It's not a question of getting across. That would be easy, but you've got to come into it and stay in it a long time. Nothing else will ever throw the dogs off the scent. If you don't do it you'll be back in that same den in three hours from now."

Brave Miss Borgess stepped down into the water, the swift current almost sweeping her off her feet. She caught her breath in gasps, and uttered a faint shriek as the cold water surged up to her waist. Tony lifted Orpah from the bank, and Mrs. Tolson, then burning up with fever, but resigned to her fate, followed them into the turbid flood. She would rather die in the water than in prison. Her teeth chattered, and her muscles drew into knots, but she made no complaint.

"Now, hold to my arm, each of you, and don't fall. You'll get used to it purty soon, and we'll walk down this ditch as long as you can stand it, before we go out on the other side."

They splashed along with the swift current for what poor Mrs. Tolson thought was an age, when she cried out she was going to fall, her benumbed legs were giving away under her. Placing Orpah on the bank, Tony helped the two women out of the water. Taking Mrs. Tolson by the arm he hurried them on toward the black mountains that loomed up before them in the distance. Reaction soon set in, and Mrs. Tolson could walk without assistance. Their wet skirts clung to them, greatly impeding their progress, but Tony urged them on as fast as they could go to keep the hot blood bounding in their bodies, telling them that the bark of every dog they heard might be the dreaded bloodhounds upon their trail. Then, when he saw they were becoming too badly frightened, he would say that it was only some ranchman's worthless cur.

By the time the eastern heavens began to glow, they were far from the town, though ready to drop at every step.

"It's only a little ways now," said Tony, hopefully. "You are two brave women, and no mistake, and this girl's a marvel. She's not said a word, bless her little heart, though I'll be bound her feet's torn with the rocks and her skin with the thorns. But here's the cabin, far up here in the gulch, where no one can find us, and here we'll rest for a day or two before we light out for a safer place."

Tony went up close to the cabin and barked like a coyote. The door was opened, and a man came out to meet them who, evidently, was waiting for them. The house was occupied by a young Irishman and his wife, who had a pot of

boiling coffee on the stove and a scant change of clothing for the women.

"They're all ready for you," said Tony cheerfully. "They knowed what plight you'd get here in, and all about it, and this is your room while you stay. Drink lots of hot coffee, and get out of them wet duds as fast as ever you can. Don't set down, or go to blubber'n' after bearing up like you have." He was looking at Mrs. Tolson, who sank down in a chair, hiding her face in her hands.

"I want you to sleep all day, and not show your faces or speak above a whisper. Then by night, when I get back, you'll be in shape to talk over what to do and how to do it. I'm a little tired and wet myself, but I've got a power of stirrin' round to do before I see you again tonight."

Asking for a pair of scissors, Tony had the ranchman clip his hair and whiskers close to the skin. It made such a change in the man that few of his acquaintances could have recognized him. Then he disappeared and did not show up again until dark. No one came near the cabin during the day. If search was being made for them they were unaware of it, yet every house in which the sleuths could poke their noses, and every foot of ground for miles around was being covered in a vain attempt to locate the escaped prisoners before they could get to the authorities and report their case. But in quiet, unassuming Tony Ray, they had more than met their match.

"Oh, they're out all right, dogs and all," said Tony, coming up in the darkness, his low eye squinting together and sparkling like a diamond. "And I think they sniffed us to the ditch, but there they went in the air. I don't believe the

guards let on who done it—that is if they ever got awake enough to talk—for not a soul of 'em has been to my cabin today. If they had knowed it was me, why, man, they'd a been out there the first thing. That's good for us. Now, the thing is to know what you want to do," turning from the ranchman to Miss Borgess.

"We want to get away from this place as fast as we can go."

"But, Blanche, we can't go and leave John," said Mrs. Tolson, pleadingly. "If we had some way of letting him know it would be different."

Tony hung his head. "I don't think there's any way to let him know."

"Too dangerous, you think?" asked Mrs. Tolson.

"Well, yes, not knowing just where he is, it wouldn't be easy, not to speak of the danger."

"But if we can get away, Emma, safely, John is a big strong man whom the saints can have no use for, and he can take care of himself. We can then let him know where we are. My heart sinks within me when I think of that vile den we were in, and what we were in there for. Let us leave it all to this noble man who has proved his friendship, his trustworthiness, and his cunning a thousand times over. After we get far enough away, if we ever do, to be out of their clutches, we can then plan what to do. We can be of no assistance to John, only a burden, so let us place ourselves in this good man's hands and obey him."

"I 'spose you'd rather go east than west, but it'll be safer and easier to go west from here. I've got it all fixed, and three plug horses and an old wagon to do it with. All three of you will

have to cut your hair off the same as I've done, and put on men's clothes."

"Oh, that will be horrid!" cried Mrs. Tolson.

"It won't be very purty," grinned Tony. "But, you see, to start out here in a wagon with two women and a girl would be the same as driving back to jail again. This little girl will ride the loose horse, and I'll be sick in the back end of the old wagon. One of you will drive, and we'll mosey along in a don't care way till we get far enough out to be safe, and then you can change back. The hair'll all grow back again the same as mine. Can you ride astraddle same as a boy, little one?"

Orpah said she thought she could, and was greatly pleased at the novel prospect. But the two ladies, especially Mrs. Tolson, demurred loudly. Miss Borgess recognized the wisdom of the arrangement, and, after thinking it over a few moments, expressed her readiness to do anything in reason to effect their escape.

The shirts, overalls and big rough shoes were sent in, and the next morning the two women had disappeared and two awkward, shame-faced young men, a little out of masculine proportions, made their appearance, with a delicate featured boy of eleven or twelve years of age. A little water and dust begrimed their hands and faces, artistically applied by the Irishman's wife, and they were typical travelers of the plains. The old man, hollow-chested and wan, coughed occasionally to get his hand in as he expressed it, like a consumptive in the last stage of the disease. They called him father, these tacky young men in the front of the wagon, and so did the kid

who rode the pony in the dust behind. They were going to get the old man through to Californy as soon as they could, in the hopes that the climate there would brace him up.

The ranchman and his wife could not help but smile, in spite of the seriousness of the situation, when the metamorphosed outfit moved away. The old wagon creaked and groaned, and the poor horses took no more interest in the proceedings than if they were going to their own funeral.

Their hearts, that were up in their throats, finally settled back to a more normal location, after they passed the better part of the forenoon without meeting any one who gave them a second glance. Then, all at once, three men horse-back came across the open country towards them. Their hearts sank within them. The men were armed. Mrs. Tolson prepared to faint. Miss Borgess, who was driving, set her teeth tightly to meet what was to come. From their action they were looking for the escaped prisoners, there could be no doubt about it, and she so informed Tony in a few words. They came dashing up in a sweeping gallop.

"Hello! where are you going?" demanded one, gruffly, reining in his horse close to the side of the wagon.

"Californy, I reckon, if we ever git thar," returned Miss Borgess.

The old man set up a deal of coughing and groaning.

"What have you got in here?" asked the man, trying to lift the cover to look into the wagon.

"Nothin', only dad, an' he's sick—got a tearable breakin' out all over 'im."

With visions of small-pox in his mind, the man lost all inquisitiveness, dropped the cover and rode away. They were saved!

When the men were gone, Tony rolled over and over, splitting his sides with laughter. "O, you're a brick! I couldn't a thought of that answer if I'd a studied on it a week. He thought dad had the small-pox." And then Tony laughed again. Miss Borgess smiled, but Mrs. Tolson was too badly frightened even to smile. It was a narrow escape.

With Orpah, the novelty of wearing boy's clothes and riding a horse, soon wore off, and so did most of her tender skin in contact with the horse. The second day she plead to be allowed a place in the wagon.

They were not molested again. After the fifth day out they resumed their proper dress, and Tony took the lines and dropped his grave-yard cough.

"You think there can be no danger now, Mr. Tony?" asked Mrs. Tolson one evening as they ate their scanty fare, sitting on the ground around the camp-fire.

"No, mum, there's no more danger. We're out of the reach of the varmints now. We can go where we please and do as we please."

"Thank God, and you, too, Mr. Tony. But what ought we to do about John? I am worried to death about him. How can we get word to him of our whereabouts?"

"As long as we was in danger, mum, I didn't have the heart to tell you," said Tony, sadly, "for it might a got us all into it again—"

"You didn't have the heart to tell me—tell me what!"

"Why—that—that—you'll never get any word to him—he's dead!"

"John dead!" screamed Mrs. Tolson.

"Yes, mum, he was murdered the day you was put in that place, and by the men who put you there."

"O, my God, can that be true!"

Mrs. Tolson's grief was truly pitiful to witness. All night she moaned and wrung her hands and called the name of her dead husband. By morning she was completely prostrated, lying in the wagon, rolling her head from side to side in delirium. For a week she hovered between coma and semi-consciousness, moaning and giving way to her uncontrollable grief. She loved her big stalwart husband devotedly, and now she would never see him again. He was foully murdered, and slept in an unknown grave.

Sacramento was the first town of any size they came to, where a physician could be employed. Mrs. Tolson's condition demanded instant medical attention. A little house was rented and a doctor called. After two weeks of careful nursing she began to show signs of improvement.

Not until she was better did Tony acquaint Miss Borgess with his intention of returning to Salt Lake City. She offered to pay him munificently for all he had done for them, after failing to dissuade him from returning where he would most likely be arrested the moment he set foot in the town, but he sturdily refused to take a dollar.

"Mrs. Morgan furnished the money to do it

all," he said, simply, "and she's got no children to leave it to. And then, she's got plenty more. She'll pay me, if I take anything. Don't worry about me going back. I'll go to Ogden and write to her from there to find out how the land lays. If them fool guards give me away, why, I'll get Laura and skin out for some other place. I don't care to be in the power of them devils. I'll see you again some day, I reckon, but not in Salt Lake City."

"No, indeed! not in Salt Lake City," said Miss Borgess, decisively.

It was an affectionate parting between them and the faithful scout, who had piloted them out of a most serious difficulty. Mrs. Tolson sent for him to come to her room, where she held his hand and cried hysterically. Poor Tony twisted from one foot to the other, and turned red and white in spots, not knowing what to do or say. "If it had been a buckin' broncho, or a grizzly bear, I'd a knowed what to do, but a cryin' woman, holdin' on to my hand, stumped me flat." So he said to Miss Borgess when he came out, wiping his eyes.

Meeting a wealthy Spanish woman, who resided in Los Angeles, Miss Borgess was made a flattering offer to go there and teach her three children, and as many others as she could take. The warm, genial climate would be so good for Mrs. Tolson, and the employment so remunerative, that Miss Borgess decided to go.

Renting a house in Los Angeles, which afforded them ample home room, and two large rooms for the school, she settled down to filling them with pupils at a big price. In a few days,

assisted by her Spanish lady friend and patron, she had engaged all the pupils she could accommodate. Orpah took up her studies, which had been so long neglected, with the other pupils, and thus they passed a peaceful and pleasant winter.

Long letters were received regularly from Mrs. Morgan. Tony arrived home safely, after stopping at Ogden long enough to get a letter from her, telling him that nothing had ever been given out by the drugged guards that he had had anything to do with the escape of the prisoners. Four or five days after their escape her nephew, Edward Baker, returned home, saying he was detained under guard, being suspected of having some connection with Mr. Tolson in a plot to assassinate certain members of the church. But the charge was not pushed. He was told to leave the city, which he immediately did. Before he went away she asked him about Orpah, but he said he knew nothing of her name or her parents.

Mrs. Tolson grew strong again, but lapsed into an unbroken melancholy, from which nothing could rouse her. She never heard a hasty step on the walk, or a knock at the door, that she did not gasp for breath in her great agitation. It was the step or the knock of her lost husband. She could not realize that he was dead, but believed he would come to them some day.

So popular was Miss Borgess as a teacher that her rooms were filled with pupils all summer. Before she hardly knew it the winter months, without the winter, were upon them again. Orpah was almost a young lady.

"She is no longer a child," said Miss Borgess to her sister one day. "I wish we were somewhere where there is a good school for her. We have friends in Jacksonville, Illinois, and there are excellent schools there."

"There are, truly, but you are doing so well here, Blanche, that I should think you would hate to give up the work."

"I do, but I can do well there, too. Besides, it would be so much better for her there where she can be fitted for a teacher, upon which she has set her heart. And then, the change may do you good."


"My sorrow has been almost more than I could bear, but under the influence of this genial sunshine and blossom-laden air, I am beginning to feel again as though life was yet worth the living. The future may have as much happiness in store for us as the past has had of sorrow."

"I am delighted to hear you express so cheerful a view of the future," said Miss Borgess, kissing her sister. "I would like to make this beautiful place our home, but you know, I have always promised Orpah to take her back to her beloved Missouri, and if we can select some good school town in that state, I think, for her sake, we ought to go to it to finish her education. Then we can come back here. And while we are talking about it, I advise the investment of a part of the money we got from our old home in property here. It will grow in value and exert an influence to bring us back again."

Mrs. Tolson agreed to all that was said. A vacant block was purchased, the school closed, and the three took a steamer for San Francisco.

From there they took the train to Kansas City, where a day or two was spent. Meeting some people who spoke so highly of the State University at Columbia, they decided to go there, although they had given it out to their friends in Los Angeles that their destination was Jacksonville, Illinois.

"How appropriate it seems, and yet we never thought of it before, to bring Orpah to her own beloved state to finish her education," said Miss Borgess.

ENRY MARTIN remained a week with his friend, the young minister, while the storm was gathering darker and more ominous about the latter's head as a result of his liberal foreordination sermon. It was almost the sole topic in religious circles in the little town, the lines between the two contending factions being, frequently, acrimoniously drawn. Rev. Mr. Bronson and Henry remained sedulously to themselves, taking no part in the discussions. One side claimed that the young minister was unorthodox, that he had to go outside of the bible for material to support his radical views, while the Bronsonites, as they were called, contended that he did nothing of the kind, but that he simply placed a liberal interpretation upon certain passages of scripture which his enemies could not understand. These enemies were denominated old fogies. The Bronsonites were composed almost entirely of the younger people in the church whose influence was not powerful enough to stem the tide that was setting in against their young champion. The older members had always taught and believed that outside of Christ there was no salvation, no way to en-

ter the pearly gates except through Him, but now their pastor affirmed that somehow the Jew would be saved. This was heresy, it was sentimental liberality run mad. They had never heard such doctrine, it was unsound, and they were not willing that their children should sit in the hearing of it. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, if that was what he called it, did not meet their ideas of Christianity. So they met and discussed it, warmly, vigorously, and passed a resolution asking the young pastor to hand in his resignation.

"I knew it would come," said he, handing the letter to Henry. "When I have preached to them to cast the beam out of their own eyes, that they might the better see to remove the mote from their brother's eye, they were so well satisfied with their own righteousness that the command went clean over their heads. But when I sighted my guns a little lower, and began to make breaches in the wall which they supposed would bar out of the kingdom of heaven every one who does not believe as they do, they were ready to give me a trouncing. It is as well. They shall have the resignation."

His friends were determined that he should remain. They left no stone unturned to muster enough votes to prevent the acceptance of the resignation. Many of those who announced they would vote to let him go, gave him credit for great ability, honesty of purpose and fearless indifference to personal consequences, but they leaned to the belief that he was unsound and possibly dangerous.

While the controversy was at white heat Henry

left to visit his old home at Palmyra, and to spend a short time in every town of any size north of the river, making inquiries for some trace of the Tolsons. His continuance of the search was little more than merely perfunctory, to satisfy his restlessness. His heart was no longer in it. The hope of finding his little Janie was far less virile than in former years, still he never gave it entirely up. In all the towns he visited advertisements were inserted in the papers, offering a good reward for information of the whereabouts of John Tolson, but he entertained little hope of receiving favorable replies to them.

Until far into the winter he persevered in all kinds of weather, driving from one town to another, but not a trace could he find of those he sought. It was at one point, where the roads became impassible, that he boarded a car for his first ride on the new railroad. At first he clung to the seat with misgivings for his safety, but he soon forgot his fears in the pleasant sensation of being whirled like the wind through the fields and woods, and over the streams and prairies as a bird might skim the air. It was the most novel experience of his life.

When he came back to the Bronsons in the spring the Rev. Rolla Bronson was just in receipt of a call to an influential church in a growing young city, with a broad and promising field of work much more to his liking. The salary was three times as much as the one he sacrificed to his liberal tendencies. This was very gratifying to his staunch friends in his former charge, who found themselves hopelessly in the minority when the vote was taken on his resignation.

"There is a providence in it all, Henry," said the young minister, proudly. "I shall, of course, accept this call to a broader and better field, even if the salary was the same. They are fully acquainted with my advanced views and endorse them. The hand of the Father is in it, as it is in your wanderings and in your life of sadness, purified by the sufferings through which you have gone all these years. In your case, as in mine, it will all come out right. God doeth all things well, and after days or years of darkness, the light will come."

"God grant that it may," said Henry fervently. "Ugly doubts sometimes come, so great have been my afflictions, still I trust and believe. Had this faith not stayed with me I could not have gone on from year to year, still trusting and hoping in the face of all the benumbing disappointments I have had to bear."

"Faithful and noble man, God will not always deny you the reward you have so richly earned."

After almost a year spent upon the beloved soil of old Missouri, where he felt so much at home, and for whose genial people he entertained such a warm friendship, Henry turned his face to the west again. He sold his horses to take the train. Crossing the plains was no longer the tedious journey of half a year, but a pleasant trip of a few days. The parting was a sudden and tearful one. He tore himself away at only a moment's notice to make it the less painful.

"I will not tell you good-bye, but pray that God may be with you till we meet again. It may be years, and it may be never again, but I shall love you as I love my own." With this he strode

off down the walk, fastened the gate behind him, and was gone.

They watched him to the turn in the road, watched him through their tears. The young minister extended his hands as in a benediction. "Mellowed and purified by years of sorrow, a man of few words and many good deeds—one of the noblest God ever made. And, O our Father, all these years Thou hast wounded him, deeply, to the heart, bowing his head and whitening his hair, and he has clung to Thee, never doubting Thy love and mercy. Wilt Thou not soon, O heavenly Father, look with compassion upon him?"

Two days later the enthusiastic young minister took up his work in the new field. Being a student and progressive thinker, he grew in popularity and eloquence, but at a fearful cost to his frail constitution. In two years he was a physical wreck. The coveted title of Doctor of Divinity, which was conferred upon him, was slight compensation for the price he paid. His congregation offered him an indefinite vacation to regain his health, suggesting an extended European trip for which an ample fund was subscribed. Several wealthy Jewish merchants, to attest their appreciation of his liberal views and sympathy for their race, asked to be permitted to contribute to the fund that he might extend his visit to the Holy Land. This was greatly appreciated by Dr. Bronson. He had always hoped to be able some day to visit Palestine, and now almost before he could realize it, his life-long desire was to be gratified.

The sea voyage and bracing salt air sharpened his appetite and improved his digestion. His

eyes brightened and his step grew more elastic. Before thirty days elapsed he felt that he was a new man again. One day, while viewing the sacred ruins of the Holy City, he fell into a reflective mood. Taking pencil and paper he wrote the following letter to one of the brethren in his church:

"Dear Brother B.: How my poor soul is thrilled today, standing on Calvary where Jesus died. It is only a span back over the eighteen hundred years when the cross was erected where now I stand, and on it the Son of God was crucified. I can not express to you the feelings that fill my soul. I wish you were here to experience them with me. I can hear the thunder and feel the rending of the rocks. With closed eyes the darkness is about me that enveloped the earth, and out of the darkness come to me those last words that Jesus uttered on the cross. I have never felt that God was so near. The rocks are here as they were then, over which the blinded rabble fell, mute witnesses of the crucifixion. If they could talk, what a sacred tale could they unfold. But I can feel it, see it, just as it was. Though speechless, yet they speak, and they carry my mind down the vista of ages of man's relation to his Maker. Long before the transcendant tragedy enacted upon this mount, the human family began in two distinct peoples, represented by Cain on one side and Abel on the other. Friction followed, without which there could be no advancement, and then murder. Thus evil was arrayed against good, then and since, not by chance or accident, but as an essential element of advancement. In looking back we

call these dealings of God with man especial providences, and they are the same today as in the far-away olden time.

“‘And the Lord said unto Abram, get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will show thee.’ And then the strangest elements of humanity that were ever blended into an entity were put in motion for the betterment of future generations. Those conditions still exist, and today are contending for ascendancy in the affairs of men.

“Abram was not only the father of the Jew, but of the Ishmaelite as well, and dare any one say, because this Ishmaelite is the son of the Egyptian handmaiden, that he is not to be an important factor in the drama of the world’s history? ‘In Isaac shall thy seed be called’ . . . ‘and also of the son of the bond woman will I make a nation, because he is thy seed.’

“Before Ishmael was born his mother was told that his seed was to be as the sands of the sea, and that he was to be a wild man, whose hand was to be against every man, and every man’s hand against him. And yet he was to dwell in the presence of all his brethren. Ishmael was the first child of all flesh to receive the seal of the Covenant in his person by circumcision on the self-same day with his father, Abraham. And down through this line of the seed of Abraham, though Isaac, was to come the Messiah. In this part of the promise the Ishmaelite was to have no claim, nor was he ever to be a peaceful dweller in the land of Canaan. He was to be from

that time on the wild man, the nomadic wanderer in the desert, and he is.

"The Czar of Russia asked his Prime Minister to give him, in the fewest words possible, his reasons for believing the bible to be true. 'The Jew, sire,' was his laconic reply. He could just as well have said the Arab or the Ishmaelite, these being the seed of Abraham, and having received the seal of the Covenant through circumcision. Have they not also a claim in kind, if not in degree, with the Jew? And will they not share in the restoration of the Jew, 'when the fullness of the Gentiles come in?'

"Believing this to be the status of the Ishmaelite, civilization and christianity may affect his life to some extent, as it has affected the Jew, but not his fate. He must remain the wild man, as I have seen him with his flocks and herds, imbued with the nomadic inclination. He is emphatically the child of destiny, as much so as the Jew. He undoubtedly will never become an active and enlightened force in the world's onward march, yet it would be an advanced position to say that civilization will never overtake him, for far back in the dark ages, at the close of Abraham's life, Isaac and Ishmael met to bury their father; and again at Isaac's death, the two extremes, Esau and Jacob, his sons, met at the grave to pay the last tribute of a common love. Still further to strengthen the position of the Ishmaelite: When Esau took unto himself a wife he chose Mahalath, the daughter of Ishmael, Abraham's son, and there were the same conditions hedging about the young wife of Ishmael that environed the young life of Esau. In this

case, before Esau was born, the law of primogeniture was set aside by divine interposition, and the elder was made to serve the younger. He appealed to his father in those never-to-be-forgotten words, fraught with a pathos unsurpassed: 'And Esau said unto his father, hast thou not also a blessing for me, my father? And Esau lifted up his voice and wept.' Isaac blessed him, and said, 'behold, thy dwelling shall be the fastness of the earth and the dew of heaven from above, and by the sword shalt thou live.'

"These people have maintained their individuality and identity equally well with the Jew. They inhabit a barren country whose resources will never excite the covetousness of civilization, and the desire for civilization is as foreign to the nature of the wandering Ishmaelite as riches was to Esau, who frittered away vast possibilities for a mere mess of pottage. This being true, how is Christianity to reach these people? Will they not also wait, with their half brother, the Jew, for the fullness of the Gentiles to come in?

"In studying the possibilities of the Ishmaelites, the Jew must be reckoned also. And what of the Jew? Much every way. He is shrewd, wide-awake, and now, as when he wrestled all night to obtain a blessing, is wonderfully endowed with what we westerners call sticktuitiveness. In the very dawn of history, to use the same expressive language, he demonstrated his financial acumen by running a corner on Esau's food, and 'watered' Laban's stock. In both instances he was more than successful.

"When Laban undertook to encroach upon Jacob's prosperity it seemed only to increase it.

In the working out of this decree of Providence, Joseph is seen in the pit, the direst calamity hanging over him. Just then an Ishmaelite appears, and Joseph is sold into Egypt. More of the inscrutable workings of Providence. As the four hundred years ran out, Moses was miraculously preserved and educated in the best schools of Egypt. More of the purpose. Returning at the age of forty, he witnessed a quarrel between a fellow Jew and an Egyptian. He took sides with his fellow, slew the Egyptian and buried him in the sand. But the appointed time for the liberation of the children of Israel had not come, and Moses fled from Egypt to the land of Midian. Here he remained for forty years, a soured and disappointed man. He married and became a shepherd, giving up the hope of ever being able to rescue his people from the bondage of the Egyptians. It was then, in his old age, that God, appeared to him in the burning bush. And Moses said to God, 'Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh and bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?' The set time had come. Though he was old, and it was a vast undertaking, he was successful, because God was behind him. And then, after all he had done for them, they fell back into the rut of idolotry, while Moses was up in Sinai, and God would have destroyed them root and branch had it not been for the eloquent pleadings of Moses for his beloved people. The wrath of God was turned aside, and these two millions of people were saved, but for what? To be discarded of God as not worthy to fill the place in His divine economy.

"It might have been better for mankind if God

had raised up a people from Moses, but he had married an Ishmaelite, and the blessing was to come through the seed of Isaac. I say it might have been better, but it is better as it is.

“Standing here on the hallowed spot, sacred almost as the throne upon which Jesus now sits, all these things of the far past come into my mind. I think of that faithful old servant leading his beloved people to the borders of the Promised Land, while he himself was denied entrance therein; of his farewell admonitions to them, to obey the commandments and the statutes of the Lord, and of the unknown spot where his weary bones at last found rest. He told them that they would become a by-word and a hissing throughout all the nations of the earth if they did not do as he admonished them. It has all come true as he warned them. And now I would like to have those bible scholars and preachers who are expounding the scriptures, and telling the people from quoted and interpreted passages, when the world is coming to an end, and all that, to turn to the thoughts touched upon here, and tell us when and in what manner is the fullness of the Gentiles to come in. Will they fill their time, as did the people of old, with wickedness, or will they fill it with righteousness?

“Paul said of the Jew—‘And so all Israel shall be saved, as it is written, for my covenant with them, and I shall take away their sins. As concerning the gospel, they are enemies for your sake, but as touching the election, they are beloved for the Father’s sake.’

“If for the Father’s sake, why not also the Ishmaelite, the half brother? The ages to come will

unfold the answers to these problems, and I am glad it shall be as recorded by Paul.

"I spent two sweet and holy days in Nazareth, where thirty years of the Master's life was passed, about which we know nothing, and in going here and there I pondered the question propounded by the Jews—'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' In looking at the old town one is not surprised at the question, yet Jesus came out of Nazareth. The town lies in a valley, on the foot of a hill, answering the description given by Luke. After rambling through the town I climbed the hill to get a better view of the surrounding country. I sat me down on the brow of the overhanging rocks, as the valley purpled in the gathering twilight below, to meditate upon the scene before me, so rich in hallowed associations. There was a feeling of intense reality about everything before me, and I was back in the ages that were gone. Jesus may have sat on the very spot where I was, many times when the labors and toil of the day were done. Over the fields at my feet He had played with His companions, and these rocks, defying the elements and the ages, He may have clung to in climbing up and down the hill as I had done. It was soothing to my soul to dwell upon such sacred memories and associations.

"The view is one of the most varied and extensive to be seen in Palestine. It overlooks the beautiful plains of Esdraelen, and takes in the snowy peak of Herman, the rounded summit of Tabor, the long dark ridge of Carmel, and beyond it, the white strand of the Mediterranean. The recollections of this beautiful, sacred scenery will

long retain its hold upon my memory. It would be doubly dear could some of my beloved congregation be with me to enjoy it.

"R. B."



FOR three long weary years Henry Martin battled with his restlessness, and looked after his business interests after a fashion, with his ear to the ground, so to say, for the faintest sound that would reveal his lost child's whereabouts. Hope was not dead within him, for a nervousness seized him with every letter that came. During these three years of apparent inactivity his correspondence was extensive, covering every town of any size west of the Mississippi in which he entertained the remotest idea the Tolsons might be located. These numerous letters he wrote to postmasters and city and town officials, kept the flickering flame of hope still burning. But not a clew or word of encouragement came to him.

But at last he threw down his pen, like a child discards a toy of which it is tired. The strain of inactivity could be borne no longer. Again, like the Wandering Jew, he set forth. Taking his horse he rode away to spend a few days with his old friends, the Howies, and live over again in the shop so much like his father's, and in the shade of the chestnut tree, the happy days of his boyhood. It was a restful green spot, an oasis

into which he could creep from the desert of his sorrows and rest.

The village blacksmith and his wife received him as their son, expressing sympathy with his hopes, and sorrow at his disappointments. What a haven of rest it was, this little home of the Howies, impressing upon him at every turn the hallowed memories and associations of his early youth, when his brothers were boys and his father and mother were in their prime of life. For hours he dwelt upon these memories, again back in the little village in Delaware, as a man does who goes to his old home after a lapse of years. The leaden weight was lifted from his morbid mind, and sweet were his thoughts, communing with the past. And this past with Henry was another life, a vague, blissful existence that was becoming every year more like a dream.

"Since you were here, Henry," said Mrs. Howie, "we have thought a great deal about the little child you took charge of on the Mississippi steamer after her mother's death. You didn't say what her name was, that is, her mother's name, but somehow we have been connecting her with our daughter Helen who has never been heard of since about that time. Helen married before we left Ohio, and remained there with her husband who died afterwards. Before he died they had a little baby girl, but we never knew the child's name. Her husband's name was Thompson—"

"Julia May's name was Thompson," broke in Henry, greatly interested.

"Can that be possible!" said Mrs. Howie, looking at her husband. "That was our Helen's name. Her husband left her with very little

when he died, but he had a wealthy sister in the south somewhere, New Orleans I think, who wrote Helen to bring the baby and make her home with her. This was what Helen wrote us, and that was the last we ever heard of her. In that letter she said she had about made up her mind to go to this sister and make her home there for a while. We wrote to her but got no reply. After waiting a long time we wrote to some friends in Ohio who replied that Helen left there for New Orleans, and that was the last they knew of her. It took a year to get a letter there and back, and the next time we wrote no answer ever came. We have always believed, since you were here and told us about it, that the woman killed on the boat and buried in Memphis, was our daughter Helen. She was never heard from after she took the boat at Cincinnati."

"Her name was Thompson," said Henry, reflectively, "and beyond doubt she was your daughter Helen, now that I come to think about it, and Julia May Thompson is your grand daughter. How clear it all is now, and how strange. When she came up the gang plank, leading the little tot, I noted her as some one whom I had seen. I tried to place her, racking my brain for an hour to recall where I had seen her, but all to no purpose. Every feature of her face, from the glance I got of it, was familiar, yet I could not tell where I had seen her. It is all plain now. It was you, Mr. Howie, she looked like, it was the family resemblance that arrested my eye. Going to the boat's register I found her name was Thompson, but whether it was Helen or not I don't remember."

"Helen was the very image of her father," said Mrs. Howie, sadly.

"Julia May is a beautiful girl, a young woman now, and she carries the same family resemblance. You would know her if you were to meet her. Mrs. Bronson loves her just as devotedly as if she were her own daughter."

Mrs. Howie rose to leave the room, to write a letter to her grand daughter, leaving them to continue the discussion of the strange occurrence. "Through you, Henry," she said, stopping in the door, "we have found our long-lost daughter. It is true we have not found her alive, but we know where she sleeps and the manner of her death. It was sudden and painless, and she was given a Christian burial, all this is some consolation. And she left the little baby which you took and cared for like a father, found the little motherless thing a home where she has grown up to a beautiful womanhood, loving and loved. God will reward you for this, Henry, for those who are merciful shall be shown mercy. How I wish I could see my lovely grand child who looks like our lost Helen, and some day I may, but I shall pray more earnestly for little Janie's restoration to you, who have done so much for others, than for my own personal gratification." With her apron to her eyes she turned away.

"It has been fifteen years since she was taken from me," said Henry, more to himself than to his companion who sat absorbed in thought. "She was two years old then. She is now a woman, and I am on the top of the hill in life, looking down towards its close. In all these things there is a purpose, as the selling of Joseph into Egypt, but

what has it been with me? I was nothing then, I am nothing now. Why has God been mindful of me, even to chastise, and for what has been the chastisement?"

He had not yet reached the point where he could answer the question, and in its asking was the old Adam nature, head-strong and self-willed, which had controlled him so long and urged him on. It was not willing to let go, even after so many years of failure.

After a week with the Howies he mounted his horse and rode away in the opposite direction from home, with no definite purpose in view, and caring little where he went. A destination shaped itself in his mind as he rode along. He had heard much of southern California, of the mammoth trees, and the wonderful sights to be seen there. Time was heavy on his hands. He would travel down along the settled coast by slow stages into new scenes and among strange people. Perhaps—there came the faint voice from the hope that springs eternal in the human breast—perhaps he would find Janie when he least expected to; perhaps, if he was not to look for her, that would be the very time he would find her. Men had obtained the precious object of a life's striving after all hope had been abandoned. The gray haired artist, after a persevering life of utter failure, had obtained the affect for which he sought by throwing his brush at the canvass in despair. The rescuing sail burst upon the vision of the shipwrecked mariner after he had thrown himself down upon his frail raft to die. These thoughts taught him that there was a time for every purpose. The immutable purposes of God

could not be swerved by the impatience of one poor human being. He would go on, and on again, perhaps to the end of the earth, what mattered it? His sorrow was no greater in one place than in another, and pleasures were not to be taken into account.

At Lake Tulare he fell in with two amateur prospectors, who were pleasure-seekers and travelers as well, two jolly fellows with money in their pockets and time on their hands. Mentioning to them where he was going, to see the big trees of which he and they had heard such fabulous stories, they joined him. They could prospect as well in one place as in another, for, they laughingly asserted, "gold is where you find it."

It may be of interest to make a few extracts from a letter Henry wrote his brothers of this trip:

"On our way up we passed through a vast forest of pine, cedar and fir trees, which, it seemed to me, would furnish lumber enough to supply a dense population for hundreds of years. . . . Coming to one immense sugar pine, which was the largest tree I ever saw, I set it down as a monster of its kind. Its circumference at the ground was about thirty feet, but we found later on that it was one of the little trees of that wonderful locality—a mere sapling. At this point the altitude was 5,600 feet, which is not very high compared to other places on the continental divide, yet both men and animals could feel it in their breathing. . . . Soon we came face to face with the giant of the forest, and it was a giant sure enough. By careful measurement we found it to be ninety-one feet around. Think of a tree

thirty feet in diameter! Three and a half feet above the ground it was seventy feet in circumference. The biggest trees we knew in the river bottom in Missouri were no more than five feet across the stump. This one was over six times as thick. . . . These figures will give you little idea of its magnitude and majestic appearance. To stand in its presence is awe-inspiring.

"The Wawona, or tunnel tree, through the heart of which the road passes, is one of the most attractive of the group. Horace Greeley rode through it in 1858, and he gives a picture of it and his party in the book he wrote. It is the same today that it was then, being a little smaller than the giant of which I have spoken, only twenty-seven feet through at the base. The tunnel, as the passage through it is called, is ten feet high and nine and a half feet wide at the bottom.

. . . Driving through this living tree one can see the concentric rings that tell of the hundreds of years of its age. It was a big tree, no doubt, when Genghis Kahn led his motley Mongul hordes on the bloody plains of China, and may have been in the full bloom of its young treehood at the time of the crucifixion. Just below it is one of the aged giants prostrate on the ground, through which, in former years, two horsemen could ride abreast for eighty feet. These big trees are only a part of the magnificent forest, but they form its sublimest part. In it are to be seen the white blossoming dog-wood, the rich purple flowers of the ceanothus, the white California lilac, the spruce bush, the fragrant azaleas, the Lady Washington lily, the red lily, the tiger lily, and

other beautiful and fragrant flowers, world without end. . . .

"Wawona, the Indian name for big tree, is the name of the bustling little town where all the stage routes meet as spokes at the hub. It is full of business and energy, its province being to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest. And it has much of this to do, as there is nothing in California that attracts the tourist as do these wonderful products of nature, unequaled anywhere else on earth. Two miles from the Wawona hotel are the beautiful Chil-Noo-Al-Na falls, where the waters plunge down from a dizzy height with a clash and roar as they do at La Dore. . . .

"Near by is the great Signal Peak. This name was given it because of the fact that the Indians used it as a signal station from which they telegraphed by fire and smoke, by day and night, messages to their allies. . . . On any clear day every deep gorge and lofty peak of the great chain of the Sierras, for a distance of a hundred miles, is distinctly visible to the naked eye. The view is grand and sublime beyond description. The great sea of mountains, losing themselves in the horizon to the north and south, look like they had been thrown up by some awful upheaval of nature from the bowels of the earth, where the elements warred together at the dawn of time, and were solidified into rock when the storm had reached its climax. . . . Looking to the west the scene, over which the eyes love to linger, is changed from storm to calm. The receding foothills and broad valleys, peacefully stretching to the horizon, tell only of the calm. The contrast

exalts the wild scenery of the first view, and leaves a pleasant memory in the mind."

Meeting a man who offered him a big price for the horse he rode, Henry parted with the animal and continued his journey by stage into Los Angeles. "Everything I own somebody wants," he mused as he parted with his horse and went to take the stage. "I have never made an effort to make money, since that day I laid all ambition aside, yet money comes to me unbidden. Others strive for it and die poor. That for which I strive is withheld from me. Everything I touch turns into money, and I care nothing for it, while that which others touch crumbles into dust. This is a strange world."

The fall rains had revived all nature when he reached Los Angeles, and the country presented itself to him in its attractive attire as the most beautiful spot he had ever seen. Yet it seemed to him that he had seen it before, this rolling country of tropical plants and trailing vines, enshrouded in flowers. When he was away with Fanny in paradise, floating over the trees and inhaling the sweet perfumes at her side, it was these trees, these flowers he saw. His dream of paradise was of Los Angeles. If Fanny and Janie could be with him he could live here forever.

For a month he found a contentment he had not experienced for years, sitting in the shade of the trees, walking among the flowers, and communing with the past. Fanny seemed to be near him, calming his restlessness. He decided to buy some property and—and—but the future would decide. He would not build now, but he would

buy some vacant property. Making a selection of a vacant block he looked up the owner.

"I don't own the entire block," the man said, "but I will sell you the part I do own. The other I disposed of two or three years ago."

"As the man did not build, perhaps I could buy the part you sold to him," suggested Henry. "I would like to have the entire block."

"I don't know about that, perhaps you could. I sold to a young woman who is not here now. She's gone back east, but said she was coming back here to live some time."

Going out to the property the owner marked off the part he owned.

"The choicest building site has been taken," said Henry, turning away. "On that knoll is where I would place the house. I will see if I can find something else that will suit me better."

The owner was disappointed at not making the sale, and offered to take a much less sum than placed upon the property. Henry took it. The instinct that turned everything he touched into money prompted him to do it.

"It may be the woman who bought the other lots will get married and never come back, so if you will write to her she may sell, too. Then you would have it as you want it."

"If you will give me her name and address I will write to her," said Henry.

"Let's see"—opening a little memorandum book—"Miss Blanche Borgess, Jacksonville, —"

"Borgess, did you say!" cried Henry.

"Yes, that's her name—the deed was made to her."

"Was she here?"

"Yes, she was here—lived here. Do you know her?"

"Was she alone?"

"No; her sister and niece were with her, I think, though I don't know much about them. She taught school for two or three years in the house where you are boarding—"

"My God, it was Janie!—and they have gone!"

"Y-e-s," said the man, unable to comprehend the stranger's great agitation.

Henry said no more, but set himself to calm his agitation. "When I was least expecting it," he said to himself, walking on nervously to his boarding-house, before which he stopped. "They were here, right in this house, and to this spot my footsteps were directed. Janie lived here two or three years, in the last town on earth I should have looked for her, but I came too late."


Bewailing his fate that he came too late to find Janie, he packed his few belongings and left for San Francisco, from which point he would go right on to Jacksonville. The lesson in what had just occurred was lost on him. The bits were in his teeth. Then he began to think more soberly. He had failed to ask a score of questions he should have asked. What had become of John Tolson? Was it Mrs. Tolson who was with Miss Borgess, or another sister of whom he had never heard? Did the man know Miss Borgess was still in Jacksonville? Who was paying her taxes? And where were the receipts being sent? All these questions, and more, came to him after he was on his way, when it was too late. But no matter. He had come off in a hurry, had not, perhaps, gotten possession of all the facts, but

he would remedy the matter in 'Frisco. He admitted, reluctantly, that he had, possibly, been hasty before, so now he would change his methods. He would know to a certainty this time that they were there before he moved another step. Wording a long telegram to the postmaster and one to the city marshal, he walked the streets waiting for a reply.

The next evening he was rewarded by an answer from the postmaster, who said that no such person as Blanche Borgess or Mrs. Emma Tolson was getting mail from that office. The following day the police department wired him that no such persons lived in the city.

Again he had reached forth and grasped a shadow.

Thoroughly disheartened he wrote the man of whom he had purchased the property in Los Angeles to get the address of Miss Borgess, if it could be had, and send it to him. This done he went back to his lonely home with the settled resolve never to make another move until he was sure of success. As a man who has lost a companion in a large city, he would stand still and let the world pass before him. Some day his Janie would walk by.

FTER an absence of considerably more than a year abroad, traveling through and resting for weeks at a time in the most interesting spots in Europe and the Holy Land, Dr. Bronson felt that his health was fully restored. He began to long for the care of his flock again, with whom he had kept in close touch during all that time by correspondence. These letters, so full of interest to the members and the public generally, we read from the pulpit every Sunday.

But a year of close application to study and work undid the good work of a year's rest and travel. He was again a physical wreck. Full of a burning ambition to push forward in his chosen work, he turned with feelings of disdain upon his frail body that was dragging him down by the wayside. By sheer force of his iron will he refused to give up until he fell fainting in the pulpit.

Thin to emaciation, trembling with weakness, and pale, he tottered from the carriage to his mother's house with little of that Christian fortitude in his heart that he had so eloquently preached to his people. On his lips a protest

instead of a prayer, which, narrowly, took into consideration only the rebellious stomach and the trembling legs. That sweet philosophy which he had so eloquently and earnestly taught, that everything works together for good, was no longer with him. But there were compensatory circumstances. His mother was overjoyed to have her only son with her, to care for his every want and build him up again. Many of his old congregation, both those who voted to accept as well as those who voted to reject his resignation, came miles across the country to see him, clasp his hand and speak words of love and cheer. He had never experienced happier days than these with his friends about him, in his old home with his mother and foster sister, Julia May Thompson, who was the most beautiful young woman in all the neighborhood. She was the center of attraction in all the little parties, and in the church and Sunday school, in both of which she took a leading part; she was admired of all admirers for miles around. Every young man vied with every other one for a word, a look, a smile, from the beautiful Julia May. But she treated them all alike, giving one no more encouragement than another.

The old saying that "A sea horse is a sea horse, when you see him in the sea, but when you see him in the bay, a bay horse then is he," aptly expresses the condition of every young lady at some period in her life. That is, there comes a time when it takes but little to change the whole aspect of her life, a change from the sea to the bay, or from the bay to the sea. Julia May was no exception to this rule.

Among those who came to call upon Dr. Bronson was his ardent friend and admirer, Robert Emmet Field, a dashing young man who was a leader among those who voted to retain the young pastor in his first charge. He was of a good and influential family, and was quite wealthy for a farmer at that time and in that locality.

He met Julia May at the door. An hour later he met her again. They gazed into each other's eyes, furtively, timidly. Young Field had come to call upon his friend and former pastor, to dine with him, and then go away, but it was late in the evening when he finally tore himself from the house, heartily ashamed of having lingered so long, and of having betrayed to those about him why he had done so. It was a weakness he had never been guilty of before.

Having an acquaintance near by he went there and remained over night. The next day he called to pay his respects to Dr. Bronson again. Julia May, with fluttering heart and crimsoned cheeks, saw him coming up the walk and met him at the door. Their hands came together and lingered in a thrilling clasp. Her eyes fell to the ground, and he feasted his upon her beautiful face. The die was cast. Courting became the one object of his life, persisted in morning, noon and night, Sundays and week days. Such devotion, and unconsciousness of other beings inhabiting the same earth, must of necessity reach a climax. Like all blissful insanity of this kind, of twilight cooing and moonlight strolls, it soon ended in an interview with Mrs. Bronson. Mr. Bronson was away from home so much that he did not have

to be reckoned with. Mrs. Bronson could speak for both. She was prepared for what was coming, and had made up her mind to consent to their union, provided they would make their home with her.

"We lost our only daughter years ago, only a short time before this one was so miraculously given to us, and we have become as much attached to her as if she were our very own. We have set our hearts upon her with the hope that she may never leave us, but be our stay and comfort in our old age. We can give her to you, but we cannot give her up."

The young man hung his head. He saw no way in which he could agree to this. He had a fine old home and farm, left him by his father in Clay county, to which he was deeply attached. His interests were, therefore, with his property, which he could never consent to sell, he urged. But Mrs. Bronson urged him to do so, pointing out that Clay county was the home of the James boys, who were then at the height of their unchecked lawlessness, and the terror of the whole state. Mr. Field pooh-poohed the bug-a-boo of the James gang, saying that they were as apt to raid Lafayette county as any other portion of the state, and contended that it was only a question of a short time before they would all be killed or lodged safely in jail.

Love was as blind and unreasonable with these young people as it has been since time began. A regiment of bandits in every county, red-handed, and seeking whom they could devour, would not deter young people from marrying. It has al-

ways been so, and will so remain until time is no more.

Julia May went to her room to "have a good cry," and Mr. Field to his home to ponder the matter over. In a few days he returned. Arguments were of no avail. He could not yield, and it would be better for them to go to themselves, so there was nothing left for poor Mrs. Bronson to do but give her consent and her blessing. This, sensible woman, she gracefully did.

Arrangements were made for the wedding, which, it was announced, would be solemnized in the Presbyterian church in September by Dr. Bronson, the brother of the bride. The belles and beaux of the neighborhood were in a state of feverish anxiety, discussing the varied interesting features of the coming event, and speculating on who were to be the fortunate bridesmaids and groomsmen. No one could tell.

If some unsophisticated mortal from another whirling sphere had dropped down into the inner circles of the young women within ten miles of the Bronson home, he would have come inevitably to three conclusions: That all brides and grooms were handsome, lovely and too sweet for anything; that this was the only wedding that ever occurred in the county, and that it was to be the last one. He could not have escaped these conclusions if he had listened to half that was said, and he could not have escaped hearing what was being said on the subject if he had tried.

But all flippancy aside, there was some reason for all this absorbing interest in Julia May and the young man who fell desperately in love with her at first sight. She was a child of destiny,

one of the most popular young ladies in the community, fair as the fairest, and prominent in every religious work and social function, not to speak of the air of romance and tragedy that lent a charm and a mystery to the beautiful bride. Her mother was instantly killed by an explosion on a Mississippi river steamboat, and she was saved. She was in the upper berth and her unfortunate mother was in the lower one. In the stateroom next to hers Professor Johnson, whom they all knew and loved, was killed in the lower berth, while Henry Martin, in the upper one, was miraculously spared. Henry Martin had just lost his little girl of the same age, whom, he fancied, Julia May strikingly resembled, and Mrs. Bronson had just lost her only daughter. Henry, without knowing of this latter bereavement, brought the charming little tot to fill the aching void in the mother's heart. How admirably she had filled the place of the dead child, and how admirably it had all worked out. And so they talked, these interesting girls and boys, the staid men and women of the future.

The wedding day, bright and beautiful for an hour, was marred by a brief thunder-storm. The heavens grew black and the rain poured down, but soon it was clear again. The old women shook their heads,—unhappy the bride that the rain falls on. A great sorrow will come in her life, but sunshine will follow it, so sayeth the storm. People in all ages have watched the omens on wedding days, who would spurn the very idea of being superstitious.

After the ceremony the wedded pair took their seat in the family pew with father and mother

Bronson, to listen to an able and touching sermon by their bachelor brother upon the sacred relations of husband and wife. It may have been whispered in some parts of that overflowing church, and thought by many others who did not whisper it to their neighbors, that the less a man knows about a subject the more apt he is to give advice upon it, but if such was the case those carping critics changed their minds before the sermon was ended. Dr. Bronson was an old bachelor, and had no practical knowledge of a wedded life, it is true, but many a man left the church with the resolution to be more kind and considerate of the feelings and welfare of the faithful wife struggling uncomplainingly at his side, with children to rear and more than her share of the work to do. The sermon was a leaven for good that sank deep into the heart of every man present.

Amid a cloud of rice, the following morning and chased by any number of old shoes flying in the air, the happy pair drove away to their home in Clay county, where they settled down to the joys of their new life. The golden days sped by. Their life was one blissful dream of joy, except for the disquieting reports from the James marauders who were spreading terror in the country.

One morning the report came that the bank at Gallatin had been robbed, and Cashier Sheets shot down in his tracks. Gallatin, the county-seat of Davies county, was a little town not far away, with the business houses clustered around an open square, in the midst of a hilly country covered with timber and brush, an ideal place for the bandits to seek cover in. The bank was located

in a one-story brick building at the north-west corner of the square, right in the heart of the town, yet it had been robbed and its cashier shot down in broad daylight by these daring outlaws. Mrs. Field was in a tremor of fear. The excitement was intense, and many were the wild stories afloat. The brave cashier gave his life rather than surrender the money of his depositors to the desperate gang, who murdered him without hesitation, sacked the bank and fled to the brush. Armed squads of men, farmers, merchants, officers and detectives, were out in every direction, scouring the country for the murderers.

One of Pinkerton's best men essayed to join the band to assist in bringing them to justice, disguised as a farm hand. A meeting was arranged with Jesse James and one or two of his leading bandits. They questioned him closely, at the same time sizing him up, as they termed it. Noting that his hands were too small and white for him to be what he pretended to be, they unceremoniously shot him and left him lying by the roadside.

Mrs. Field being told of this, with a hundred other details true and untrue, refused to let her husband leave her for a moment. She was in a state of unreasoning terror for fear he would be shot down in the road as the detective was.

A few nights later horses were heard coming dashing down the road, and in front of the house a fusillade of shots were fired. Mrs. Field was prostrated with fear. The following day a little daughter was born prematurely. Mrs. Bronson was sent for instantly. Everything that skill and love could suggest was done, but no earthly

power could turn away the angel of death. Puerperal fever followed, and five days later the young wife and mother breathed her last.

The remains were taken back to the old home, and thus in less than one year from the day she stood before the altar a happy bride, she lay before it, shrouded for the grave. The same loving schoolmates who twined the roses in her hair on her bridal day, laid the wreathes of white immortels on her bier. Dr. Bronson rose in the pulpit to preach the funeral sermon, but the sweet cold face before him in death completely unnerved him. Burying his face in his hands before him he wept like a child.

The young husband was dazed by the blow, wandering about as one bereft of reason, or anon, giving way to bursts of grief pitiful to witness. "It is not so! It cannot be that Julia May has gone from me forever!" he would cry out, and in the still hours of the night he walked through the house crying her name.

At these times Mrs. Bronson went to him and led him to her room where the baby was being kept alive by her motherly care. There she plead with him, telling him of his great responsibility, and of the duty he owed to the frail and helpless creature before him. The sight of the baby quieted him, and for a time he would seem to gain control of his reason again.

But a silent, deadly melancholy settled upon him, taking all interest in life away. Even the sight of baby seemed to have no effect upon him. Dr. Bronson resorted to the consolations of the religion the young man had professed under his preaching some few years before. He was

touched. The heart that was shattered and lay dead in his breast responded, and he was saved. Gradually he became more reconciled to his sad fate, recognizing in his bereavement the hand of an All Wise and Loving Father, who doeth all things well.



SOON after getting comfortably settled in Columbia Miss Borgess received a letter from Auntie Morgan, conveying the good news that she had about made up her mind to leave Salt Lake City forever. There was nothing to keep her there but her property and the church; the former she could sell to good advantage and the latter, she was sorry to say, she was growing away from more and more every day. "Their ways are not my ways," she wrote. "I may have been blind before, or they may not have been so bad, but I see things every day that I cannot endorse. My dead husband's grave is here, and he loved the church with all his strong mind and soul, and so did I then, but I have grown away from it, or it has grown away from me. No matter which the result, so far as my living here is concerned, is the same. I may be doing wrong, and I fear I am, but I have relatives in Ohio, both on my and my husband's side, whom I have long promised to visit. I am going to keep that promise, and I may sell everything I have here with the view of never returning again, should I continue to feel as I do now."

The two sisters wrote her that night a cordial

invitation to come and spend the winter with them, and then after she had her visit out with her Ohio kinspeople, to come and make her permanent home with them. "We are nicely situated to entertain you," Mrs. Tolson wrote in her part of the letter. "We have a nice roomy house, and a cozy room set apart for you. What a joyful time we will have when you come. Blanche has a good position as teacher, and Orpah is in the University, the happiest child you ever saw, back on the soil of her beloved Missouri."

A month later another letter came, full of disquiet and fear. Tony had met one of the guards whom he drugged on the night of the escape of the prisoners, and he intimated to Tony that he "had better make himself scarce," adding that some of the church dignitaries were pretty well satisfied that Mrs. Morgan had something to do with the rescue of the two women. The guard said he had never told the straight of it, but he was liable to do so at any time if pressure was brought to bear on him. "Laura is still with me, a greatly improved girl, and what do you think? Pressure is being brought to bear on the girl to induce her to join the church, the sole purpose of which is to add her to some of the polygamous families, a thing I have always opposed. Tony is worried over what the guard told him, but far more so over the covert overtures being made to his daughter."

"And well he may be," said Miss Borgess, who had a horror of what was in store for poor, unsophisticated Laura. "They will turn her young head and make her their slave, poor thing. How I pity her. I will write Auntie Morgan this

minute." . . . "Don't put it off a day, dear Auntie Morgan, I pray you, for Tony, noble man, may be assassinated any night and the poor girl thrown into the clutches of the Mormons. They would not listen to you, you could do nothing for her. Remember what they did to us. Not only murdered my sister's husband in cold blood, but confiscated his property and threw us into prison. But for you, what would have been our fate? I shudder to think of it. Those men will do anything under the shining sun to compass their disreputable ends. Sell everything you have, get it into money and come. You will save both Tony and Laura. If you delay, both may be lost."

The letter, coupled with Tony's fear of treachery and Mrs. Morgan's disgust with Mormonism, met with a ready response. In less than a month the three were in Columbia. Auntie Morgan was fairly worshipped by the two sisters and Orpah—they could not thank her enough or do enough for her in repayment of all she had done for them. It was a debt that could not be paid. And so it was with Tony, who was ill at ease in their presence, so much did they make over him. They looked upon him as a brother.

He rented a small farm near town, which Mrs. Morgan generously equipped for him, and Laura was placed in school. An education was the dream of her life, which she had about given up when the happy turn of circumstances came to her so unexpectedly.

After remaining almost a year with them, Mrs. Morgan went to Ohio and stayed two years. When she returned Orpah's last year in school was drawing to a close. Her graduation day was

only two months off. Laura would not graduate, but she was far enough advanced to get a certificate to teach school, which was the happy consummation of the dream of her life. Mrs. Tolson had fully regained her health and wonted spirits, and Miss Borgess was in her element in the busy school-room. But commencement day would of necessity bring a commencement of a new life for all of them. The two girls were eager to begin teaching, but they knew it would be impossible for them to get schools there. They would have to seek them elsewhere, in the country where previous experience would not be demanded. Miss Borgess and Mrs. Tolson were not willing for a separation, so daily and nightly they discussed the knotty problem.

"We must not think of leaving Missouri," said Orpah. "The dear old state has a charm for me that never grows old. The rolling blue grass pastures, the wooded hills and watered valleys, the ever changing scenes in rural life, where peace, plenty and contentment dwell,—I could never tire of them. When an old darkey lifts his hat to me the simple act touches a chord in my soul that speaks of my unknown past. When I see an old colored mammy, I am a child again. Yet I cannot recall in my memory a distinct scene of that kind in which I was a part. Yes I can. An old negro mammy took care of me. I remember her bending over me, the white handkerchief round her head and the smile on her good black face. I say she was old, she may not have been very old, but she was kind and good. I would know her now if she were to bend over me and smile."

"We shall not leave Missouri, Orpah," said Miss Borgess, "and we shall all stay together. Those two things are settled. Where one goes we shall all go."

"I have been dreaming and thinking about my father a great deal lately," said Orpah, vaguely, not having heard Miss Borgess' last remark. "I believe if I were to meet him I should recognize him. It may be a mere fancy, an outgrowth of my dreams, but I am fixing him in my mind more clearly all the time. It is a blight on my life that I do not know who I am. I might not be proud of my parents if I should know them, but I wish I knew them. It is a cloud hanging over me that must be cleared away before I can be really happy."

"You must not permit your mind to dwell upon that too much, Orpah. It is true that you have a vivid impression of many things that occurred in your earliest childhood, but you have nothing tangible to guide you in solving the mystery. Your father, if alive, has changed so much in all these years that you could not possibly recognize him now, even though your memory was clear as to how he looked then. You will have to be patient and await God's good time to disclose to you your mysterious past. I am satisfied you come of good parentage, whom you would be proud to honor, but time will tell it all. Do your part courageously and faithfully, always remembering that into every life some rain must fall—so much bitterness and so much sweet. By this law of compensation there are many sweet and blissful years in store for you."

"Yes, if they ever come, but so long as I have

to live the life of a nameless unknown they cannot come," said Orpah, sadly.

"Nonsense, Orpah; there is nothing in a name. You are now Orpah Tolson, and will so graduate. The name is a good one, without a stain so far as I know, and was borne to his death by as good a man as ever lived. More than this the world need never know, until God's good time to clear it all up. As Orpah Tolson you can be a good and noble woman, bearing with you always the sweet consciousness of right doing. That is your part, no matter whose name you bear."

"That I shall always strive to do. But you have always taught me that a good act was its own reward; that the resulting consciousness of doing right is the measure of that reward. By the same rule, conversely, I am to understand that the resulting consciousness of wrongdoing would be the punishment. That does not seem right to me, for the innocent suffer because of the wrongdoing of others, and the suffering is so far removed that there can be no consciousness of it upon the part of him at fault."

"The trouble in both cases, or in one at least, is that you cannot see the end, nor how all these accounts are finally settled. It is very evident from what you have said that you make the application to yourself, and try to prove by it that you have suffered because of the act of another, where you had no opportunity to prevent it. Grant that it is true, that does not prove that the results must be bad. On the contrary, it may prove the reverse. That which seems evil to us is oftentimes good in disguise. Our Heavenly Father has measured the span of our lives, into which

He has put so much sorrow and so much happiness, knowing what is best for us, and He knows how to punish those who injure us."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Tolson with a letter to Miss Borgess. It was from a pupil of hers of the year before, asking her if she would accept a position in the schools at Palmyra.

"The tide in our affairs is swelling to its flood," said Miss Borgess, joyfully, handing the letter to Orpah. "Before we came here everything was against us, now it is coming our way. That letter, fortunately, solves the whole vexed question. Of course I shall accept the call, and there you and Laura can get a school near by, perhaps in the same school, and we will be together."

So it was decided, but Mrs. Tolson demurred a very little in her sweet way. She had made so many dear friends in Columbia, they were so nicely situated, and she was so contented. She sighed regretfully and tried to look hurt at her sister, who smiled back at her, averring resignedly that Miss Borgess and Miss Orpah must have their way, however finicky it might be, even to going back to visit Elder Wirts in Salt Lake City. To this Miss Borgess laughed heartily, shaking her head.

After the dearly-earned diplomas were distributed and good Auntie Morgan had taken Orpah, gorgeous in her graduating white, into her motherly arms and kissed her with tears and every ardent wish for her future happiness, and Laura also, she left them for a visit back in Ohio. She would come to see them again when they

were settled in their new home down by the mighty river that Orpah loved so well.

As September approached Orpah felt very keenly the disappointment of not finding a school. Her youth and inexperience made against her. In two districts where she made application and personally appeared before the board, the country directors looked her over as closely as a slave buyer would have done in the days "befo' de wah."

"They didn't examine my teeth, or feel the muscles of my arm," said Orpah, upon her return, disgustedly, "but they stood me up before them, gaited me like a saddle horse, just as if I were going to give pacing lessons, and asked me a thousand irrelevant and impertinent questions."

To the question of her parentage she replied that they were dead, saying as little as she could, as she was growing exceedingly sensitive upon that point, and that they were residents of Missouri. Being asked where in Missouri, she hesitated, blushed and replied Columbia. She was deeply chagrined at having to tell the fib, but her alma mater was in Columbia, and the only parents she ever knew, Miss Borgess and Mrs. Tolson, had lived there. But they were not dead, she said to herself, catechisingly. But what else could she say? This was little consolation.

In one school only a short distance from town in the Williams neighborhood she felt confident, through the friendship of Oliver Bryson, one of the directors, that she would succeed, but at the meeting the other two voted for one of her opponents.

On this beautiful autumn day, a week after her last defeat, she was feeling very blue, and had just taken the tenth soul-satisfying cry over her disappointment, when Mr. Bryson drove up. Coming up the steps in his quick, brusk way, Orpah met him at the door. He grasped her hand in his big rough palm so heartily as to give her pain, exclaiming, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but to him whom God hath mercy upon! That may not be the exact words, but they express the situation. We have won. The teacher elected has been taken sick with typhoid fever and may never be able to get around again, so the other two came over to my side. You've been elected."

Orpah clapped her hands in glee. At the darkest hour the sun shone forth. Miss Borgess coming down the hall, Orpah told her in a word of her good fortune, and kissed her in her great enthusiasm. Turning round, she was tempted to bestow a similar favor upon homely Mr. Bryson, whose eyes, she thought, were twinkling in expectation of something of the sort, but she had to deny herself the pleasure.

He was to come for her Monday morning, bring her home every Friday evening or Saturday morning, and she was to board at his house, it being but a short distance from the school-house.

Early Monday morning Mr. Bryson was there to take the young schoolmarm out to assume the stern realities of teaching the juvenile idea to expand and to drill the boys in the art of keeping their eyes in and their toes out.

Driving up to the stile, she saw before her a

big old historical frame house, two stories high, with a long L extending to the rear, along the full length of which ran a cozy and home-like porch. The yard was very large, well kept, and shaded with fruit, pine and indigenous trees. On the porch, as she went timidly up the walk, stood a tall and dignified old man, who bowed and lifted his hat gallantly to her. Coming to the steps, he extended his hand, welcoming her most graciously to her new home.

"Miss Tolson, this is my uncle, Colonel Williams," said Mr. Bryson, coming to her side. She looked into the eyes of the white-whiskered Colonel, kindly, deep set, sorrowful eyes they were, and she was his friend.

Across the meadow only half a mile was the school-house, a frame building, for a rarity, and painted white. A desk for writing lessons ran the full length of the room on one side, and a blackboard one-fourth as long occupied the other side. At the upper end, facing the benches made of pine, with two slats for a back the full length of the seats, stood a raised platform and a desk for the teacher. About twenty pupils of all sorts and sizes came racing down to the fence to welcome the new teacher. Some of them were sweet, modest little girls in pink sunbonnets, and some were boys of the age to be mischievous without being mean. The larger girls and the big boys yet to come, after the fall farm work was done, were old enough to be guided and controlled by kindness and reason.

Miss Orpah made few rules, but knowing the advantage of a proper beginning and the influence of first impressions, she had brought with

her a small mirror to hang on the wall behind her and one for her desk. Before the afternoon was half gone one little fellow became restless to engage in any outlawry that would afford him amusement. The teacher observed him industriously chewing a paper wad. Turning her back to him, she got him focussed in the mirror just as he fired the wad. Calling him to her, she reprimanded him severely before the whole school. He hung his head in deep humiliation. He could not comprehend how she had detected him.

Eight of the older pupils were asked to remain after school; the others were dismissed. As soon as those who were excused were outside the little rascal who threw the paper wad remarked, "By golly, boys, I don't see how she seen me throw that wad."

"Humph! you don't?" said a bright youngster. "Well, if you'd a thought of that lookin'-glass on the wall, you'd a knowed. She sees everything in that hull room in that glass."

To those who remained she said: "You are old enough to look at the obtaining of knowledge from books in its proper light. You do not come here to please your parents or to benefit me, but to learn that which will fit you for the responsibilities of the life before you. The better you improve your time the more you will learn. Not only that, but the example you set will have its influence upon the younger scholars. You can help me make this the best school in the county, and the memory of it will be a pleasure to you all your life. Everyone of you who is willing to help me and is anxious to improve the oppor-

tunities offered will come forward and give me his or her hand that we may not only be teacher and pupil, but warm friends as well."

Everyone went forward. The pledges were sincere and in every instance faithfully carried out during the term. Her little speech touched a responsive chord in every heart.

The young teacher was the topic in many homes that night, and from the favorable comments of the pupils the parents formed their conclusions. They all believed that they were the gainers by the unfortunate sickness of the teacher first selected.

Taking the hand of little Bertie Bryson, Orpah wended her way across the meadow at the close of her first day's school, to the old orchard on the east of the house. Walking under one of the trees, where the ground was covered with the ripe yellow fruit, she picked up an apple and stood eating it. Her mind was back with the problem that came to her so constantly for solution. If there is anything in associations, is it any wonder? It was the very tree under which Henry Martin and George Williams pledged eternal friendship, and under which Henry first told Fanny Williams of his love. There they plighted their troth, and Edward Baker, seeing them from his place of concealment in the hop vine, swore that the day would come when his vengeance should be satisfied. Orpah lingered, gazing into the vague past, not chewing the untasted apple in her mouth nor hearing Bertie begging her timidly to come on that she might show her where there were better apples than these. She had never felt quite so strangely in her life.

Passing along the full length of the porch, she entered the main part of the house, where Colonel Williams rose to meet her. On the wall were pictures of the Colonel and a sweet-faced, elderly woman, whom she took to be the Colonel's wife, and one of a beautiful young woman in an old-fashioned dress, whose face, she told herself, she had seen before. It was a charming face, flushed by the glow of health, and smiling down upon her, the great lustrous eyes fairly twinkling in the painting. She was fascinated with it, turning from time to time to gaze upon it. Beside it, also life size, and doubtless painted by the same hand, was that of a young man, standing with one arm behind him, looking away to the right. The light from where she sat was not good, still she could see enough of the face to note the unmistakable outlines of courage and great strength of character. But she turned to the beautiful young woman.

"That is a picture of my daughter," said the Colonel, taking note of the interest she manifested in it. "And the one beside it is that of her husband."

"She is a beautiful woman," said Orpah, abstractedly, not knowing what she said. "She reminds me of some one I have seen, but I cannot imagine who it was."

"She had eyes very much like yours," said the Colonel, after which he did not refer to the pictures any more.

Mrs. Bryson came in to show Orpah to her room. It was one of the two big front ones, very large and light, with windows opening out over the fields and woodlands to the south and west.

The furniture was old and massive, having providentially, with the interesting old house that contained it, weathered safely the awful ravages of the civil war. It was the room in which her mother died!

Again that night the pale and beautiful woman came and kissed her in her sleep. She saw her as plainly as she did that morning in Denver, when she was a little girl. If the one in the picture downstairs was pale and thin and dressed all in white, they would be the same.



T was late in the night. Mrs. Bronson had retired to her room with the baby, and Dr. Bronson, who studied much after the house was still, opened his door to let in some cool air. A few moments later young Mr. Field, haggard and sorrow-worn, stood in the door.

"Sleep is out of the question," he said, rolling his hollow eyes about. "The more I read the more unsettled do I become."

"Then read less and reason more," said Dr. Bronson, kindly, getting up and going to him.

"Julia, though a Bible student and sinless, was not a professor of religion," he said, going straight to the point, "and, therefore, according to the theory of the orthodox teachers, she is lost. How could it be possible, were I to die to-night and go to heaven, for me to be happy and not find her there? There is where the iron enters my soul. I have been reading Mr. Watson on 'The Methodist and Armenian Doctrine,' and Dr. Rice's 'God Is Sovereign and Man Is Free.' They agree on some points, but differ on the vital ones, so it seems to me, and contradict each other. Dr. Rice says, 'God purposed to

glorify His name in the highest degree by the redemption of a great multitude of men,' and quotes from David, 'He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand or say unto Him, what doest Thou? For the Lord of hosts has purposed, and who shall disannul it?' Before she died I was a free agent in belief, holding that a man could do at least half towards his own salvation by the asking, and now I am at sea. My former theories bring me no comfort. I can't persuade myself to be a Universalist, and yet I am groping in that direction."

"My young friend, I can sympathise with you fully. The Bible is the truest source of comfort and happiness, and in the language of that blessed book, 'come, let us reason together.' It would be a glorious day for the Christian world if the preachers and people were willing to be learners, conscious of their limited faculties, their ignorance of divine things, and their aptness to err through vanity and prejudice. I wish they could be content to sit at Jesus' feet and learn of Him. The church has been cursed throughout the ages by the over-confidence of men, and their stubborn belief in the infallibility of their own reasoning powers. They have undertaken to pronounce judgment upon doctrines above human reason—matters that can be settled only by divine revelation. They have sought to interpret the scriptures, not according to their obvious meaning, but according to the bent or inclinations of their own minds. Minds, too, that have been warped by prejudice or peculiar training. Let us go back

to the creation. God created all things—no one questions that. No part of the creation was accidental. He purposed to create, and then put forth the creative act. Then He purposed to govern and control that which He had created. No one believes God created the world to be turned over to man and let him run it. All Christians agree that in creating the world He had in view some great end, and that He now guides it so as to accomplish that end. By the mouth of Isaiah He said, 'My counsel shall stand, and I shall do My pleasure.' Man, created in the moral image, was the highest of created beings, and before he was created God foresaw the fall of the human race in sin. That was a part of the plan. Let me read you what Prof. John Fiske has so well said:

“Well nigh all philosophy has proceeded on the idea that it is hard to make the existence of pain and wrong in the world consistent with a benevolent creator. But a fundamental law of the human mind is, that things are distinguishable only by their unlikeness. We know nothing save as contrasted with something else. If we knew but one color, we should know no color at all. If our ears were filled with the roar of Niagara, unbroken by any other sound, the effect on consciousness would be absolute silence. Had we never known physical pain, we should never know pleasure. For want of the contrasted background its pleasureableness would be non-existent. In the same way it follows that without knowing what is morally evil we could not know what is morally good. In a sinless and painless world human conduct might possess more out-

ward marks of perfection than any saint ever dreamed of, but the moral element would be lacking, the goodness would have no more significance in our conscious life than the load of atmosphere of fifteen pounds to the square inch which we carry around with us continually. We must conclude, then, that in a happy world there must be sorrow and pain, and in a moral world the knowledge of evil is indispensable. For strong and resolute men and women the Garden of Eden would be a fool's paradise. Character could not have been produced there. Evolution makes it manifest that evil is simply the lower state of living, looked at from the higher state. Its existence is purely relative, yet in a process of perpetual spiritual evolution it must be there. Many are the pains of life, and the struggle with wickedness is hard, its course marked with sorrow and tears, but the deep impress upon the human soul is the indispensable background against which shall be set hereafter the eternal joys of heaven.'

"Now, Robert, the scriptures teach that the great end of creation is the manifestation of the glory of God. Man cannot glorify God by remaining in sin. They further teach that Christ was foreordained, before the foundation of the world, to become the savior of fallen man."

"Let me interrupt you, please. I can readily see that what you say about Christ being the savior of fallen man can be a comfort to those redeemed by His atonement, but how about those who are not saved by His mediation? According to one place in Ephesians, He came to save those only who had been given Him by the

Father, which says, 'Having predestined us into the adoption of children of Jesus Christ to Himself according to the good pleasure of His will.'"

"Turn to Romans, Robert, and get some comfort from this, 'God concluded all in unbelief that He might have mercy upon all.' Remember this comprehensive word all. Some were given to Christ, some were not, but mercy is promised to all. But you have struck the dead level of Calvinism. I have been over the same road, and wrestled with the same problems that are bothering you. Calvinism is all right if carried to its logical conclusion, but the trouble is its followers are not brave enough to stay with it. When prodded by the goad in the hands of a shrewd Arminian, they show the white feather by saying that God permitted Adam to fall, hence He did not destroy his free agency. This is merely evading or parrying the onslaught. It should be met squarely. It is not necessary for men to apologize for or tone down that which he thinks would be a stone of stumbling to the teaching as found in the Bible. God does not permit—He purposes. Listen: 'The Gentiles and the people of Israel were gathered together for to do whatsoever Thy hand and Thy counsel determined before to be done.' This referred to the crucifixion. As we see these things in the same light, there can be no ground for controversy. It was just as much the divine purpose that Adam should fall as that Christ should come as a mediator and be crucified. Let us hew to the line—the Bible line—letting the chips fall where they may. 'I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil. I, the Lord, do all these

things.' Yet men say God permits evil to happen, or come to pass, and God Himself, through the prophet Isaiah, gives them the lie. In Psalms you will find, 'The wrath of man shall praise Thee, the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain.' We say in our weakness, if a man permits wrong to be done which he could have prevented, he is responsible the same as if he had committed the overt act.

"In the temporal economy friction is essential to progress. In man friction came by disobedience or resistance, and without resistance there can be no friction, hence no advancement. Adam was created innocent. He had, apparently, the right to choose between good and evil, but he lacked the knowledge to know the difference between them, hence the inevitable fall. 'And the Lord God said, behold the man is become as one of us to know good and evil; and now lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life and eat and live forever, therefore the Lord God sent him from the Garden of Eden.' Permit me to digress. Right here comes in the mystery that is puzzling mankind. Orthodoxy teaches that in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all who accept Him be made alive again. The Universalist objects and says that ALL means every one in both cases.

"The passage just quoted shows that Adam lost immortality, and lost it to all, while Christ restored it, and restored it to all. From Adam to Christ man was dead. Read Romans again: 'Now to Him that is of power to establish you according to My gospel and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the

mystery, which was kept secret since the world began.' Then in Timothy: 'But it is now made manifest by the appearing of our savior Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.' The primary object of Christ's death was to break the bonds of death that had destroyed immortality, and in that respect man had restored to him what he had lost. Now, Christ's life is another thing. It taught the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. Love is the keystone of this great life. 'True faith is to help the needy and keep yourself unspotted from the world.' There is a whole volume in that one sentence.

"But to return. We have a man fully equipped to meet the demands of the divine economy. It remained yet for the earth to be sprinkled with the blood of an innocent man before the ground could pass fully under condemnation. We find that this came to pass. The earth was to bring forth thorns and briars, and man, in order fully to meet the laws of his being, must eat his bread in the sweat of his face. In the fullness of time the earth is to be tamed, or subdued. Instead of the thorns shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall spring up the myrtle. The curse was as essential as the blessing, sin as goodness. Mr. Rice says in his work, 'God permits sinful dispositions, but does not produce them.' Then he says, 'As Calvin well remarks, unless the crucifixion of Christ was according to the will of God, what becomes of our redemption?' Further on he says, 'God might have foreseen that if the temptation was presented,

Eve would yield, and He might have purposed to prevent the temptation. But for wise reasons He chose to permit both and overruled them to His own holy ends.' This is both contradictory and weak. Such vascillation on the part of an able Calvinist looks cowardly to me.

"Christ came into the world to personify goodness and teach men so. The object of His religion is to make man good, useful, moral and sympathetic. It teaches him to share his neighbor's sorrow and rejoice in his neighbor's happiness. Life is a period of education that does not end at the grave. Temptation in this life is the training school, and man's mind and soul are developed by the contact. What is virtue if it is not courageous resistance? Where would progress be if there were no obstacles to overcome and remove?"

"Excuse me, Dr. Bronson; I do not comprehend your aim, nor do I see where you intend to land, as the river men say. Your argument is rather hard on free agency, and from the drift of it I judge man has little to do with his own salvation."

"There is a right way and a wrong way, and man is a free agent just this far and no farther. He has the power to choose between right and wrong, as he sees and understands those things, the exercise of this power being absolutely under the control of his tendencies. If evil-minded, his choice will be evil, and out of that evil choice good will come, as it did in the selling of Joseph to the Ishmaelites by his wicked brothers. These tendencies are good or bad, as nature intended

them to be, influenced by education and environment. Dryden says:

“‘By education most have been misled,
So we believe because we were bred;
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the boy imposes on the man.’

“Man has little to do with his salvation; he is clay in the hands of the potter, out of which some vessels are made to honor and some to dishonor, as we see those things in our short and finite minds. But he is by nature a religious being. If the intuition were killed in the parent, it would inevitably reappear in the child, and out of this innate religious nature of man has come the innumerable religions of the world. These various isms and theories, built up as a result of man's efforts to know God, have formed an environment about him that it has taken ages for him to rise above. And he is still struggling in the rubbish heaped about him. In his struggles he has tried to unhorse works from faith, and vice versa. Intellectually, man can separate them, as he may in a candle—there is light and heat. Put out the candle and both are gone. So it is with faith and works. True religion must have both. Jesus came to teach religion not by a certain route. He taught the law of love, shown by faith, demonstrated by works. This did not accord with the old Jewish idea of God. They told Him, ‘For I feared Thee because Thou art an austere man; Thou takest up that Thou layest not down, and reapest that Thou didst not sow.’ Then take this from the New Testament Times.

“‘The fundamental presupposition of all Judaism and the motive power of all Pharisaic

laboriousness was in fact the conviction that God was a jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third generation. If the Pharisee busily troubled himself about fulfilling a thousand minute scrupulous precepts; if the Essene himself in circumspect loneliness; if the Saducee made himself of importance in the temple service and sacrifices; if the people were filled with anguish at the sense of their estrangement from God and God's desertion of them, it was because, as the pivot of their whole theory of life, stood the belief in an angry and avenging God. Who inexorably demands a righteousness for which He has, nevertheless, made man much too weak. Even John had not risen above this conception. More terribly, indeed, than the others had he spoken of the descending ax and the wrath to come. Then in the face of all the signs of divine wrath which weigh upon the people, and set the activity of the masters in Israel in motion, there comes a new prophet with the message never heard before, that God is the father of men, and that He has heard them from the beginning of the world, and in proof of this He points to the lillies of the fields and the birds of the air. That an eternal compassion is poured upon the world, that an eternal love watches over the turmoil of human life as much as over the stillness of the lonely hillside, this had His heart first discovered in that secret communion with God, which caused Him to say, 'No man knoweth the Father save the Son.' The old wrathful God of Israel was to Him a friend and Father. Did others see how God was jealous of His right, and visited the sins of the fathers upon the children

to the third and fourth generations? He saw how this same God sendeth a rain on the just and the unjust, and maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good; how He tends the birds in their nests, and inclines to hear the prayers of men.'

"Much of this is good. The old idea of God being a God of wrath has been handed down from generation to generation, even by Christians. No wonder Christianity languishes! According to orthodoxy, every man who is saved through the atonement of Jesus, and every man who has ever heard of the gospel and is not saved, is lost, and not only lost, but lost forever. Nothing else will accord with their ideas of salvation. Any other theory is heresy. What a cruel religion!

"The Arminian idea is that the righteous man is God's workmanship, created in Jesus Christ unto good works; but all men are not righteous, and all men are not so created of God. What is to become of that great body who do not attain to this new creation in Christ Jesus? According to the accepted teaching, God is satisfied to save the few. But is He? Isaiah says, 'He shall see the travail of his soul (or the results of His life-work) and be satisfied.' God's ways are not our ways. He doeth all things according to His good pleasure. The father of Abraham and the father of Nachor served other gods, but God justified their seed. Paul says, 'But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' What could be broader? How effectually it wipes away all those theories and religions framed by men which claim they are the only true way, and if you do not subscribe to them you

are lost. Each one makes his tests according to his own prescribed limits. Some say one thing and some another. With one it is baptism, another faith and practice. To all of whom Paul said, 'It is God that justifieth, who is it that condemneth? It is Christ that died.'

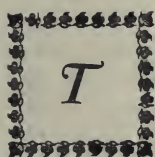
"Jesus found that even His beloved disciple John was afflicted in this way. When John told the Master he had found men casting out devils in His name, he had forbade them, Jesus said to him, 'Forbid them not, for he that is not against us is for us.' This principle laid down by the Master is a broad one, contrasting strangely with man's narrow discipleship."

"Then you do not believe that those who are not saved through the redeeming blood of the Lamb are eternally lost?"

"I do not. Solomon said, 'God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil.' Paul said, 'So, then, everyone of us shall give an account of himself to God.' 'Therefore judge nothing before the time until the Lord comes, and then shall every man have praise of God.' And again, 'I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion upon whom I will have compassion, so then it is not of him that willeth, but of God that showeth mercy.' Again, 'But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done, and there is no respect of persons.' 'For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ and receive according to that which he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' When they have been judged and punished according to their deeds, and the debt is paid, they are justi-

fied by the Father. Punishment is eternal, as God is eternal. Man may go into this eternal punishment, but God does not say He will keep him there, but 'receive for the wrong he hath done.' Man has tried to make it appear otherwise and has always tried to assist the Father in the divine purpose.

"Take the case of Judas, the sinner of sinners. Jesus said, 'Woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed; it would be better for that man if he had not been born.' Yet the condemnation does not imply eternal punishment. The betrayal was distinctly a part of the purpose of God, and on the cross a little later Jesus asked the Father to forgive them, for they knew not what they did. Judas recognized the enormity of his crime and took his own life. The guilty man's life is a constant punishment. Adam hid in the Garden. The wrongdoer dreads the law, and every noise is the avenging officer of that law he has infracted. The man is in punishment, while the righteous are as bold as a lion. All that is required of man is to work the works of righteousness and trust in God. His belief in election or free agency has no bearing upon his salvation. His belief in everlasting damnation or in punishment according to the deeds done in the body, has no effect upon the verdict in his case. Paul says, 'Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.' Julia May, blessed be her sweet memory, lived a pure and sinless life, filling her few years upon earth with good deeds and no evil. God took her to Himself."

 HE next morning Orpah went before the glass to study every feature of her face, especially the expression of her eyes. Colonel Williams said that her eyes very much resembled those of his daughter, and there was a link of more than one feature between the picture of the daughter and the beautiful woman in white who came and kissed her in her sleep. The woman in white was her mother, but the two did not look enough alike to be the same, and, of course, they were not the same. No such idea ever entered her head.

Going below stairs, she stood before the picture of the rosy-cheeked, smiling woman, the sunshine of buoyant youth in her happy face, and the frank, open eyes that seemed almost to speak to her. There was a fascination in the face that drew the young girl to it.

"There is a striking resemblance," she sighed, "but they are not the same. The sweet woman that kissed me in my dreams is pale and thin; there is a world of sorrow in her face, yet she smiled when she came to me and smiled when

she went away. I wish I knew this woman; I could love her."

At this moment Colonel Williams entered. His eyes followed her's to the picture; he sighed and strode on to his accustomed place before the fire, a tiny little blaze in the big fire-place started morning and evening to drive the dampness out of the big room in the early fall.

"You like the picture?"

"Very much; I think it the most lovely face I ever saw."

"I spend the most of my time in this room, especially when the weather prevents me going out, but I do not see them. I do not trust myself to look at them. I have thought many times of having them hung in some other part of the house, but some way it does not seem proper to bury them out of sight. Carrie objects to it, so I have let them remain here."

Sorrows and misfortunes had left their deep impress in his strong face, and age and the crushing weight of all that had been his lot had bent him down, but of these things she knew nothing. She waited for him to say more, but he turned the subject to her school, talking charmingly of the duties and responsibilities of those who taught the young. He was such an agreeable and cultured old gentleman that she loved him from the moment he so cordially extended his hand to her upon her arrival. She took a seat where she could see the two pictures, which hung immediately back of where the Colonel sat. If he did not want to see them he would not want to talk about them, so she very prudently said no more. The light on them was good. It began

to dawn upon her that she had seen the man somewhere, and the longer she studied the strong face the more she became convinced of the fact. If the picture of Henry had been well done she would possibly have recognized it, but it was not a faithful likeness of the one from which it was painted. Henry had always said that it did not look very much like him, but the one of Fanny he adored.

Breakfast over, the noon lunches were put up for the teacher and Bertie, who hand in hand went away across the meadow.

"She's a sweet girl," observed Mrs. Bryson to her husband and the Colonel, as she watched them disappear down in the orchard. "I'm going to like her so much better than I did the one last year. And Bertie has taken such a great fancy to her, too."

"I told you you would," said her husband, proudly. "I wanted her from the very first moment I saw her, but the other two directors voted me down because of the half promises they had made the other one who took sick. Of course, I don't want any one to be sick, but I'm mighty glad sickness made it possible to get Miss Orpah."

"She is certainly a very interesting young lady," added the Colonel, who was an admitted authority on the subject of femininity. "Very sensible, quiet; a little too pensive, perhaps, but much of that will wear off when she becomes better acquainted and feels more at home."

The week was a busy one, and Friday night came before Orpah realized it. The first week of her work was done. The scholars were all graded

into their proper classes, and the school was going nicely and harmoniously. Hurrying up through the orchard, she met Mr. Bryson.

"Do you want to stay over till morning, or go home to-night?" he asked.

"I should like to go to-night, if it is convenient for you to take me. The week has been so short and so very pleasant, still I would like to——"

"All right; we'll have plenty of time. The roads are good and we can drive it in a few minutes."

The Colonel came out to bid her good-bye. "When the roads are bad we shall insist upon you staying over Sunday with us," he said, holding her hand.

"O, I have had such a delightful week," she cried, kissing her two aunts. "It has not seemed a bit long, and they are the dearest good people I ever met. Mr. Bryson doesn't have much to say, but he is as kind as he can be, and Mrs. Bryson has done everything she could to make it pleasant for me. She asks me what I like to eat, and how I want it prepared, and puts me up the daintiest little lunch you ever saw. And Colonel Williams—I must tell you about him. He is their uncle, a tall and dignified old gentleman of the old southern school, who has the loveliest eyes I ever looked into."

"That accounts for my dream last night," broke in Miss Borgess, laughing.

"He seems to have taken a great interest in me, and we sit and talk for hours at a time. They have a big, old-fashioned house, with low ceilings and big rooms, as cozy and convenient as it can be, and a dining-room that makes one hungry

to go into it. And Colonel Williams presides over it with such grave and stately dignity. No wonder my mother requested that I be taught to love Missouri and its people. I do love them—they are the best people in the world.”

“I am so glad you like it,” said Miss Borgess. “We have talked about it all week, and worried not a little for fear you would not be pleasantly situated.”

“I could not be better pleased. It is a lovely place; just such a one as I have dreamed about. It seems to me that I have seen the porch, the big shaded lawn and the house, but as I say, it has been in my dreams. O, yes, I must tell you about the two big pictures in the front room. They are of Colonel Williams’ daughter and her husband, painted many years ago—long before the war, I think; but they are so reticent about them that I don’t know when they were painted or much about them. The Colonel will not look at them, although they are in the very room where he sits most of the time. I asked Mrs. Bryson about them, and she said the daughter was dead—died many years ago—and the husband, a Mr. Martin, who used to live here in Palmyra, is in California. She talked in a low voice like she feared some one would hear her. It is on Colonel Williams’ account; he grieves over his wife and daughter so much. They never speak of them in his presence. I feel so sorry for him. He says I look like his daughter did at my age, and there may be a slight resemblance, but I could not be as beautiful as she is. And, auntie, the same woman who came to me and kissed me in my sleep when you dreamed the same thing in

Denver, came and kissed me the first night I was there. I could feel her warm lips touch mine, and her sweet smile was the same. She looks a little like the picture. Did you dream it again?"

"No; but I had a very significant dream, as I told you a moment ago, and it was of you. What you said about falling in love with Colonel Williams made me think of it. I dreamed of seeing you in white, with a long bridal veil over your face."

They both laughed.

"I have fallen in love with him, the dear old man, and all the family, and with my school work, too, but the Colonel is too old to think of bridal veils. His mind is wholly retrospective. I presume he never thinks of the future—scarcely ever of the present. He lives and talks of the past—when he was a young man, of the war and the many dreadful scenes he passed through. It is a wonder they did not kill him, for he must have been an outspoken southern man."

Every pretty Sunday Orpah spent in town with her aunts, but when the weather was cold or stormy and the roads bad, she stayed with the Brysons, romped with Bertie, and talked for hours with Colonel Williams, or rather listened to him talk on slavery, the war and religious topics. "He has a nephew, a Rev. Mr. Bronson, who is a very able Presbyterian minister, and they keep up a constant correspondence upon religious matters. He has read me a number of the minister's letters, which I like very much. By the way, the Colonel is quite a matchmaker, too. Mr. Bronson is an old bachelor—not very old, of

course, but unmarried—and the Colonel has promised him to me, so that dream of the long white veil you had last fall may not be so far in the future as you thought.”

By the time the school was drawing to a close Orpah was as much a part of the family as if she had always lived there. She was strongly attached to them and they to her. So successful had the term been that the directors, through Mr. Bryson, offered the school to her again, which she gladly accepted.

Laura Ray, who was teaching in Boone county, not far from Columbia, wrote them that as soon as her school was out she was coming over to spend a part of the summer vacation with them, which announcement, in response to their many urgent invitations, was received with much pleasure. Aunty Morgan was coming, too, and she was such a dear old soul. They all felt like she was their mother coming to visit them. With Laura and Aunty Morgan both with them, the summer vacation would be a short and delightful one.

The eventful last day of school came. Little Bertie, in white and pink—a sweet fairy, as it were—“said a piece,” as did a dozen others, to the great gratification of the parents and friends who filled the little school-room to suffocation. Colonel Williams was there, as a special honor to Miss Orpah and to hear Bertie’s speech, whom he called his grandchild, and when the interesting exercises were all through with he rose and addressed the parents and scholars, complimenting the latter and the fair teacher upon the closing of the most harmonious and successful term

ever taught in the district. "There is nothing that encourages a teacher in her arduous work like the support of the parents and the diligent, appreciative effort of the scholars," he went on to say in closing. "Miss Orpah has had both to a remarkable degree. And nothing brings out the good in every child, big or little, that is in even the mischievous boy who will throw a paper wad at his fellow when the teacher's back is turned, or manipulate a bent pin for the posterior anatomy of the boy before him, like the love and interest of the teacher. In this respect you scholars have been signally fortunate. Your teacher is one among ten thousand, a vision of loveliness, with as sweet a disposition and as sympathetic a heart as ever went into a school-room. She is to teach you again next winter, and I hope every scholar here will make it a point, all this summer, to study how he and she can make the next term even a better one than this one has been."

Orpah was blushing violently when the Colonel took his seat, and not only was she blushing, but struggling to keep back the tears that were filling her eyes. In her hard and fateful life few such sweet words of praise and encouragement had ever come. They touched her heart. How she longed to have the right, as little Bertie had, to throw her arms around the dear old Colonel's neck and smother him with kisses. It was her right, poor orphan girl, but alas! she did not know it.

When Orpah arrived home circuit court was in session. The town was full of lawyers, litigants, jurors and witnesses. Pinning on a bunch

of fragrant red roses she went to the post office to mail a letter to Laura, who was to be with them in ten days. As she came out of the building she raised her eyes and they met those of a handsome young man coming up the steps. For one brief moment they looked at each other. There was something in the meeting of the eyes that made a deep impression upon both of them, though the young man was rather harder hit than was Orpah.

"Anything here for me, colonel?" asked the young man through the general delivery window.

"Nothing, major."

"By the way, colonel, who was the pretty young lady that just passed out?"

"Really, major, you seem very much interested for a man of your age and apparent dignity," returned the old colonel, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "I—I didn't see her. Can you describe her?"

"She was dressed in light gray, or blue, or something—"

"To be sure, in something—"

"I really can't tell just now or what, but I'll venture she's the prettiest girl in the state."

"Somewhat extravagant, young man. Can't you razzie it down a little say the county, for instance. The state's a big place. But from your description it's hard to tell who she is. Must be a stranger."

"I thought, of course, you'd know her even if she was a stranger, as you seem to know every pretty woman in the state, or I wouldn't have tarried here wasting time on you. I'd have found

some business up the street in the direction she's going. But I should have known you old married fellows have no taste in such matters. Do you know, colonel, I frequently wonder how you old codgers ever got married."

"Why, you incorrigible old bachelor," laughed the colonel, "I was married long before I was as old as you are."

"That's what puzzles me. And the ourier the man the better the woman he fools into having him."

"On that theory, Major Sells, you will marry an angel—if you ever do marry. But your liver's out of order. At first I thought it was a case of love at first sight, but you're too ancient for that."

The major laughed. "Ta-ta, colonel, you're too tough for me."

Major Harold Sells, whom the reader has not forgotten, had some important cases in court, and was kept quite busy during the week, but no matter how much he had on his mind he thought a great many times of the young lady he passed on the steps of the post office. Saturday came and court adjourned early. Major Sells had intended to spend Sunday at his home in Louisiana, but he felt a sudden inspiration to remain in Palmyra and attend church. He had not enjoyed such a luxury for a long time. He would stay over and go to church like a good citizen ought to do. Then he stopped. Which church will she attend? In his dilemma he flipped a coin, heads, Presbyterian, tails, Methodist. "Bravo! heads win. I'll worship with the elect Presbyterians."

Going early he took a seat where he could see the two entrances. But the church filled and she did not come. Just as he had about given up hope, he glanced into the choir and there she sat. The minister gave out the first hymn and the choir rose to sing. Orpah was in brown, more lovely in Major Sells' eyes than in gray. He never took his eyes from her face. Was the sermon eloquent, stupid, long or short? It was short, that was all he knew. He did not even know when the benediction was pronounced. The congregation rose to go. His feathers fell. A dapper young man stepped up to his adored unknown and she smiled upon him sweetly. Then old Colonel Postmaster took her by the hand, also the lady with her.

All that afternoon he sat out in front of the hotel in the hope of seeing the colonel. "But he is 'non est inventus come at a bus,' as the young lawyer had it," grumbled the major. "If I didn't want to see the old carmudgeon so bad he'd be coming round every corner. 'There's luck in leisure, and all things come to those who wait.' That's one of my favorite sayings, made a little broader than the old one, so I'll wait. I'll see him in the morning. But, by George! I hope that good looking young fellow was her brother. I don't like the way she smiled on him."

Major Sells sauntered over to the post office early the next morning, but the colonel was not there. He sat himself down to wait. "Good, there he comes as serene and contented as though he owned the earth and had a competent man to run it."

"Say, colonel, I saw you at church yesterday, and you went out with the very young lady I was asking you about last week. Who is she, colonel?"

"And you were really at church yesterday? I'm surprised, major. It was a good sermon, don't you think?"

"I didn't hear the sermon. But who was the young lady?"

"Ah, you old bachelors see all the pretty girls. I've always thought your skin was too thick for Dan Cupid's arrows."

"I'd have considered that a compliment a week ago, but men, you know, are never too old to change, and then I'm not so old as some others I know."

"Some men glory in their shame, major," said the colonel, shaking his head, seriously.

"Come, colonel, quit chaffing me and tell me who the young lady is, and if you can get an introduction for me. I've got to run down home this morning, and it's now almost train time."

"When are you coming back major?"

"Ah, hang it, answer my question quick or you'll cause me to miss my train."

"When you come back I want you to come out to dinner with us. I understand your parents were from New York. My wife's a New Yorker, Union through and through, while I was on the other side, so you see I like New York people."

"What's the matter with you, colonel? I've heard the boys say you were perfectly awful when they were courting at your house before the girls were married."

"New York people are pretty good people, when they are good. As soon as my wife heard that you were—"

"Ah, come off—tell me who she is, and I'll promise to come and see you, and when I come I'll take some of the conceit out of you in a game of chess."

"That's a vulnerable point, major, that game of chess, so I'll have to tell you. I don't know who she is."

"O rats! You shook hands with her yesterday, and talked with her, and now you say you don't know who she is."

"It's true. I've forgotten her name. That's honest. It's Miss Orpah something. She's a school marm. My sister lives next door to her, and she says she's just too sweet for every day life."

"Your sister's right, and you must plan an introduction for me. Say, old man, have her with you for dinner the evening I'm to be there."

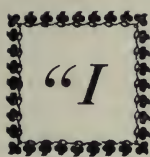
"No, there would be no chess playing with her there. I don't think she wants to see you, any way."

"There comes my train, I'll see you later, and you must arrange it."

The old colonel shook his sides at Major Sells flying up the street in an undignified run to catch his train. "It would be too bad if he were to miss it, and all on account of my holding him, too. The major, though he must be close to forty, seems to be in real earnest. But you can't tell, he's so full of his jokes."

Panting for breath after his run, Major Sells settled into the first vacant seat he came to.

"The colonel's a dear old man and I'll have to forgive him. He's almost the only one of the few old men of my acquaintance who has not been soured by the cares and trials of life. Orpah, Orpah, well that is a strange name. I don't think I ever heard it before. Miss Orpah, a school teacher."

 HAVE hinted to you many times that in divers doctrinal places I was groping like a blind man," said Dr. Bronson to Robert Field some little time subsequent to their conversation a few days after the death of Julia May. "I have groped for these many years, with a dim light here and there far in my front, but not until I had to give up my work and sit here for days and days with my thoughts did these mere specks of light begin to illumine my whole pathway. I am not iconoclastic, but constructive, by nature, hence I was not willing to tear any thing down unless I could offer a better structure.

"The orthodox pitfalls into which I fell, and the stones against which I stumbled, were placed there long years before I was born, by priests and teachers far wiser than I, and they built as they saw the light, their deft hands being guided by the environment in which they grew. And by divine inspiration also, I will not deny that, much of it was done, suitable for the age in which it was done. But changes come, advancement demands them, and men must square

their beliefs, religious and otherwise, with the forward rush of the human race.

"This new light that has come to me I call a new theory. It is not wholly new, as there is nothing new under the sun. It is the blending and arrangement of old colors into new effects, and to my mind, it has many strong points in it. For two years I have been writing it down as it came to me, and then, after putting it to the test of my own reason, I have submitted it to a number of ministers and laymen of my acquaintance for criticism.

"The discussions we have had, and the many parts of scripture quoted pro and con of the subjects up, are the old orthodox ideas as worked out by John Calvin and James Arminius and taught in our theological schools and pulpits. To a certain extent I believe they are both wrong, and I also believe that a few generations will suffice to solve these mighty problems, and thus wipe out the evils that now beset us. I should be most happy to contribute my mite to this great consummation.

"While my new theory is ethical, it is deeper, broader and larger, and like the one previously discussed, it must go back to man's introduction on the stage of action.

"God created man and placed him in the family as husband, father and brother, and made him a creature subject to law and environment.

"The Garden of Eden, in which man was first placed, is a parable, or I might say a condition of ignorant bliss, *elasyan* as it were, in which every man and woman is placed to this day before the cares of life and the age of accountabil-

ity come upon them. Every child, playing with its pets, gathering wild flowers by the way, chasing the butterfly, blowing baubles, is in the Garden of Eden. It has not tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

"If the premise is correct, the old theology must be rewritten.

"In this environment to which man is subject, the highest type is the ideal family. Had the brothers in this ideal family remained brothers, recognizing the rights of all, the family would have remained in perpetual contentment. But they did not. Through envy, jealousy or greed, one slays the other, and that brother's blood cries out from the ground to this day.

"This was the death of the family in Adam, and the brotherhood was broken, which is to be restored in Christ. What the world lost in Adam it is to get back in Christ.

"The world lost its bearings, and was given over to immorality and sin, when God called Abram out of Urr in Chaldea, and from this point sprang God's people, the Jews, chosen to restore man to the family and the real brotherhood.

"This idea is emphasized in Leviticus: 'But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.'

"This was virtually the beginning of the Golden Rule, which sadly to be admitted has been modernized by greed and commercialism to read, 'Do unto the other fellow as he would like to do unto you, but do it first.' And then came the

Decalogue and the laws given to Moses, which were enough to restore man to the family with all the rights of brother to brother.

"The Jew departed from his recognition of the rights of his brother to a greater extent than did the heathen nations around him, and in forgetting or ignoring the rights of his brother he forgot the claims of his God.

"David, after he had taken Uriah's wife and sent Uriah to his death in battle, comes before God and says, 'Against Thee and Thee only have I sinned and done this evil in Thy sight, oh God.' Is David's confession true? Did he not sin against his brother? God told him by the mouth of Nathan that he had robbed his brother, and that brother's blood cries from the ground till now.

"The measure of man's love of God is his love of his brother, and his recognition of that brother's rights. The lack of this love and recognition was the sin of Judaism.

"John the Baptist came preaching—'Repent ye, for the kingdom of God is at hand.' Repent from what? He was preaching to the orthodox Jews. He was urging them to repent from selfishness, exclusiveness, non-recognition of the rights of others, especially those not Jews, and turn about and enter the kingdom of heaven, or that condition that loves and recognizes the claims of the brother in need, as we love and care for ourselves.

"The doctrine was repulsive to the Jews. Moses recorded the fact against them that they worshipped gold at Sinai, and Solomon declared that the love of money was the root of all evil.

"David's crime against Uriah showed that to these evils was added the great sin against the rights of his brother.

"When Jesus came He preached the same doctrine of John the Baptist. Repent from Judaism as outlined and enter the kingdom of heaven, or the brotherhood.

"He said that the sum of all the commandments was to love God with all your heart and your brother as yourself, pointing out the Good Samaritan as an object lesson, which proves that every man in need is our brother. And when He departed to go to the Father, He left the world, through the disciples, the Eleventh Commandment, which comprises them all—'Love one another, even as I have loved you.' blessed thought!

"When Nicodemus came to Jesus he said, 'No man can do these things except God be with him.' Jesus answered: 'Except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God.' The plain English of this is, that a man must be born out of or from Judaism, that fails to see the claims of humanity, into the kingdom of the brotherhood.

"Then Jesus informs Nicodemus that this being born again is an earthly thing and not a mystery, and as he can not understand so simple a proposition as that of being born out of this selfishness into the new kingdom of the rights of the brother, how could he understand if He should tell him of heavenly things?

"Repent from what? From selfishness, avarice, greed and worldly covetousness into the

kingdom of God, where one brother is the equal of every other brother.

"Present day christianity is largely a failure because it is Judaism under another name.

"Christ was the personal exponent of the rights of the human family as a family of brothers, and because He dared to maintain the principles He set forth they killed Him.

"He died for the truth and right, and became our exemplar and pattern, and ever liveth before men as the martyr to right principles, leaving to us this example, that truth is more than life.

"He suffered death that the kingdom of God, the brotherhood of man, should become the rule of action, the leaven that should leaven the whole lump.

"You will find consolation in this view of life. Sin is the violation of law. Orthodoxy teaches that man starts out a sinner. How can he sin before he violates any law? Your wife was brought up and educated to believe that the life and teachings of the Christ were the only safe rule of action. She recognized the rights and claims of, and her duty to, humanity even to the humblest creature. What had she to repent from? She was in the kingdom all these years from the day she stepped out of the Garden of Eden of childhood. If all men were like her there would be no sin.

"Man's first duty is to love God, which is the love of righteousness from which and upon which all action must be based. Then he is to love his brother as himself, that is, recognize the rights of every man to be the same as those he assumes himself to enjoy. Until these truths

are a part of life, in the every day affairs of men, Christianity is not applied as taught by Christ.

"Orthodoxy must cease to glorify the Jacobs and execrate the Esaus; worship the Ruths and cast aside the Orpahs; make heroes of the prodigal sons at the expense of the elder brothers.

"Go read the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The common version is that Peter's vision was a food revelation, but it was not. It is to teach man the broad lesson of humanity. No man is common or unclean before the Great Judge, in whose image he was created.

"The world has the second coming confounded with the general judgment. At the end of the forty days Christ ascended, and the second coming began at that moment and will continue until the whole world is leavened by righteousness. Then the second coming will be complete. Death (error) will be swallowed up in victory (right).

"Christ said He would send His spirit (truth) and the truth would make men free.

"His mission had to do with this life and this world, while orthodoxy makes it to do with man after death. The world needs to embrace the truth."

"These views are very much in accord with my feelings, Dr. Bronson, but how are they to reach the people, who, for nineteen hundred years have followed such opposing views?"

"It must come on the principle of the leaven. If true it must obtain and grow, if false it must fall.

"All these centuries men have been driven into the church from fear of punishment, fear of

death and the unknown, painted lurid by the eloquence of orthodoxy.

"They have not followed the Christ from a desire to apply the Golden Rule to life's actions.

"They have not loved principles of right because they were right. It has been a species of refined Judaism. The brotherhood, or the lesson of the Good Samaritan, has not been allowed to obtain."

"But, Dr. Bronson, what headway can the brotherhood of man make against the ravenous millionaires who have reduced the great mass of mankind to a race of mere hirelings? And what audience will it be given in the council-chambers of the rulers of powerful nations that are sending their armies to crush the weaker ones, and shoot down those who do not accept this alleged Christianity under which we live?"

"Ah, that is the problem. The temples of greed, the ravening for power, they must be assailed, destroyed. But how?"

"God will work in His people both to will and to do according to His good pleasure.

"True manhood and the statesmanship of this and future generations will meet and solve the problem.

"Those who assert that, without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin, will not be allowed to use the sacrifice of Jesus as a justification of the murder of weaker peoples by the strong. The blood was shed for the principles that were for the benefit of all men.

"In the change that will come and must come, the greatest obstacle to be met with is greed, for the love of money is the root of all evil.

"Present day Christianity is ever ready to condone the wrong behind which there is the glitter of gold.

"The rich man is pardoned, or not convicted, the poor man is jailed.

"And who are these rich and these poor, and what stations in life do they fill? Let us take the evident meaning of the bible for our definition.

"These lessons from the bible, from which we get our definitions, are lost on humanity many times because of the fact that we are in the habit of accepting as sacred the theological theories of by-gone ages.

"Dives and Lazarus are always held up as typifying the two classes, the one being very rich and the other very poor, and hence it is that the average man consoles himself with the belief that the great lesson there taught refers to the very rich man only, and to the very abjectly poor. This is not the case by any means.

"These two characters were the two extremes, and the line of separation comes where the comfortable class meets the struggling poor.

"That great number of more fortunate men, like the man who went into the temple to pray, and thanked God for the evenness of his life, represented the Diveses, and that vaster number who struggle with adversity and misfortune, going from the cradle to the grave in a fight for the necessities of life for himself and loved ones, God have mercy upon them, are the Lazaruses we see about us. Let no man make this fatal mistake, for he is either a Lazarus or a Dives.

"The well-to-do citizen goes to church, well clothed and comfortable, his wife and daughters about him. He is thankful that his lines are cast in pleasant places. Neither want, nor debt, nor sickness have pressed heavily upon him. Those things to which he has turned his hand have prospered. Enough has come to him to tide him over many a rainy day. God has blessed him abundantly, and he is measureably thankful. But what has he done to lift some foot-sore fellow traveler out of the slough of despond? Perhaps it never occurred to him that he is Dives.

"Near him is a Lazarus, bent under the struggles and misfortunes of years. Those things to which he has turned his hand have crumbled into ashes. Debt weighs heavily upon him. Death and misfortunes have been his portion. Gray and prematurely old, he is a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief.

"Though both members of the same church, both followers of the Meek and Lowly Nazarene, has Dives ever gone to his brother Lazarus with more than a word of comfort and encouragement? Nay, nay, by their fruits ye shall know them.

"Go read the lesson of Dives and Lazarus, and comprehend the awful condemnation.

"The Publican prayed, 'Be merciful to me, a sinner.' It is more than likely that the Publican realised that he had neglected the claims that the less fortunate had upon him, he being a fairly prosperous man, and in this realization felt that he had committed a sin that required forgiveness: He had fallen short of filling the

obligations placed upon him by his Creator. He had not done with that which had come to him as he knew Christ would have done, and therein lay his sin for which he prayed to be forgiven.

"The Dives in the pulpit, arrayed in broad-cloth and fine linen, with his white and feminine hands lifted up to the Father in prayer, is he mindful of the Lazaruses who are toiling long heated hours that his princely salary may be paid? Does he realize the privations in many homes that his home may be made luxurious, and his path in life strewn with roses? Let him also read the lesson of Dives and Lazarus that he may not also fall before that awful condemnation. And there are others.

"The heads of great corporations rob the people of millions and then ease their guilty consciences by the return of a pitiful moiety in the erection of colleges, libraries and asylums for those they have maimed. An admiring Christian citizenship rises up and lauds them to the skies. For the dollars of blood-money they exacted, they gave back pennies, and they are called philanthropists!

"The liquor dealer grows rich, retires when death is near, and becomes a saint in the modern church. His pathway in life is strewn with the wrecks of men, women and innocent children. Many have been made poor and wretched that he might become rich. He has sent women to shame and men to their graves; children to crime, and polluted the blood of generations yet unborn, yet he is exalted in his latter days because he has money. Does it savor of the king-

dom of heaven that Christ said was at hand? God forbid!

"Remember what Matthew says: 'When the Son of man shall come in all his glory, and all the holy angels with Him, He shall sit on His throne and all nations shall be gathered before Him, and He shall separate them as a shepard separates the sheep from the goats. Then shall the King say to them on the right, come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and ye fed Me, sick and in prison and ye visited Me. When did ye do all these things?

"Now listen: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye did it unto Me!' Think of this. How will these men of whom I have been talking meet this indictment? They can not meet it. They are told to depart into everlasting fire. A letter from the church in his latter days, whose preacher's salary the liquor-dealer paid, or a building permit for an asylum or library will not stay this awful condemnation.

"The sin of omission must be paid. They did not minister unto the wants of the needy or afflicted brother. They were too much engrossed in amassing millions to hear the cry of the unfortunate.

"The blood of the girl across the street who went to shame and an early grave through the pinch of poverty shall rest upon the rich man in his gilded castle.

"The measure of the reward beyond the grave

is the measure we mete out to our fellow man here below.

"Since the parable of the great supper nineteen hundred years have passed, but with God a thousand years is as a day. A mighty current has set steadily in the opposite direction since that day, when a man made a great supper and bade many. They offered sundry excuses, as they still are doing. They had married, bought land, or were immersed in business, too busy with selfish affairs to enter the kingdom. In his disappointment this certain man ordered his servants to go forth and gather up the poor and the crippled and feed them.

"In all these years God has been mindful of the poor and afflicted whom prosperous, greedy man has despised.

"Still the house is nearly empty.

"The new era, or new order, is to go forth and compel them to come that my house may be filled. The mighty current is to be deflected.

"For nineteen hundred years the people would not be persuaded, now they are to be compelled to recognize the claims of the kingdom of Christ, which are the rights of humanity, cleansed of selfish, self-centered greed.

"In the days of the apostles the people read between the lines of Christ's teachings. They grasped at the substance and caught the shadow; they overlooked the parable of the talents, and yet, the man with the one talent—is, money making only.

"Then they had all things in common, neither was there any who lacked, distribution being made to every man according to his need. But

it was not the true solution. The individual family must remain as the center of effort and virtue, in which the claims of love, of fellowship, and of brotherhood are paramount.

“‘Ye are not your own, you are in God’s family,’ and in God’s family the stronger must conserve the rights of the weaker.”

“But what about the spiritual life, Dr. Bronson, you have not touched upon that?”

“The man who has accepted the teachings of Christ, as I have attempted to portray them, has the spirit of Christ both in faith and in practice. Such a man can give an understandable reason for his claims to spirituality.

“The old orthodox man claims that it is locked in his breast, that it is a matter between him and his God. But Christ said, ‘By their works ye shall know them.’

“The law of our being is six days work and one day rest, which should be subdivided, as good King Alfred suggested, into eight hours of labor, eight hours for rest and recreation, and eight hours for sleep. But man has perverted these laws of God, and suffering follows. In doing so he has perverted that other great law that public utilities and inventions that go to the easement and betterment of mankind should belong to the people from whom they come.

“Man is the rightful sovereign over his own roof-tree, over the utilities that serve him, over as much land as he can cultivate, and over the labor of his own hands, but not over the labor of his brother. God gave that brother the same rights. Present conditions present the reverse

of this, in which we have the lordly rich and the wretched poor.

"The real man is submerged, enslaved by perverted environment. The door of hope of a better condition as a reward for his labor, is slammed in his face. There is no hope for him, and less for his progeny.

The progress we have been making has been individual and material, we are now at the dawn of the social and spiritual. Man has been wholly engrossed with the extension of trade and commerce throughout the world, the coming century will see the upbuilding of religion and civilization.

"The world has seen very little, if any, real Christianity yet.

"We have just passed through the bloody rending of the shackles from the black slaves, it now remains for the coming century to free the white slave.

"When the young man came to Christ to know what he should do to inherit eternal life, he was told to love God, the supreme good, and his fellow as himself. But if he would **be perfect**, to sell all he had and give to the poor, and then devote his life to the good of humanity.

"Nothing was said about repentance, original sin or a spiritual life as is now being taught by orthodox theologians.

"There is no such thing as original sin, as it is preached. A child born in sin is an illegitimate Legitimate propagation is not sin.

"Orthodoxy will cry out that this is a tearing down of the ideals of centuries, and it is. But judging the world by its fruits how do the re-

sults of nineteen hundred years of orthodox teaching fit into the life of Christ? All these years it has been a religion of fear which has made man insincere, and does not convict through a love of truth.

"The deductions are obvious. Political economy must be rewritten to accord with man's duty to his brother.

"The people must own and manage through government control all effort, except a man's personal labor, and then if he will not work neither shall he eat.

"The ten commandments and the moral law must be enforced.

"Instead of pensioning a man for killing his brother, pension old and illustrious citizenship. It should not be a charity doled out to those unworthy of our fellowship, but a reward for the great services they have rendered humanity. There would be no extremely rich, fewer poor and none helpless.

"The possibility of amassing millions would be gone.

"The water-ways and high-ways could be beautified and perfected, employing all surplus labor for centuries to come. This would not bring the millennium in a decade, but the child is now born who would see a happy and contented people, and the greatest perfection of good the world has ever known.

"Therefore, as the first and most requisite thing, repent from Judaism into the kingdom of unselfishness, where even the Jew himself will accept Christ when he recognizes the brotherhood of man.

"Quit preaching the saving of souls from hell, or the religion of fear, but love, brotherly love, the saving of life on earth to all that is good and true, and then will begin the leaven of Christ's life to leaven the whole lump.

"In this regeneration of man, selfish, cruel, and domineering, as are the males of all other animals, woman is to take a leading part. She must be reckoned with more and more as civilization progresses, and in the rehabilitation of the world that has gone wrong, her part is not to be a small one.

"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head,' was the promise made to her after the fall. Orthodoxy has always contended that this promise was made because of the first disobedience, a paliative, as it were, for the stronger sneaking out and leaving the blame on the weaker. But the claim is not only baseless, but wholly illogical.

"When God said to Adam: 'But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it,' Eve had not yet been created. Therefore the command was not to her, but to Adam alone.

"The promise was made to her because she was the true interpretation of the spirit that must obtain in the great family of humanity that was personified in her son.

"The male is a necessary adjunct to the family by reason of his superior strength and combativeness, but his mission of force was eliminated when a saviour was, in the fullness of time, to come into the world.

"His innate selfishness unfits him to become the sole leader in an unselfish reformation. The

purpose of God and the law of man's being are both against it. Woman is self-sacrificing, industrious, careful and prudent. The mother-bird not only builds the nest and lays the eggs, but incubates them, and then feeds the brood until they are able to care for themselves.

"Through all these centuries of self-sacrifice woman has slowly risen from the serfdom into which the lordly selfishness of man thrust her to share with him in the leadership of the new reformation, to take her place at his side in the political economy of the world.

"She has the love of God, the love of home, the love of humanity, far more at heart than he has. These lovable traits of her character have at last triumphed over brute force through that potency which God gave her, to impress her individuality upon her offspring, and thus in the slow process of centuries is being fulfilled the promise that God made her, that 'her seed should bruise the serpent's head.' "



MAJOR SELLS dispatched the business at his office that called him home with scant attention to details, and hurried back to Palmyra. His mind was busy with the intricacies of the cases he had in court in Palmyra, many of them having grown into sudden importance, so he told his partner. This was partially true. Major Sells could not be guilty of a falsehood, still in the midst of the conduct of his cases he was keeping up a deal of a thinking of the young lady he passed on the post office steps, and planning how he could meet her.

Major Sells was a novice in these delicate matters. He had never been a lady's man, had tabooed society and buried himself in his books and his business from the very day he was mustered out of the army.

He knew where she lived, and every evening after supper he strolled out past the house on one side of the street and back past it on the other side, his eager eyes flitting from one window to another in the hope of catching a glimpse of her.

Once she was plucking some flowers in the yard, but she was occupied, with her face from him, as he passed. Coming back as quickly on the opposite

side of the street as his guilty conscience would permit him, he was disappointed again. But she saw him. A stolen glance over his shoulder, when she was not expecting it, told him that much. And more, he knew she recognized him as the one who caught her eye coming out of the post office, and he was satisfied that she was aware that he was out past her house time after time for no other purpose than to see her again. She had shyly stolen a glance at him when she supposed he was not watching her. Something was gained in this peculiar method of the major's in paying court to the beautiful unknown. His old bachelor's heart that had lain dormant so long, fluttered responsively. He flattered himself, boy-like, that he was making famous progress.

Then Major Sells got some very gratifying news. The church in whose choir Orpah sang was to give a lawn social two nights hence. Colonel Postmaster gave Major Sells an invitation. They were long days in court, those two days before the evening he felt sure he would meet her. She would be there, and an introduction would be easy. The way had been paved for it by his many strolls out by the house. They were as good as acquainted then, so he said to himself. By the aid of his philosophy, that there is luck in leisure, to which he clung with a vengeance, the time ground slowly by.

These social functions of light refreshments and lighter talk were a little out of Major Sells' line, he admitted as he prepared himself with extra care before the glass, but he would take a whirl at one of them if it cost him his life. His hands were in the way, and his tongue, he knew, would serve him but poorly when the critical time arrived, but he

would trust to chance to pull him through. He sallied forth an hour too early, considerably nervous and ill at ease, as when he rose to make his first speech to a jury many years ago, but in his broad chin and heavy jaw there was no suspicion of retreat.

Walking out into the suburbs he killed the hour in an unwonted interest in the sights of the town, after which, uncommonly cool and deliberate, with every nerve in hand, he sauntered leisurely up to the brilliantly lighted lawn. It was still early, but the people were coming in, so he entered boldly.

The jolly old postmaster, to please his wife, of course, yet he was as young as any twenty-year-old boy, was fortunately one of the first arrivals, and to him Major Sells attached himself. This alliance gave him renewed courage, still he was not wholly satisfied with himself. This man of mature years, who could stand before a jury which he knew was against him in a losing case, and plead eloquently and convincingly for two hours at a time, bringing them one by one under the spell of his incisive logic, felt that he was unequal to the coming crisis in his life.

"There she is, colonel," he said, catching his breath. "I want you to introduce me to her."

"And is that all you've been hanging with me for?" asked the colonel, turning sharply upon him. "Major, I've a good mind to shake you right here and now."

"Then I shall have to seek the good offices of some one else, but I preferred that you should do it in your gallant, inimitable way."

"Oh, thank you," bowed the colonel. "'In my gallant, inimitable way.' How flattering you are

tonight. I shall go at once to ask the young lady's permission, and learn her name. Now don't run away while I'm gone."

"Oh, Miss Orpah," cried the jolly old colonel, advancing with hat in hand, and bowing low to Miss Borgess and Mrs. Tolson, "I have a rare treat in store for you. I have an old friend here—but really I mustn't call him old, for he's as young and bashful as a boy—whom I'm anxious to have you meet. And you, too, ladies, I want you to meet him also. A little fibbing is allowable in these delicate matters, eh, Miss Orpah?"

"I presume so, colonel, but I haven't the least idea what you mean," returned Orpah.

Major Sells was watching the negotiations eagerly.

"Well, I mean this: The anxiety is all on his part, and I, as his principal, don't feel half as much of it as I had to let on. Now do you see the point? But, seriously, I want you to meet him. He's a veteran of the war, having gone in at the bottom and come out on top, a lawyer of wide reputation, a capital fellow, and a chess player who can do me up. That's enough, isn't it? You know I have unbounded respect for a fellow who can beat me at chess."

"We shall be pleased to meet him," said Orpah.

"What in the world was all that talk and laughter about, colonel?" asked Major Sells when the colonel came back, his little gray eyes twinkling with merriment. "If you queered me I'll go after you."

"Why, upon my soul, major, I've given you a better character than you deserve. Of course. I told Miss Orpah—by George! she's a pretty girl, isn't she, major—I told her what an incorrigible old

bachelor you were, and that she would have to talk statutory enactments made and provided, with a certain amount of swine Latin mixed in here and there—”

“I knew about what you were saying—I ought to choke you.”

“Choke your amicus curio! Never, major. That would be rank ingratitude—but the ladies are waiting, major.”

Major Sells never remembered of having spent such a pleasant evening. He found Miss Orpah to be the most charming young lady, and Miss Borgess—well, she was not quite so beautiful, but she was the most delightful conversationalist he had ever met. Mrs. Tolson was also a very interesting woman. He loved them all. He walked home with them, returning to his hotel with an invitation to spend the evening at the house the following day.

The following afternoon Laura Ray arrived, thus adding another pretty girl to the happy household. And a few days later Aunty Morgan was warmly welcomed by the four. Such a vacation as this one was to be!

The last week of circuit court drew to a close, all too soon for Major Sells, who was almost a daily visitor to the Tolson home. And still he lingered, heedless of the cry of duty elsewhere, as did General Washington with the beautiful Widow Curtis. There were almost daily buggy rides down the shady lanes in the afternoons, and moonlight strolls at night.

Each recurring day the major proposed to himself to know his fate, but two weeks passed and he was as far from knowing it as the day he began. He loved Orpah desperately, but did she

love him? That was the problem, and as brave a man as he was he trembled to put the question to the test. They were devoted to each other, and he was no longer ill at ease and awkward in her presence. She hung with never flagging interest upon his relation of the thrilling scenes of the war through which he passed with all the feminine enthusiasm a woman has for the heroic deeds of a daring soldier. She seemingly enjoyed every moment of his company, and he grew eloquent in her presence, still he hesitated to touch upon the point so vital to his happiness.

The crisis came at last. His partner wired him to come on the first train, that their business demanded his immediate presence. He read the peremptory telegram and sighed, resolved and lingered, and sighed some more. Then, as all good lawyers do in momentous cases, he set about preparing his final speech. The testimony was all in, nothing but the decision of the court remained. He feared it would be against him, yet he would make an eloquent plea.

"She may think I'm too old," he said to himself a hundred times, as he polished the rounded periods of his masterly address. "She's only twenty and I'm close to forty, no, close to thirty-five, by stretching a point. But I don't look that old. Zounds! I should have fallen in love with her aunt, who is nearer my age. Both of them are lovely women, but they are not Orpah's by a long shot. There's only one Orpah. I loved her from the first moment I saw her, cynic and scoffer at such emotional insanity as I've always been."

"I must go home to-morrow," he said with a gasp as a prelude to what he had been trying to say for

three hours. He had consulted his watch five dozen times, although in the summer house where they sat it was too dark to see the hands. "Yes, I'll have to go. My partner has wired me to come. I've stayed too long now."

"But I trust you have enjoyed yourself. When will you go?"

"In the morning. I could not begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed myself in your company."

This was not the speech, or any part of it, but somehow he could not begin it.

"I hope you'll not forget me," he stammered weakly, and then felt like slapping himself in the mouth for being so silly.

"Most assuredly not, Maj. Sells. I have enjoyed your company very much. When will you be in Palmyra again?"

He imagined her composure and studied indifference were a little forced. "Would you care to have me come back real soon?" taking her soft, delicate hand in his. This was, according to the major's idea, making love in most desperate earnest, but he had to admit to himself, regretfully, that he was far from the climax where he would be justified in pouring out his carefully prepared peroration. As it was his heart was already up in his throat. If it was much farther to the climax he would surely suffocate before he got there, for he was breathing now like he had run a mile to a fire.

"Yes, indeed, I shall always be glad to see you."

"No more?" he gasped, tremulously.

A vagrant moon-beam, stealing through the trellised summerhouse, played over her face. He saw her smile as she replied, "Why, isn't that enough?"

"If you felt towards me as I do towards you you would say more than that," he said in a disappointed tone. And then he felt the hand he held press his gently. This broke down the barrier, and the love within him came pouring forth in an overwhelming flood of passionate words. Not a syllable of it was in the speech he had prepared with so much taste and care, but the spontaneous utterances of the heart.

"Pardon me, Miss Orpah," he said, after he had run down, "perhaps I have no right to talk to you as I have, but I couldn't help it."

"But I give you the right," she returned, sweetly.

Maj. Sells was no longer the bashful old bachelor he had been for years. He folded her to his heart for the first time, pouring into her ear the vows of everlasting love and devotion. Then she drew away from him, covering her face with her hands. He took them away.

"No, no, no, this must go no farther," she cried, sobbing. "I should have told you before. There is a shadow over my life that you do not know—no one knows—"

"I don't care anything about shadows. I love you, and you are mine."

"Ah, but you don't know. These friends of mine are no relation to me whatever. I—I know nothing of my parents, not even my name, nor do they. It is not Tolson, and until that dark spot is cleared away I can be nothing to you."

"Names are the same as the shadows—I'm offering you a name. There's nothing in a name, and I'm not asking who your parents were. It is you

I love, you only. You are a true and noble girl, and my heart is yours."

"Ah, but I could not consent to share your happiness until I know who my parents were and what my name is. There is a cloud over my past life, it must be cleared away." Then she told him all she knew of her past.

"In all this you have the advantage of me. I know my name, my parents and my past, and much of it to my shame. Your parents were doubtless of the best people, while my father was a wild and dissolute man. They were poor, and when they came west it was to hide amongst strangers the drunkenness and worthlessness of my father. He drifted into wild and reckless company, became a consort and harbinger of thieves. My mother left him at last, unable to bear it any longer, a sad and broken woman. Lower and lower he fell. The war came on. He entered the army to escape the officers of the law. Had it not been for this I would have known still less of him. He was promoted on the field of battle for bravery, and then gave his life for his country. I was with him at Vicksburg when he breathed his last, and I buried him there. His repentance was sincere. He died whispering my mother's name, whom he had neglected and wronged, and with his hand in mine, and thus, with his life and his prayers atoning in some slight measure for the many wrongs he had done. May God deal leniently with my erring father."

Major Sells' voice was husky when he concluded. They sat in silence for some time.

"That is a very different case from mine," said Orpah, saddened by the recital. "You can feel proud of your father, even though he may have

done many things that were wrong. At his country's call he responded, and when time-tried and fire-tested the true nobility of his character shone forth. The monument above him, though it be only a record and a memory, is pure and white—he died for his country and sleeps in a patriot's grave. While my father, I know not who he was. He may have gone forth a vagabond or a criminal, disowned by his people. No, Maj. Sells, you have much to be proud of, I nothing."

Maj. Sells was deeply touched. The simple tribute to his wayward father from this sweet girl's lips brought tears to his eyes.

"Such lofty and patriotic sentiments bespeak a noble ancestry. I know not who your father was, but he was not a criminal or an ordinary man. Your high purpose and purity of thought, innate dignity and exquisite loveliness tell me who your parents were. Their names I do not know, nor do I care much to know. I love you, adore you, and through you I know them. That's enough."

"No, not enough. I appreciate in my heart your confidence and kind words, which spring from a generous and noble heart, and because of that trust and generosity I must turn my face from this great happiness."

"But, adored one, taking it in the worst light, children can not be held responsible for the deeds of their parents. I offer you a love that will never change in health or sickness, honor or dishonor. All I ask is to care for you, protect you, adore you, come what may."

"The happiest day in my life will be that one in which I can tell you who I am, and to myself that I am worthy of your affection. But until that day

comes we can be only friends. I much prefer to suffer alone and now than to suffer keener later on, when to my other misfortunes, I have cast a shadow over your life. Your words of confidence and love have touched chords in my heart that thrill my very soul, but my decision, painful as it is to me, is final. Nothing can turn me from it—I will go to my grave as I am if the mystery is not cleared up.”

She spoke in a low and measured voice, weighing every weighty word. They were heart utterances. They told the mature man who had persuaded austere judges, and twisted adverse juries around his fingers, that his pleadings were in vain. It was not the young girl whom he loved to distraction, unlettered in the world's ways, that spoke to him, but a voice that came down through a pure and sturdy ancestry from the rugged hills of Scotland.

I T is time to go back to Henry Martin, ensconced in his lonely home in California, where he had buried himself after sending the two telegrams to Jacksonville. That was the last effort he made. He had not wholly ceased to hold his ear to the ground to catch the sounds for which he had so long listened, that were to lead him to his long lost child, nor had he ceased to pray. Hope had not entirely died within him, but that which was left was of that passive sort that said—"In God's own good time the things that are to come to pass will come to pass. If I am never to see her again, it is so ordered, and God's will be done."

This with a meek resignation that was new to his headstrong nature, but was it sincere, every word of it from the heart?

His mail had dwindled down to one or two letters a month from the Bronsons and Julia May. From morning till night he was with his trees and flowers, his pastures and herds, a soured and silent man, as was Moses after his flight into the land of Midian. At night he was in his room with his thoughts and his books.

Coming in one evening a letter awaited him.

It was from Dr. Bronson, relating the sad news of Julia May's sudden death. He pulled down the blinds that no chance passer-by might look in upon his sacred grief. All night he walked the room in the big silent house, or sat dry-eyed with the letter clasped in his hand. The light burned low and sputtered out for want of oil, and in the darkness he walked and grieved and prayed, prayed for strength to crush the old rebellious spirit that rose in his heart. At last he thrust it behind him. A sweet feeling of victory suffused his whole being. Time after time it welled up in his heart, as a tempter before his eyes, and then fell dead forever as he lifted his tear-stained face to heaven and uttered for the first time in all his tempestuous life sincerely those blessed words: "Thy will be done, not mine, O God! Praised be Thy name!"

Those words of Professor Johnson came back to him: "The rain has fallen heavily in your life, my son, but the sunshine will come again. In that hour you were born again, and the new growth was begun which will blossom into marvelous sweetness and purity."

"Thank God it has come," he said, saying over and over again these prophetic words of the saintly man he had never forgotten.

When daylight came he rode away to the south to carry the sad news to the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Howie. Handing the letter to Mr. Howie he turned his back, and, with folded arms, stood looking out of the window. The old gentleman read the letter aloud in a voice that grew husky at the end. The tears filled Henry's eyes

and ran down his cheeks in sympathy with Mrs. Howie, who sobbed softly.

"Wife, the threads of life seem to be tangled," said Mr. Howie, wiping his eyes, "but it is only in our poor human short-sightedness. The Father doeth all things well. That which seems cruel and mysterious to us now is only for a moment. Soon our vision will be enlarged and we shall have all eternity in which to admire the unfolding of the plan of humanity that God has laid out for His children. Nothing is a misfit, or done in vain in the Father's house. We too often look upon the dark side of the picture, and speculate upon the strange things of life, and to us they are strange, and we complain that they are so. How thankful I am that I have not the power to direct the outcome of my desire but am satisfied to put my trust in Him. It is a strange Providence that cared for our grandchild, only to take her to womanhood and then remove her from all cares and trouble. May God rear the little one she left to His honor and glory. How beautiful are the words of the sweet singer of Israel when he says: 'He watereth the hills from His chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruits of Thy works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and the herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which He planted; where the birds make their nests; the high hills are a refuge for the goats, and the rocks for the conies. Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening. O Lord, how manifold are

Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all.' ”

After one day's visit with these good old people, Henry returned to his lonely home. Almost a year passed. Then a letter came to him that presaged the beginning of the end. It was from Denver, and glancing down the unfamiliar hand writing to the bottom of the page this conviction was confirmed by the signature. It was signed by Edward Baker!

“In trouble, in jail, and at the point of death I write you that I may in some way, at this late day, help to undo the great wrong I did you. It was not a wrong that you can ever forgive, but I could die easier if I could help to right it in the little time I have yet to live. If you will come to Denver I may be able to give you information that will lead to the recovery of Janie.”

The sound had come for which he had been listening for so many years. Putting his affairs instantly in shape to leave them, he hurried away to Denver.

Repairing directly to the jail he inquired for Edward Baker, and was shown into the corridor where he saw a man, a coughing skeleton, whom he did not recognize. Henry stood a moment, looking sympathetically at this emaciated wreck of a once handsome man, and in his pity he forgot the great wrong Baker had done him.

Advancing a step, he extended his hand, saying, “Edward, I have come to see you in response to your letter.”

“Why—why—is this Henry Martin,” he stammered, not knowing whether to take the proffered hand or not. “I—I—didn't hardly think

you would come, but if you did, it would be to take revenge on me. But there's nothing left, now, Henry."

"I have no revenge to take, Edward," said Henry, coldly. "I am deeply pained to see you in this place, and in this state of health."

"I had a hemorrhage two days ago, and am very weak, but if I was out where I could get some good air I know I'd get better."

Whether he was sincere in this hope or not, it was preposterous to Henry, who knew nothing could help him, but he promised the dying man that he would see what could be done about his release. But to Henry the information Edward had to impart was of far more importance, and he urged him to tell it at once.

"Get me out first. This place is killing me. An hour's sunshine and I will be a different man."

Taking the name and address of Baker's lawyer, Henry went to see him, promising to return in an hour.

"Nothing but death or the leniency of the court can get him out," said the lawyer, "unless some one will bail him out. He's guilty of the theft with which he is charged, so he admits to me, and has no defense."

Henry concluded that after his experience with Baker in the past he would not try to release him in that way, but would see if he could not prevail upon the authorities to send him to the hospital, if Baker would give him the information promised. Going back to the jail he laid the matter in that light before Baker, who, in his

desperate condition, broke down and wept like a child.

"As death crept closer and closer to me I realized what a great wrong I did you and your child."

"Regrets are of no avail now, Edward. It is done and past. I hold no malice or ill-feeling against you, but forgive me from the bottom of my heart. As Joseph said to his brothers who sold him into slavery, 'be not afraid, it was not you that did it but God.' A strange fatality has followed me through life, and great sorrow has been my lot, but you were only the instrument in the hands of Providence. While your intentions were bad, the results need not, and perhaps are not, necessarily so. I have an abiding faith that it will all come out right in the end, and you are a sufferer, to a great extent, because of the wrongdoings of your misspent life."

These lofty thoughts pierced the benighted brain of Edward Baker, who knew no law but that which exacted an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. He looked at this greatly wronged man, who had grown to colossal size in a few moments, in open-eyed wonder. How he could forgive was more than Edward Baker could understand.

"You started out wrong and kept it up. The same effort and energy expended in the other direction would have made you a prosperous and respected man. But whether you are to blame or not remains with your Maker—I am not the judge. All I can say is I forgive you, and if you can help me find Janie I shall feel grateful to you."

Baker then, between spasms of coughing, related all he knew, from the day he took the child to the present time, all of which Henry had learned through various sources.

"After I left Salt Lake City I got a letter from my aunt, Mrs. Morgan, saying they had moved from Los Angeles to some town in Illinois, the name of which I have now forgotten—no, it was Jacksonville—where they could put Janie in school; and my aunt also said that she was going to sell out and go there to live with them. I wrote to her two or three months after that, sending the letter to Jacksonville, but never got any reply."

"I was in hopes you could tell me something that would lead me at once to her, but all you have told me I have known for some time. Yet, what you say, proves that you are dealing sincerely and honestly with me, therefore I thank you just the same. I have followed so many clues in vain that I am now content to wait for the tangled thread to untangle itself. At the appointed time I shall come into my own. You will be sent to the hospital this afternoon, and now I will bid you a last farewell."

Abruptly he turned away from the dying wretch, whom he could not help but loathe, even though he had been only an instrument in bringing upon him one of the two greatest afflictions of his life. But he pitied the wrecked man, prayed that his few remaining days might be as painless as possible, but it was beyond human nature, at least his nature, to do more. He never saw Edward again.

Leaving the jail Henry walked block after

block with his face to the ground, immured in thought. The trip was a fruitless one; he had journeyed all this distance to no avail, but he had made many others of a similar nature. Now what should he do? There was no more of a clew to follow than before he came. The shrill shriek of a locomotive, immediately in his front, startled him. Looking up a Kansas Pacific coach was pushed across his path to be made into a train. That meant Kansas City. He had an inspiration, a prompting, perhaps no more than an awakened desire, to take that coach for a visit to the Bronsons.

In less than thirty minutes he entered the coach that had beckoned him to come.

The Bronsons did not know he was coming, but his welcome was none the less warm for that. Much of the jovial nature of Mrs. Bronson was gone, buried with her second daughter, Julia May, in whom all the love for her first and only daughter had centered, but the sweet smile Henry so dearly loved was with her still.

"God has been with us since last we met," she said, subduedly, "as you prayed He would be, but O! how sorely He has afflicted us. In our human weakness we have almost forgotten His manifold blessings in that one sad visitation, but a sweet little baby was left us, whose big sparkling eyes remind us of the departed one."

Mrs. Bronson turned away, wiping the tears from her eyes, but soon returned with a little baby that reminded Henry very much of Julia May the first time he saw her being led up the gang-plank by her mother at Cairo, only the little thing was younger.

"I now love this one for both of the others, and what a solace she has been to me. I think, Henry, I should have given up under the sudden blow if it had not been for this sweet child."

But in spite of her efforts to be her old self, Mrs. Bronson was sad and pensive. Old age was creeping upon her, she was visibly and sensibly failing. Dr. Bronson's health was still precarious. He was thin and dyspeptic.

"I have not mentioned it before," said Dr. Bronson a week later, "but I am exceedingly glad you are here on another account. Uncle Williams and I have had a great deal of correspondence this last year on religious topics in which I have given him some of my advanced views that he did not at first take to very kindly, but the more he has revolved them in his mind the more light has come to him. In every letter he is urging me to make him a visit, and to preach a sermon on the subject we have been discussing in the church there. I have made him no definite promise, as I have been unable to make up my mind to undertake the effort. You will want to go to see him and your old home before you return, so we will both go together."

"Yes, I could not return home without going there."

"I will write Uncle Williams we are both coming. He is getting old now, and a little bit childish, too, I gather from his letters. In a recent letter he asked me if we had heard from you, adding that you had not written to him for more than two years."

"I am heartily ashamed to admit that it is true. I have written few letters recently, those to you,

and an occasional one to poor Julia May, have been all. And it required an effort on my part to write them. For nearly three years I have been little more than a recluse, plodding along, waiting, waiting, waiting. I shall be glad to see Colonel Williams, but my visit there will be a sad one—it is my boyhood's home, and near it sleep Fanny and my father."

They waited a few days for Robert Field to return, that he might go with them, but he wrote that he could not be there for a week or ten days, so they set out for Palmyra without him.

Colonel Williams and Mr. Bryson met them at the train. They drove by Henry's old home, then up to the store, both of which appeared small and unkept. There were few people on the streets or in the store whom Henry knew. The former residents were scattered or dead, and the children of nineteen years ago were now men and women. Still Palmyra was a dear old spot to Henry, despite the fact that it had been ravaged by war and was peopled by strangers.

But the old home of Colonel Williams was the same. It did not appear so grand and imposing to him as it did when he was a boy, and the growth and death of the trees in the lawn had changed it somewhat, but the interior was the same. In all the long years the room where Fanny died had undergone no change. That was the first place he went after entering the house.

Noiselessly he made his way up the stairs and entered the room alone, closing the door behind him. There, before the bed upon which she died,

his eyes suffused with tears, he heard her calling him again—"O, Henry, I'm so cold!" But the feeble cry did not chill his heart as it had done in the years gone by. Whether it was the time that had passed, or a change that had come over him, he could not tell. But somehow he did not feel as sad as formerly. His grief was just as great, but in all those years he had mistaken rebellion and anger for sorrow.

When he went below the sweet face in the picture seemed to smile at him. He had never looked at it with such calmness before. The soothing thought seemed to come to him with convincing force—"It is all as it was to be, and everything works together for good."

Though the good was not apparent, and might never be to his mortal eyes, he was reconciled, the old rebellious spirit was dead. It no longer had the vitality to rise up and torture. What a relief it was! He began to see the other side, the side that was always in darkness. How God had been with him, prospered him, blessed him with health, and cared for him in all these years. Wealth, that elusive bauble which millions have given their lives to attain, had come to him without the asking. From disease and sickness he had been wholly free, and, in spite of all he had suffered, his youth was with him still. All these thoughts flitted through his mind as he gazed at the picture before him.

"Henry," said the colonel, "I may have observed it a time or two before, but I will have to say it again, you are looking as young as you did ten years ago. Your hair is no whiter than then, and your complexion is as clear as a boy's. At

thirty you looked forty-five, and at forty-five you look thirty."

"You flatter me, colonel," smiled Henry. "But, really, I feel no older than I did fifteen years ago. In fact I do not feel as old."

"Perhaps you are thinking about marrying again," said the colonel, who, it may be whispered, was not wholly free from such vain thoughts himself, when he brushed back his thick white hair before the glass and complimented himself upon his youthful appearance at sixty-eight. He had made it a point almost every time he went to town, and he had gone to town far more frequently during the summer than ever before, to call and pay his respects to Miss Orpah. The charming convexities of Mrs. Tolson's matronly form had not escaped the Colonel's keen observation. He was very gallant to her, and he held her hand a little longer and a little tighter at parting than the mere formality of saying good-bye required, and on the other hand, she had met him when he called with a blushing smile and a grasp of the hand that were very gratifying to the dignified Colonel. Thinking over these pleasant calls may have prompted him to ask the question. But Henry met it with a sad shake of the head, averring that such a thought had never entered his mind.

"It would have been far better for your peace of mind," continued the Colonel, "if you had married years ago. And you, too, Dr. Bronson. It is a shame you have not found a wife long ere this. You have brooded over your ills until your dyspepsia is half mental. A charming wife to cheer you up, and a prattling baby to give you a

delightful romp, would be all the medicine you need."

Dr. Bronson blushed like a girl. He had never had a sweetheart.

"But you are both young yet, mere boys I might say, for a man is scarcely grown at forty."

"Why, uncle, I am beginning to think I am in the sear and yellow leaf," laughed Dr. Bronson in his confusion.

"Of course you do. All chronic old bachelors feel the same way at forty. They have nothing to live for, but once you fall in love with some pretty girl your youth will be renewed. You will imagine you are only twenty, and frisk around like a colt. And while I am speaking of pretty girls—and a woman is a girl until she is forty, God bless them, and always pretty—I want to tell you that you have both come at an opportune time. But if I were twenty-five years younger your opportunities would consist of standing off at a distance and looking on. Last fall I had about come to the conclusion that there was little more in life for me, when one of the loveliest girls I ever saw came here to teach school. She was with us all winter, and is to begin her second term in less than two weeks from now. I grew younger every day she was here. To see her is to love her. She is bright, an entertaining talker on any subject, has the dignity of an older person, and is altogether lovely."

"That is a glowing description, uncle, but if I were looking for a wife I do not think I could be interested in a school-mam."

"Ah, Dr. Bronson, when you see Miss Orpah you—"

"Orpah, did you say, Colonel?" cried Henry, rising, his eyes opening wide.

"Yes, Orpah, that is her name—Orpah Tolson."

"Orpah Tolson! Where did she come from? How old is she?—What does she look like?" cried Henry, almost standing over the surprised Colonel in his excitement.

"Why, Henry, what is the matter? What has excited you so?"

"Why, Colonel, Janie's name was Orpah—"

"Yes, so was Fanny's—there are lots of them I presume—"

—"and it is the Tolstons I have been looking for these sixteen years or more. She's our Janie!"

"No, Henry, it can't be, though her hair and eyes are Fanny's. I remarked that the first time I ever saw her. But no, it can't be, Henry. I had some thoughts of that kind once, and I questioned her about her parents. They are both dead, died in Columbia, this state, where she lived and was educated. She seemed so reluctant to talk about them that I never broached the subject again."

"Didn't you recognize the name Tolson as that of the people who had Janie?" asked Henry, falling back into his chair, hope again sinking within him.

"No. If you ever mentioned that name it slipped my memory. I remembered that a family named Ford had her, but I never heard the name

Tolson before in this connection. Besides, her name is Tolson, and there are lots of Tolsons. It is a very familiar name in Virginia."

"How old is she?"

"About twenty or twenty-one I should think, though I never asked her age."

"Did she go back to Columbia?"

"Oh, no, she lives here in town with her two aunts, Mrs. Tolson, and a Miss Borgess, a—"

"Miss Borgess! My God, Colonel, she is Janie!" cried Henry, rushing from the room like a mad man. "Where is Mr. Bryson! Saddle a horse quick, Janie is found! Janie is found!"

Dr. Bronson came bursting out on the porch after Henry, the Colonel, glowing with excitement, close behind. Henry was walking up and down the porch beside himself with excitement, crying to Mr. Bryson to hurry, tears of joy streaming down his face.

"At last! at last! O I thank Thee, my God, there can be no mistake this time! She is our long lost Janie! I knew it was coming—Fanny's picture smiled at me when I went in the room. I knew it was coming, I knew it was coming!"

"Don't get so excited, Henry," plead the Colonel, so nervous himself his voice trembled. "It might all turn out to be a mistake."

"No, no, it's no mistake. It's our Janie!"

Dr. Bronson locked his arms in Henry's and walked with him, trying to quiet him. "Let's have the carriage hitched up and all drive to town."

"Yes, that's better—we'll all go," and the Col-

onel, bareheaded, darted away like a boy to the barn to have Mr. Bryson put the horses to the carriage.

In a very few minutes, though an age to Henry, the carriage swept out of the yard into the big road for town, the horses being urged into a keen gallop.



HE clients who called at Maj. Sells' office got only occasional glimpses of him during the early part of the summer, and as fall approached they were compelled to transact their business with the major's partner.

"He has a client and a very important case up at Palmyra," said the partner with a meaning grin that could not be misunderstood.

And it was a case in more senses than one. At first the major spent his Sundays with Orpah, or rather, as he was pleased to put it, in Palmyra. By the first of July he added Wednesdays to the Sundays to learn if his client had found any new clues that he might run to earth at once. By the last of July he took regular runs up to Palmyra on at least two and sometimes three days of every week to consult with his client on the clues he was getting, and to discuss with her the probability of those she was about to get.

No lawyer ever gave such undivided attention, or threw such zeal into a case, as Maj. Sells did in trying to solve the mystery of Orpah's parentage. Every day he plead with her to marry him and solve the mystery afterwards, or let it solve itself, but she was firm.

Laura Ray had made them a long and very pleasant visit, during which time she received a great many letters that she always went to the solitude of her room to read. Not a word of explanation did she deign to give for having so many letters to write and read. Coming out of her room one day, after being closeted an hour or more with an extraordinarily bulky letter, she took Orpah by the arm and led her to the little summerhouse.

"You have expressed surprise why I have not been anxious to get a school for this winter, and now I'm going to tell you. I know you can understand." Laura blushed and looked away. "I don't want a school, for—for—I may not want to teach one this winter."

Orpah looked at the blushing girl and smiled. "All this is a prelude, I presume, to some explanation of those many fat letters you have been getting so regularly. I think I can understand."

Laura nodded. "I met him last winter, and he is the dearest man that ever breathed. Papa doesn't like him, but I do. He says he's a whole lot of things that he isn't. He wants to come down here, —and—and marry me here. What do you think of it, Orpah?"

"O, goodness me, Laura, how can I say? Ask Aunty Borgess or Aunty Tolson what they think about it. If he loves you and you love him, and you want to get married, why, there is nothing to prevent. Your father will think it is all right after it is over, perhaps, but I could not pretend to say. But I should so like to have it here, and I will be your bridesmaid. But let us go to the house and talk it all over."

It was talked over, and then over again, a most

delightful subject it proving to be, and Laura was very happy. Miss Borgess suggested that the insistent swain be invited to Palmyra where she and Mrs. Tolson, two able connoisseurs on masculine bric-a-brac, could look the gentleman over and decide if he were a fit personage to marry their Laura. If he passed the rigid inspection, then Laura might set the happy day for a quiet home wedding. So it was settled, and Laura went away to her room to write the letter, which took ten pages of sweet nothings to convey the invitation to come quickly to Palmyra.

The recipient of the letter had not been in Marion county for three or four years, though he was well and unfavorably known to many people in and about Palmyra. At the close of his last visit the grand jury had returned an indictment against him and two others for a very questionable transaction involving another man's property. He had told Laua of this, and affirmed upon his honor that he was innocent, but for fear it was not forgotten he suggested that they be married very quietly at Mrs. Tolson's and leave immediately for a little tour that would take him safely out of the reach of those evilly designed people who might have long memories and a disposition to make him trouble.

The two weeks stay, suggested in Laura's letter, before the wedding, therefore, held out no alluring prospects for Albert Baker, the same Albert Baker with whom the reader is well acquainted.

After slipping out of Marion county he drifted into Booneville, and then up the river to Brunswick, where he turned over a new leaf in his life and began a reformation from which he had never wavered. Through one of his new-found friends he

was given a good position in a store in Columbia, and there he met Laura Ray. He made friends and associates of the best people, and fully justified the confidence reposed in him by his employer. This was the man who was invited to spend two weeks at Mrs. Tolson's.

He wrote Laura that he could get a three weeks' vacation the first of September, and would be with her on the evening of the second. Laura was delighted. She knew Miss Borgess and Mrs. Tolson would like him. They couldn't help it, he was such a dear good fellow.

Laura met him at the train and brought him up to the house. He was a quiet, good looking man who appeared to be not over thirty-five, though he was some years older than that. Miss Borgess had seen him, under the name of Barker, as she remembered it, as the husband of Nell Brown, when they brought little Janie to the Fords in Ray county nineteen years before, and had been in his company there for three or four weeks, disliking him heartily, but there was not a feature in his face that was familiar when Laura proudly introduced her to him that evening. Instead she saw a sedate, rather handsome man in middle life, whom she felt inclined to like—at least for Laura's sake, as Laura was such a dear good girl.

Albert spent the evening with them, ill at ease and so decidedly awkward in the company of cultured ladies as to excite their commiseration, but they made it so pleasant for him that he returned to the hotel pretty well satisfied with himself.

Aunt Morgan knew that there was such a man as Albert Baker, a scape-grace of a fellow who was a black sheep and a disgrace to the mother

who bore him, but she never once dreamed that this man was that same Albert Baker. Even when Edward was at her house in Salt Lake City he had not mentioned Albert. There was nothing he could say to his cousin's credit, so he discreetly held his tongue.

But Albert was not wholly bad. He had made a most desperate effort to rise above his old dissolute ways and criminal associates, and so far he had succeeded. This was much to his credit. Laura was a good girl, far too good for him, he knew that, but he was making a sincere effort to make an honest living and lift himself to her level.

When he went back to the hotel that night he lay awake for hours thinking over his past life. The stealing of little Janie Martin from Edward at Nauvoo; the long trip in the wagon with her to Ray county; of the frail but big hearted Nell Brown who concocted the whole fiasco to get money out of Colonel Williams; his quarrel with her when he enlisted in the army, all this was as vivid as a yesterday's occurrence in his wakeful mind.

"Stealing that child was one of the meanest things I ever did," he said to himself. "We took her to the Fords, who undertook to cross the plains and were murdered by the Indians, and the little thing was killed with them. If I hadn't taken her there the father would have got her, and as it was I am really responsible for her death. If I could wipe out that black spot I think I could get over much of the rest. But that's impossible now. I'll just have to suffer for it later on."

The next morning a letter came to him, forwarded from Columbia. It was from his cousin Edward Baker, from whom he had not heard in

many years, saying he was dying of consumption in the hospital in Denver, Colorado.

"Poor fellow," said Albert, reading on. "Henry Martin has just been here to see me, and has forgiven me for what I did, but I could die easier if that crime could be righted. Of course, nothing could right it, but if Janie could be found and restored to him I feel that hell would have less terrors for me. I thought, when I sent for him, I could tell him some news of her, or put him on the track of her, but he knew all I could tell him. I think he went to Missouri from here, though he didn't say where he was going. He is a noble man, Albert. I found out you were in Columbia by writing to Emma for Aunt Morgan's address. She answered that she didn't know where Aunt Morgan is, but if you could run across Tony Ray, or Laura, his daughter,"—"What!" exclaimed Albert, reading this again, "or a Mrs. Tolson, you might find where Janie Martin is."

Albert read no more, but bounded to his feet and left the hotel with the open letter in his hand. "Thank God this letter has come to me, from the grave as it were, for poor Ed. is the same as dead. And to think, Laura knows where Janie is! If I can restore Janie to her father one of the blackest spots in my past life will be wiped out. The horses I took, and the other devilment I did are not in it with that crime."

"Albert Baker, I have a warrant for your arrest," said a man, placing his hand on Albert's shoulder as he was hurrying along.

"For what!" demanded Albert, to whom the announcement was not wholly unexpected.

"That will be explained later on," said the sheriff, opening the warrant and reading it.

"I'm innocent of that charge, Mr. Sheriff."

"I've nothing to do with that."

"I know you haven't, but I'm not guilty."

"My duty is to serve the warrant and lock you up."

"Before you do so, go with me to Mrs. Tolson's so I can give her this letter. It is of great importance that she should have it," said Albert, regaining his habitual composure, to whom the prospect of going to jail was not so crushing. He had been in the same ugly predicament many times before, but it was far more humiliating now that he was trying to be a man, and setting his heart upon marrying a lovely girl who would be heart-broken when she learned of it.

"No, I have no authority to take you anywhere but to jail," said the sheriff, moving away with his prisoner to avoid the crowd of gaping men and boys collecting about them. "You can send the letter from there."

But he did not send the letter. The time was in Albert Baker's life when the inside of a jail was not unfamiliar, and had little or no depressing effect upon him. He could sing and snap his fingers at the law and its bars, but now it was different. He felt the sting of disgrace, he suffered for another who would feel it far more than he did or could. He sat there thinking all this over. Then, going to the light, he took the letter and read it all over again. How could Laura know anything about Janie Martin, was

the question he could not solve. At first he thought he would send the letter up to her, then he changed his mind. He would write one instead.

The afternoon was well advanced before he made this decision and set about putting it into execution. Laura knew about the indictment against him, which he had tried to persuade himself was so old that it was forgotten, and she knew he was innocent of the charge. At least he had told her so, and she believed him. As he was writing the letter to Laura the door opened, and a tall, distinguished man approached him.

"Is this Albert Baker?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Sells, and Laura Ray, who is a friend of mine, has sent me to you. She is in great distress over your arrest and incarceration, and I have promised her to defend you."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"That is my regular business, but my special business is to find out what there is in this charge against you, and to get you out of here."

"There is no truth in it, nothing to it, bevond the fact that I was with the two men before and after the robbery, but not at the time it was done. I'll admit that I've been a tough character, that I've done many things that are counted crimes, and that I fled from the county to avoid arrest in this case, though I was innocent, but since I've known Laura Ray I've been a different man. In fact for some time before I knew her, but since then my whole view of life has been changed. She has faith in me

and I propose, God helping me, to be worthy of that faith."

"That sounds well, my friend," said Major Sells, who was a good judge of human nature. "Where are these other two men?"

"They escaped, and I've never heard from them since."

"Then they have no one to appear against you?"

"No one that I know of. No one saw them commit the robbery, and I didn't know they did it until a friend told me of it, saying the officer was looking for me. You say your name is Sells?"

"Yes, Harold Sells of Louisiana, ~~this~~ state."

"I knew a man named Sells, Col. Sells of Keokuk, who got me to join his company. Poor fellow, he was killed or died at Vicksburg."

"And you were in his company? Col. Sells was my father, and I was with him when he died. I am doubly your friend now. I will see that you do not sleep here to-night, and more than that, I will see that you are acquitted of this charge."

"As I started to say awhile ago, Mr. Sells, I have done many things I ought not to have done, but the worst thing I ever did was to steal a little girl from a cousin of mine and carry her off to some people who got themselves, and her too, as I've always thought, murdered by the Indians while trying to cross the plains."

"Stole a little girl," said Maj. Sells, all attention at once.

"Yes, and I've always thought she was murdered by the Indians with the others, until I got a letter this morning from that same cousin, who

says she's alive somewhere. I was on my way to Mrs. Tolson's to ask about her when I was arrested."

"Yes, what about it—tell me."

"Well, Cousin Ed writes that he is dying with consumption in Denver, Colo., and he could die easier if I could find Laura Ray, who could tell me where the child is."

"Does Laura know?"

"I don't know whether she does or not, but Ed says in the letter that she or Mrs. Tolston does——"

A clap of thunder out of a clear sky could not have surprised Maj. Sells more than did this information. "How long ago did you do this?"

"O, it's been a long time—eighteen or nineteen years——"

"This is the happiest moment of my life," cried Maj. Sells, fairly dancing round the room. "Mr. Baker, I would rather have met you than any man living. Who was the child?"

"Henry Martin's little girl, Janie Martin. She was born only a few miles from here, and Col. Williams is her grandfather."

"Orpah Tolson is that child. I'm engaged to be married to her if I can prove her identity. It is all clear—she is the one! Ed. was the man's name that stole her. She remembers that much. Then another man and a woman took her in a wagon——"

"I'm that man, but her name's Janie, not Orpah."

"Thank God, it is coming out! Names don't matter now. You've done me a service nothing

can repay. Wait till I come back. I'll have you out soon, but I've got to see Orpah now."

With this he darted from the jail. Like a wild man he tore along the streets to Mrs. Tolston's. As he approached the house, out of breath, he saw a carriage being hitched in front of it, out of which Colonel Williams and two other men were climbing hastily. The horses were dripping wet with sweat, and the three men appeared to be in as big a hurry as he was, but he darted past them through the gate and entered the house without knocking.



RPAH! Orpah! Where's Orpah!" cried Major Sells, bursting into the hall and spreading consternation through the house.

Mrs. Tolson, from somewhere up stairs, heard the cries and commotion and sank down on a chair ready to faint.

Miss Borgess was clinging to Major Sells' arm, trying to learn from the greatly excited man what dreadful thing had happened. He dragged her through the hall to the dining-room where Orpah, startled by the tramping of feet and the cries, met him. Poor Laura, already in tears, screamed aloud when she saw the wild eyes and disheveled hair of the dignified Major Sells, transformed into a mad man. She knew something dreadful had happened to Albert. This completely upset Mrs. Tolson, who sank in a faint at the foot of the stairs.

"The mystery's solved!" he panted, taking Orpah in his arms. She fled from him, thinking he had gone mad. He was not the Major Sells she loved, but a crazy man bereft of all reason.

"It has all come out—your name is Janie—Janie Martin!" he cried, following her about the room.

The door-bell was ringing as if the house was afire, but they did not heed it.

"Henry Martin's your father—and Colonel Williams' your grandfather!"

It was Orpah's time now to feel a weakness in her knees and a faintness at her heart. Major Sells was not crazy, he was only out of breath from his run and great excitement.

"Is it true?" was all she could say.

"It is true," said Major Sells, gaining control of himself, and feeling deeply chagrined that he had made such a boy of himself.

"It came in a letter from Ed. somebody to Albert Baker, whom I just left on a run to see you. I've acted the fool, Orpah, but I couldn't help it. There's no doubt about it. Albert's the man who stole you from Ed. and took you in the wagon to Miss Borgess."

"And Colonel Williams is my grandfather?" said Orpah in a tremor of excitement and happiness. Laura was drying her eyes, and Mrs. Tolson heard enough to bring her to a sitting position on the floor.

"Then the beautiful woman in the picture is my mother! Thank God! I knew she was something to me!"

Major Sells darted to Orpah's side to assist her to a chair. She was pale as death. The others gathered round, smothering her with kisses and caresses, the tears streaming down their faces.

The door-bell was ringing riotously, and there were loud footsteps and voices calling in the hall. Miss Borgess, having more presence of mind than the others, turned to meet the intruders, one of whom she recognized to be Colonel Williams

who, also, was laboring under great excitement.

"Pardon the intrusion, Miss Borgess, but we could not wait, and no one would answer the bell," said the Colonel, trying to pass her and go in where Orpah was.

Without knowing what she did or said, she waved them back to the front parlor. These strange men had forced themselves into the house at a very inopportune time. She was visibly annoyed at their actions, not having heard Major Sells say that Colonel Williams was Orpah's grandfather. If she heard it the name made no impression upon her mind in her excitement at the revelations.

But a few hasty words explained the whole situation, and with tears of joy coursing down her cheeks she ran to apprise Orpah.

"Prepare yourself, Orpah, for another greater surprise. Your father is in the other room!"

Every vestige of returning color left the girl's face. She tried to rise, but her limbs would not support her. Gasping for breath she held out her trembling hands mutely to Major Sells, who lifted her to her feet and supported her down the hall to the parlor. As she passed in he drew the draperies together.

Henry Martin, as pale as he will be when he lies in his coffin, stood before the blind and trembling girl.

"My Janie!—my daughter!" was the wail of that enhungered heart.

Major Sells turned away, meeting the others who followed them into the hall.

When Orpah came out, an hour later, so it

appeared to those anxious ones who breathlessly waited, she was radiant with smiles, and hand in hand with her father and grandfather, both of whose faces betrayed the presence of recent tears. Dr. Bronson followed them.

In the season of joy and congratulations that followed Albert Baker was forgotten. He lay in jail waiting patiently for Major Sells' return, or for the expected summons to him to walk forth a free man, but neither came. Darkness filled the gloomy cell, and supper was brought to him by the jailer, who presently returned with a comfort and pillow, which were to serve as Albert's bed for the night.

Laura's thoughts were constantly with the incarcerated man, but she could not summon up courage to inject one discordant note into the rejoicings around her.

Late in the evening Colonel Williams suggested that it was time they should return home, and, of course, Orpah, must go with them. This was not to Major Sells' liking, but he said nothing.

As they were preparing to leave, Laura ventured to whisper a word into the major's ear. He colored instantly.

"I have many things to be ashamed of," he said, going to Orpah to bid her good-night. "Coming racing out here like a mad man, tearing over the house, yelling like a lunatic, and all that, but all this time I have not thought a word of Albert Baker, who gave me the information. He's in jail, and I told him I would be back at once."

"It is too bad you forgot him," said Orpah,

smiling up in his face, "but Albert Baker, however good a man he may be now, has seen the time when he cared very little for the feelings of others. Of course, I feel sorry for Laura, sweet girl, but let him sweat until morning."

Then turning to the others, "Remember, all of you are to come out to grandfather's for dinner tomorrow. Come early, and be sure to bring Albert, too." Then in a whisper to the major, "For poor Laura would not come if you do not bring him, and we would miss her so much."

They drove away in the night, three of the happiest hearts that ever beat in Marion county. The father and grandfather sat Orpah between them, each holding one of her hands, not a word being uttered. They were too happy to talk.

Arriving at the house, Orpah led the way to the big sitting-room where hung the pictures. Falling on her knees before that of her mother, she gazed into the beautiful smiling face until her own eyes were filled with tears. Henry stood with his hand on Orpah's head, looking into the beloved face of the dead, which, in the uncertain light, seemed to be endowed with life again. It smiled back at them, father and daughter at last re-united.

That night, as Orpah slept in the old familiar room where her mother died, she dreamed again. The woman in white came to her and kissed her, lingering over her a vision of loveliness. She was not pale and care-worn as before, but beautiful as an angel. Orpah murmured the name, Mother, and she smiled down upon her.

With the expected guests to dinner came Albert Baker and Laura. He was discharged

upon his own recognizance, the prosecuting attorney admitting to Major Sells that he had no evidence against Baker. The case was dismissed later on, and Baker was never brought to trial.

Before the vacation expired that was given to Albert, a quiet wedding was celebrated at Mrs. Tolson's, in which Dr. Bronson pronounced Albert Baker and Laura Ray husband and wife. Major Sells and Orpah stood up with them, "to get used to the ordeal they were soon to go through with," as the major blushing put it.

One of the interested spectators was Tony Ray himself, who came over to extend his blessing. It was a happy wedding that turned out happily. Albert had said that, with God's help, he would never disappoint the trust reposed in him by Laura, and he never did.

"Now we've got our hands in," urged Major Sells, "let us go right ahead with it."

Orpah smiled and offered no objections. The school directors were notified that a "previous engagement" would prevent her from teaching the school that winter, and much to the disappointment of the pupils, a new teacher was secured.

Henry would not consent to give his daughter up so soon after finding her, unless Major Sells would agree to spend the winter at Henry's beautiful home in California. This delighted Orpah, and was readily agreed to by the major, who was in the happy frame of mind to acquiesce in anything.

Then Henry added another condition. Miss Borgess was to give up her school, and she and Mrs. Tolson were to spend the winter with them

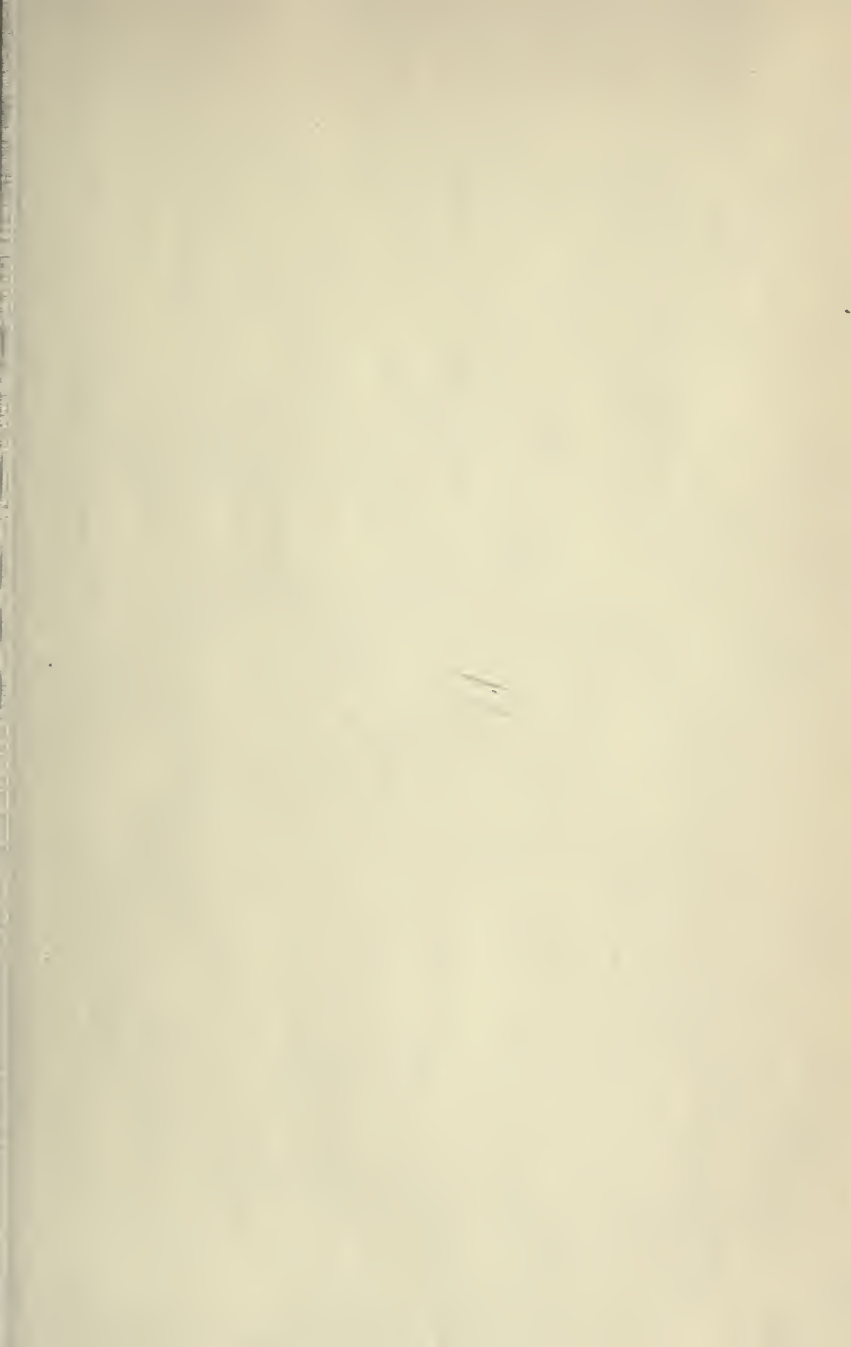
also. No excuses were to be heard, even from Dr. Bronson, who was to be one of the party, too. He demurred a very little, saying that his mother was in declining health and would object to him being away from her so long.

"The trip will do you a world of good, and by spring you will be a well man—and perhaps a different man," Henry added, casting a significant glance at blushing Mrs. Tolson.

The wedding day came, in which Orpah was made the wife of Major Harold Sells, and the ceremony, at the bride's request, was solemnized in the same room where her father and mother were married, and standing on the very same spot.

Immediately after the ceremony the party left for the west, bidding Aunty Morgan an affectionate farewell at the depot, she leaving the following morning for a long visit with her kinspeople in Ohio. Colonel Williams at first declared he would join them, but concluded at the last moment that he was too old and feeble to undertake so long a journey.

As the happy winter was drawing to a close a double wedding was planned, in which Miss Borgess was to become the wife of Henry Martin, and sweet, matronly Mrs. Tolson, the wife of Dr. Bronson.



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Orpah

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